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PICTURES FROM HOLLAND

Drawn with Pen and Pencil

BY

RICHARD LOVETT, M.A.

AUTHOR OF 'NORWEGIAN PICTURES,' ETC.

WITH A MAP AND ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-THREE ILLUSTRATIONS

NEW YORK

T. NELSON AND SONS

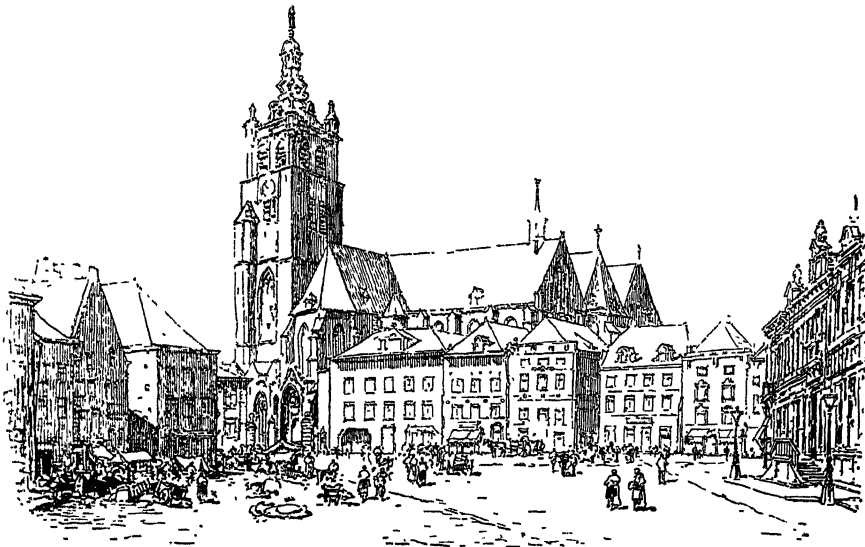
LONDON

THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY

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THE MARKET-PLACE, ROERMOND.

PREFACE.



A DUTCH COTTAGE.

SOME of the previous volumes of the 'Pen and Pencil' series have dealt with the great countries of the globe, such as Australia, Canada, Egypt, and Germany. Some have described lands famous for beauty, for a long and varied history, for art treasures of surpassing splendour, such as Italy; others have depicted regions dear to the heart of the lover of natural scenery and unconventional life, such as Norway and Switzerland. The present volume attempts a more difficult task. It seeks to carry the reader to one of the quiet corners of Europe, and to prove that—apart from the human interest which every land inhabited by man possesses in greater or

lesser degree—Holland has claims upon the attention and interest of such weight, that she is as well entitled to be studied as Germany and Egypt, Australia and Norway.

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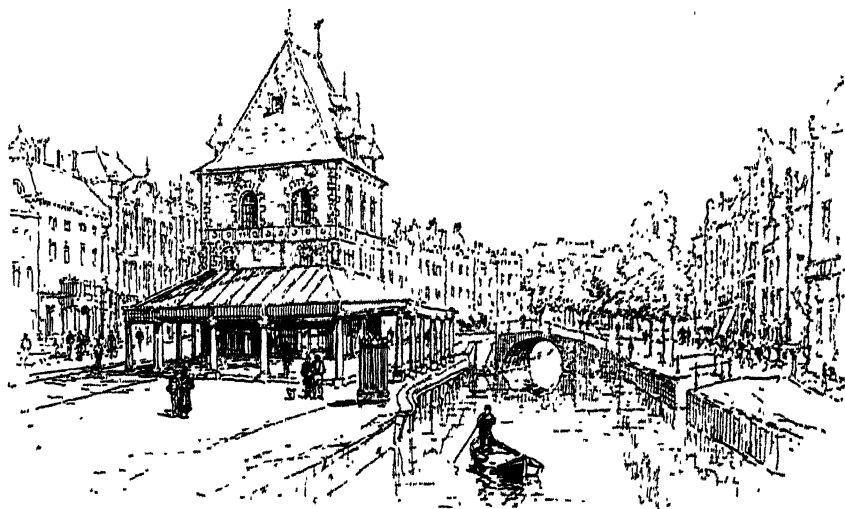
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Necessarily, this interest centres more in buildings and cities than in the variety and grandeur of her scenery. The landscape, as we attempt to show in the following pages, has much to charm the eye and edify the mind of him who rightly studies it. But Holland has played a great part in the modern history of Europe, and most of her towns and buildings are directly associated with this history. Hence her influence and her teaching ought to come as closely home to the traveller as those of lands whose real history begins where Holland's tends to decline, or whose active part in the world's affairs ceased ages before the Union of Utrecht or the Battle of Nieuport.

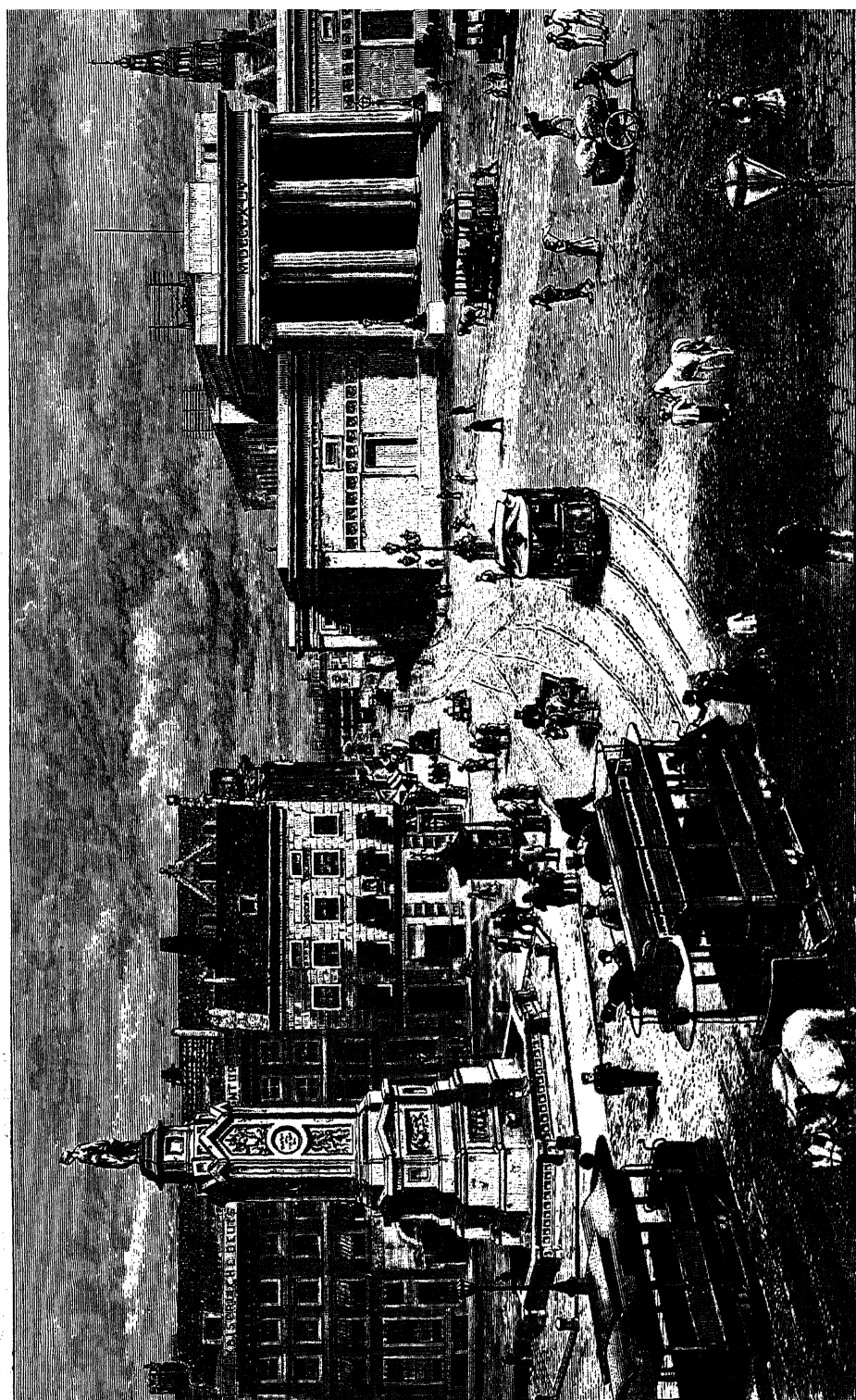
The end for which this book has been written, will be served if it helps in any way to indicate how much the men of Holland have done to benefit the world in the great departments of architecture, art, political and municipal life, and, above all, in the battle for freedom of thought and worship in religion.

The engravings have been made as comprehensive as possible, and it is hoped that no important phase of Dutch life and scenery has escaped illustration.

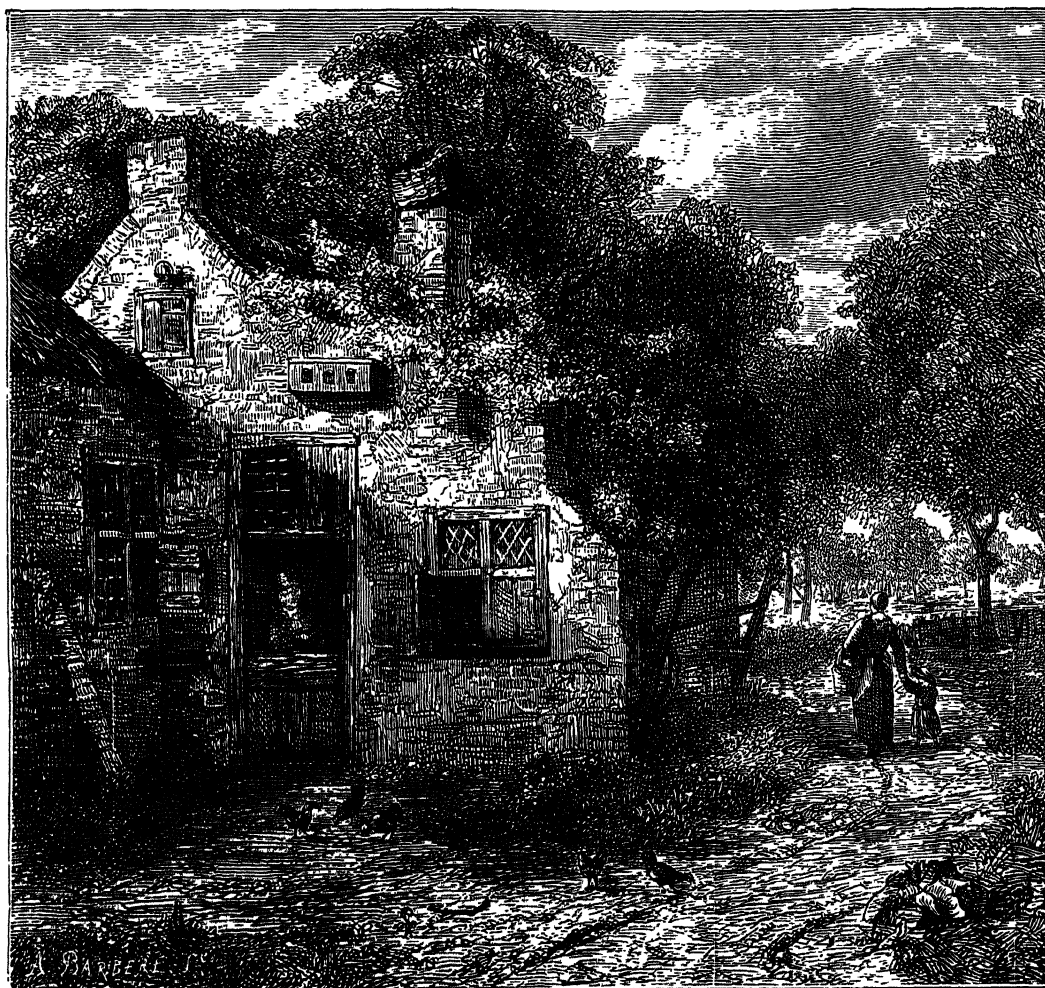
The author's thanks are due to Mr. W. C. Robinson, H.B.M. Consul at Amsterdam, for many useful hints, and for his kindness in reading the proofs of the volume.



THE WEIGH HOUSE, LEEUWARDEN.



THE DAM, AMSTERDAM.



THE FARM HOUSE.

(From the painting by Jan Wijnants in the Rijks Museum, Amsterdam.)

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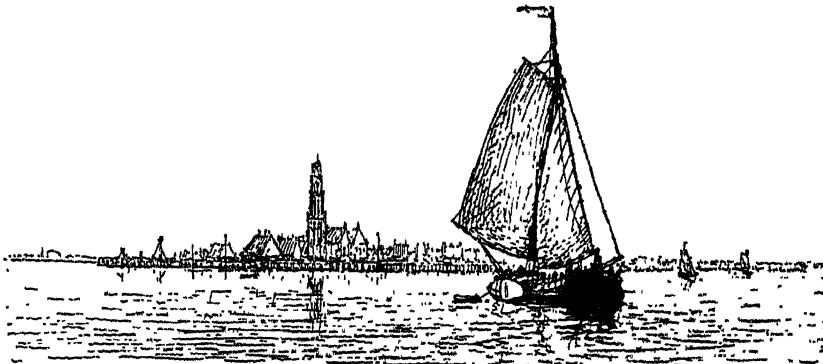
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WINTER AT ZAANDAM.

CHAPTER I.

HOLLAND AND THE HOLLANDERS.

‘**W**HATEVER did you go to Holland for?’ said an acquaintance, when informed that the author had been travelling in the land of dykes and windmills, and visiting the home of Rembrandt and William the Silent. He seemed to think that the little kingdom so near our own shores was the part of Europe least worth visiting. And it is to be feared that multitudes of those who hurry through Flushing or Rotterdam, on their way to Cologne, give scarcely a thought to the country possessing such historic sites as Leyden, Haarlem, Alkmaar, and Amsterdam. They believe that the famous pictures at Berlin, Brussels, and Munich are worth time and trouble.

They even pay considerable attention to the fine examples of Dutch paintings to be found there. But they seem never to dream that in reaching these places they pass the skies and landscapes that are so much more attractive, since, to the seeing eye and the receptive mind, they exhibit the true sources of the great Dutch landscape school. They miss the landscape originals of which the paintings are but copies.

With vague notions that Holland is made up of sandy wastes intersected by malodorous canals, that if one Dutch village or town has been hastily explored, all that the country can show has been exhausted, many travellers press on, not only careless about and indifferent to the many claims of Holland upon the intelligence of the observer, but ignorant of the fact that it contains anything of sufficient value to hinder for even a week their feet from the beaten tracks of Germany, Switzerland, or Italy.

Holland has long been, and still continues, a happy hunting-ground for the artist; and there is encouragement in the fact that out of the increasing number of Continental travellers, a larger percentage yearly go to Holland wishful to look somewhat closely at the land where flourished the mighty Dutch Republic of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Such visitors soon begin to find what they seek. They obtain clear and strong conceptions of the capacity and industry the Dutch have displayed, in carrying on for centuries that tremendous, yet successful, struggle that was needful before the bare soil in many parts could be won from the destructive waters of the restless ocean. On every hand are evidences of the ceaseless nature of this conflict. Wonderful developments of engineering skill abound on every side. By seeing the country, it becomes much easier to understand how a nation that could wrest their land from the strong grasp of the ocean, could also wrench their civil liberty from the reluctant hands of Spain in her palmiest days; how men who had triumphed over such adverse natural conditions, were not likely to allow the ignorant prejudices of a priest-ridden profligate bigot, like Philip II. of Spain, to dictate to them what they should believe, and how they should worship God. The Spaniards wondered what the Hollanders could see in their land that made it worth fighting for; but they had won it by brain and muscle, and the love of liberty had strengthened while they did so. The land and the race have acted and reacted upon each other. Side by side, with the slow conquest of the waters, developed the love for the soil, and the conviction that man had his rights in the fruits of his labour. And, as the race developed, it became more and more equal, not only to the extension of its natural domain, but also to strong-handed dealing with its natural foes. The narrow creeds of sixteenth-century kingcraft and popery could not satisfy the minds and souls of the Hollanders. To the observant mind Holland can teach many suggestive lessons.

If, as some think, it has to be admitted that the Holland of to-day is



THE BURGOMASTER'S FEW.
(From a painting by Henkes.)

inferior in many respects to Holland under John van Olden Barneveld, yet everywhere, in the people and in the land, traces of the influence of those palmy days abound. They are seen in the town halls, in the paintings, in the great dykes that keep out the sea, in the fertile polders that exist where once the waters ruled supreme, in the vigorous commercial life of to-day, which has never lost the impulse of the seventeenth century, and in the sturdy self-reliance and open-mindedness of the Dutch people.

Holland is as worthy as any country in Europe of the traveller's study from the point of view of History. William the Silent, John van Olden Barneveld, de Ruyter, and a host of others, did the great work of their time manfully, and lived lives full of human interest and instruction. Leyden and Haarlem, Brill and Nieuport, are well entitled to stand high on the roll of fame. The fact that Holland is so small among the nations, makes her story the more wonderful, and the springs of her success better worth searching out.

Her place in the Religious History of Europe is high, and her claim to have led the van in religious toleration cannot be disputed. Accompanied, as her religious development was, with many imperfections, it yet is very significant that, at a time when religious toleration in any true sense was unknown in Europe, William of Orange used all his mighty influence to secure it; that the Jews, persecuted elsewhere, found a safe refuge in the land of Spinoza; that no country ever had nobler martyrs than the hundreds of plain men and women who died by the score at Haarlem, Leyden, Amsterdam, and elsewhere in the early part of the sixteenth century, rather than deny that Jesus Christ is the one only Saviour, and admit that the mass is anything but a corrupt idolatry; that at a time when Elizabeth's Government were executing men like Barrows, Greenwood, and Penry, Holland offered the early Baptists and Congregationalists protection and peace, and that when James I. harried them out of England, Holland nourished and developed that little pilgrim band who afterwards laid so broad and deep the foundation of the American Republic.

In Art also Holland has exerted an influence altogether disproportionate to her size and population. Time, in this as in other respects, has been on her side, and the true qualities and abiding greatness of the Dutch school of painting are becoming more and more evident. Even in art Italy did not solve every problem, and exhaust all the springs of genius. And the power of such men as Rembrandt and Hals, Gerard Douw and Jan Steen, Ruysdael and Van der Meer is becoming evident to an ever-widening circle of admirers. The old theory used to be that most Dutch artists were dissolute, and that the landscape painters obtained their sky and colouring from the glowing accounts of East Indian sunsets and Java views. Both opinions are as groundless as the statement, so often made, that Rembrandt deliberately altered his etchings in order to make more money out of them.

The natural explanation is the true one. Dutch artists, when their lives



DUTCH COURTSHIP, ISLE OF MARKEN.

(From a painting by H. ten Kate.)

are correctly known, prove to have been very similar to their brethren in other lands. There were good, bad, and indifferent among them, doubtless.

But many of the stories about their riotous and dissolute actions are now known to be false, and the evidence is that for the most part they were good industrious citizens. With regard to the source of their skill in colouring and light, go and study Dutch scenery, especially in North Holland, and you will soon discover how the landscape painters learned to deal with the sky and the colouring of their works. They simply copied with consummate skill what they saw before them. Become familiar with the history of the sixteenth century, the fresh, strong, free life of the United Provinces when they threw off the yoke of Spain, and you will understand how, almost at a bound, Dutch portraits, landscape and *genre* painting reached the zenith.

No country in Europe, moreover, affords more interesting matter of study to the philanthropist. The houses for the support of the aged, the orphanages, the beggar colo-

nies, and a host of similar benevolent institutions, invite the attention of those who are interested in the discharge of the duties which society owes to the helpless, the needy, and the unfortunate.

Holland presents, moreover, many variations of the national type. The broad features are now much the same all over the country, and the inhabitant of Friesland is in all essential respects one with the Zeelander.



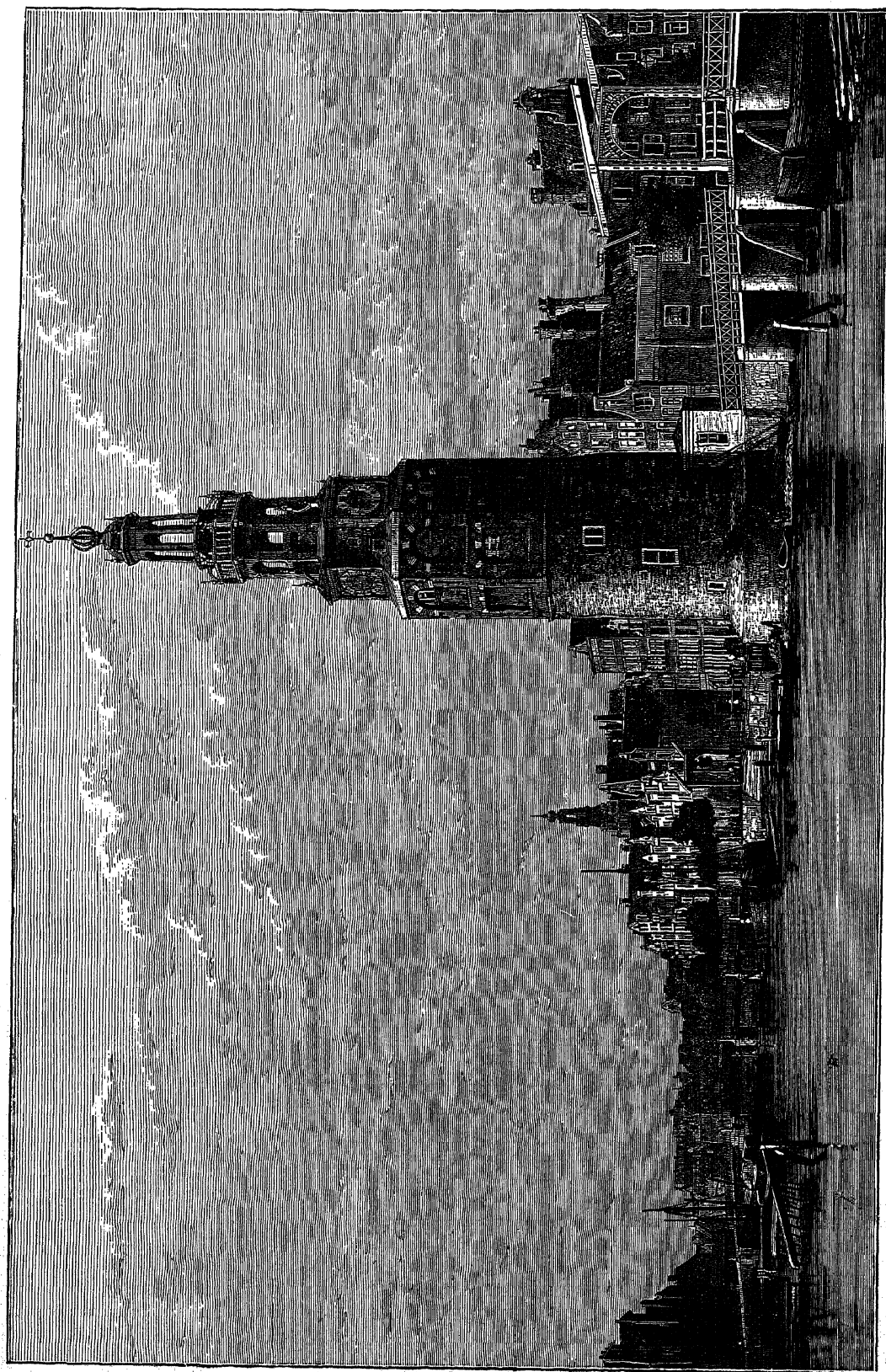
HINDELOOPEN COSTUMES.

Nevertheless, the varieties of costume are striking and picturesque, and a day's journey, undertaken with the object of studying these, will enable the observer to see as much, possibly more, variety in a small area in Holland than in any other country on the Continent.

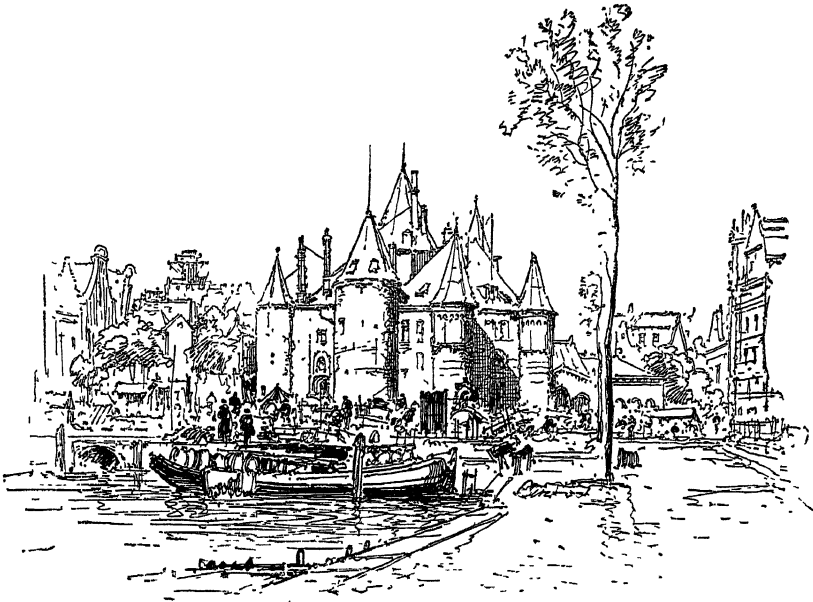
But enough has been said, perhaps, in reply to the question, 'Whatever did you go to Holland for?' Holland has many reasonable claims upon the attention and observation of the traveller, and although one of the smallest of European countries, she can present pictures as interesting, and teach lessons as instructive, as her larger and more honoured sisters.



A DUTCH MAIDSERVANT.



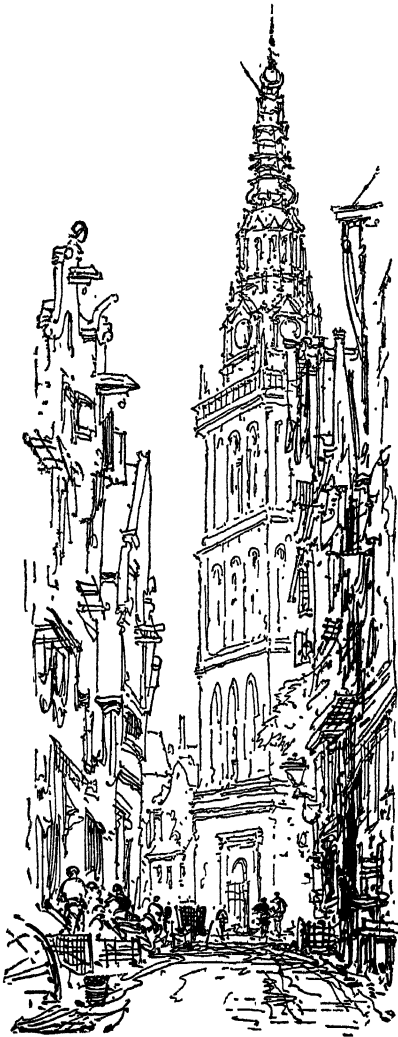
MONTALBANS TOWER, AMSTERDAM.



ST. ANTHONY'S GATE FROM THE GELDERSCHE KADE, AMSTERDAM.

CHAPTER II.

AMSTERDAM.



TOWER OF THE OLD CHURCH, AMSTERDAM.

NORTH HOLLAND is one of the most characteristic of the eleven provinces into which the kingdom is divided, and hence, to a foreigner, one of the most attractive. It contains such towns as Amsterdam, the commercial capital, Hoorn and Enkhuizen, decayed survivals of the time when great Dutch fleets navigated the Zuyder Zee, historic sites of undying fame like Haarlem, Alkmaar, and Naarden, and quaint fishing villages like Volendam and Monnickendam. It is intersected by the old North Holland Canal, which for many years was the main waterway between Amsterdam and the North Sea, enabling vessels to escape the troubles and dangers of the shallow waters of the Zuyder Zee. This—a great work for its day—has recently been eclipsed by one of the greatest marine engineering exploits which even Holland can show—the North Sea Canal, a short and direct communication be-

tween Amsterdam and the North Sea. The province comprises the long narrow strips of sandy soil bounded on the west by the German Ocean, whose waters are kept out by long ranges of dreary irregular sandhills, or massive dykes, and on the east the broad expanse of the Zuyder Zee, whose far-reaching waters stand at a higher level than much of the land of the province.

North Holland was part of the patrimony of the old Counts of Holland ; it was the backbone of William the Silent's political and military force, and did much of the labour, and endured much of the sacrifice necessary to break the power of Spain in the sixteenth century. It is the seat of a large part of the most active commercial life in the Holland of to-day, and from the earliest times to the present it has been rich in interesting historical associations.

All visitors to Holland sooner or later reach Amsterdam, the metropolis of the province, and few cities in Europe present more features of interest to the stranger. Only by a signal triumph of energy and skill did it ever come into existence, for the very foundations upon which it is built have had in many parts to be provided by human foresight and labour. The Exchange, for instance, which now seems to be firmly planted upon the solid earth, really rests upon 3469 piles driven deep into the mud and slime which formerly occupied its site. The New Central Railway Station is built upon an artificial dyke which has been raised upon the shifting sand and mud of the Y. It is at the date of writing (1887) unfinished, because the foundation thus created has shown dangerous symptoms of yielding. There are many who think, not without just grounds for their opinion, that much of the beauty of the old sea-front has been spoilt by this unpicturesque building, and that another site should have been found for it.

The best approach to Amsterdam is from either the Zuyder Zee, through the massive locks at Schellingwoude, or by way of the North Holland or North Sea Canals. Then from across the waters of the Y, which is here a broad river, the traveller gets his first view of the great city, and sees it stretched out before him in the form of a vast semicircle. Seen under a clear sky and in a soft golden sunset light, with shipping in the foreground, buildings, towers and churches receding into the far distance, the broken masses of building conveying the impression of size and importance, it presents as charming an appearance as the most fastidious eye could desire. Few views are more pleasing than that seen when the steamer, after a two or three hours' sail along the narrow waterway of the North Holland Canal, passes beyond the great entrance locks and swings out upon the broad bosom of the Y, with the dome of the Lutheran Church, the cupola of the Palace, and the tall antique spires of the Old and New Churches rising high above the multitudinous roofs of the great city, lying fair and beautiful in the distance. If it has to be confessed that Amsterdam, like Venice and Stockholm, does not, on



AN AMSTERDAM BOOKSTALL.

closer inspection, in some parts bear out its early promise, yet he would be a very captious critic who could find much fault with its distant view.

The peculiarities of the site have, even more markedly than in the case of most great European capitals, determined the method of the city's expansion beyond the more ancient part. It has grown outwards in semicircles ever larger and larger from the central point, the Dam. Each semicircle is formed by a broad canal, bordered on both sides by a paved street, in many cases lined with double rows of trees. These semicircles are called *Grachten*, or Canals, and the most important of them are the Prinsengracht, the Keizersgracht, the Heerengracht, and the Singel. At right angles to these canals, and all converging towards the central point, the Dam, run the smaller streets, in very many cases with canals passing through the centre. In short, visitors eager for statistics are soon informed that there are from seventy to eighty of these canals, that they are spanned by nearly three hundred bridges, and that they divide the city into upwards of ninety islands. The outlying parts of the town in the neighbourhood of the Rijks Museum and the Vondelpark, are laid out more in accordance with modern practice.

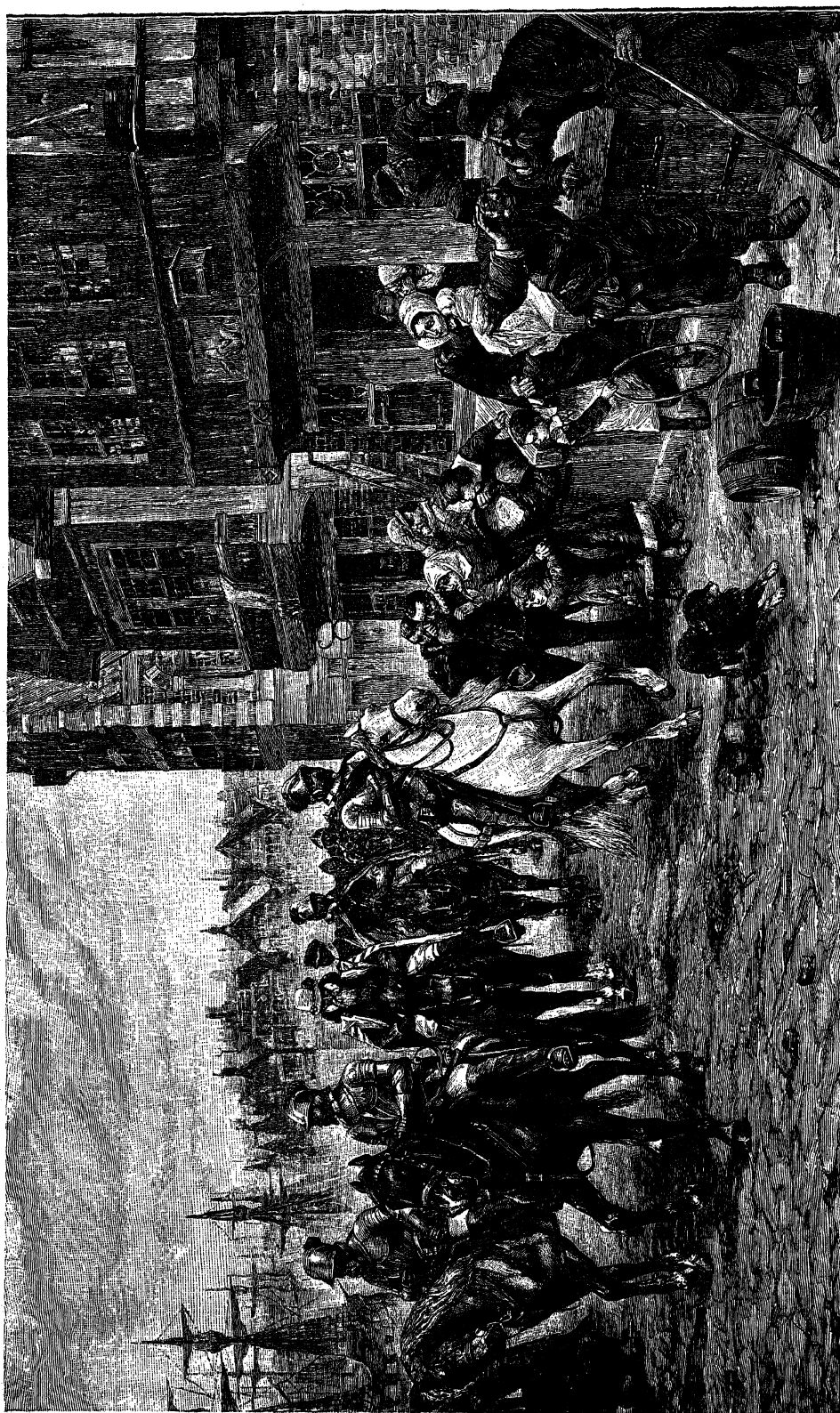
The houses which line the sides of these canal-streets are tall, often gabled and picturesque, and well calculated to catch the eye and attract the attention of the stranger. In such streets as the Heerengracht, the buildings are often very fine, belonging to wealthy and successful men, like the present Burgomaster of Amsterdam, and not unfrequently being old family mansions, such as that belonging to the Six family. A well-organised system of tram-cars connects all quarters of the city. The streets are generally paved with what seem to an English eye abnormally rough and large cobble stones, and the passing of a cab produces a deafening uproar. Along the bigger canals small steamboats ply, and along all, big or small, canal boats, propelled by their occupants, who are expert in 'poling,' are incessantly passing, silently, it is true, unless a collision occurs—and they often do—and then the Dutch canal-poler seems to possess quite as ample and expressive a vocabulary, and one that strikes more raucously upon the ear, than that of a London cabman. Streams of animated pedestrians pass along the streets; well-dressed ladies, who have long since discarded all national peculiarities of costume as unfashionable; men eagerly intent upon business; trim, white-capped, bare-armed servant-maids; here and there a typical peasant, say a Volendamer, with his broad, baggy trousers, or a Friesland woman, with her glittering gold skull-cap; and, quite frequently enough to suggest that death visits Amsterdam as often as other crowded towns, the elaborately-dressed official who distributes summonses to a funeral. Everywhere there is life and movement. Everywhere are signs of comfort and prosperity. The shining windows, the dazzlingly clean brass door-plates, and the spotless steps all please the eye. To the lover of his kind, few places are more

interesting than the streets of Amsterdam, with their thundering cabs, their convenient tramcars, their quaint old canal boats, and their ever-varying, ever-interesting faces and costumes.



SERVANT AND AANSPREKER, OR UNDERTAKER'S ASSISTANT.

The heart of Amsterdam is the irregular square known as the Dam. From this the currents of busy life flow out in all directions, and to it from the remotest parts they all return. The far-distant suburbs are linked to it by an admirable series of trams, which differ greatly in the variety of their



ALVA'S LAST RIDE THROUGH AMSTERDAM.

destinations, but all alike bear in a conspicuous part THE DAM. Here the city took its name, here its history began, here its busy trade has for centuries centred; here every one who treads its streets sooner or later finds his way. It was here, at the junction of the Y and the Amstel, that Gysbrecht II. constructed a dam, on which he built his castle, in 1204, and from this Amstel Dam the city derives her name. Age after age she steadily grew in commercial importance; but the period of most rapid growth was from 1585 to 1595. The Spanish Inquisition in Flanders, the sack of Antwerp, and the horrible cruelties perpetrated by the Spaniards, led multitudes of the skilled workmen to leave Flanders for Holland, and in the decade indicated Amsterdam nearly doubled her population. The city played no craven part in the long drama of the Dutch struggle for civil and religious liberty. Her Government leaned at first to the Spanish side in the beginning of the struggle with Spain. Here Alva fixed his headquarters during the long and awful siege of Haarlem in 1573, and here, could the brave Dutchmen have succeeded in cutting the dykes, he would have fallen into their hands at the close of that terrible winter. But although Haarlem fell, and Alva's power seemed stronger than ever, it was here that the grim tyrant had to feel that the tide was on the turn. His son, Don Frederic, beaten back from Alkmaar, rejoined the Duke here. It was at this time that William the Silent united himself publicly at Dort to the Reformed Church, and also wrote his famous 'Epistle, in the form of Supplication to his royal Majesty of Spain,' wherein Alva is thus described: 'The tyrant would rather stain every river flood with our blood, and hang our bodies upon every tree in the country, than not feed to the full his vengeance, and steep himself to the lips in our misery. Therefore, we have taken up arms against the Duke of Alva and his adherents, to free ourselves, our wives and children, from his bloodthirsty hands. If he prove too strong for us, we will rather die an honourable death, and leave a praiseworthy fame, than bend our necks, and reduce our dear fatherland to such slavery. Herein are all our cities pledged to each other to stand every siege, to dare the utmost, to endure every possible misery, yea, rather to set fire to all our homes, and be consumed with them to ashes together, than ever submit to the decrees of this cruel tyrant.'

The great defeat of his fleet under Bossu off Hoorn, and the capture of that admiral, following hard upon the repulse at Alkmaar, proved the fatal blow to Alva's influence. The citizens who had welcomed him a few months before now cursed him, and even as he rode through the streets made but scant show of concealing their hatred. Early in November, 1573, Alva left Amsterdam secretly and by night, in order to avoid his numerous and great creditors; and on December 18th, in the same year, left for ever the provinces where he had murdered no less than 18,000 innocent victims, where he had allowed his soldiers to perpetrate every crime that could

disgrace humanity, and where, by his own deeds, he has secured an abiding place in history as possibly the most cruel and ferocious monster who has ever been permitted to curse humanity.

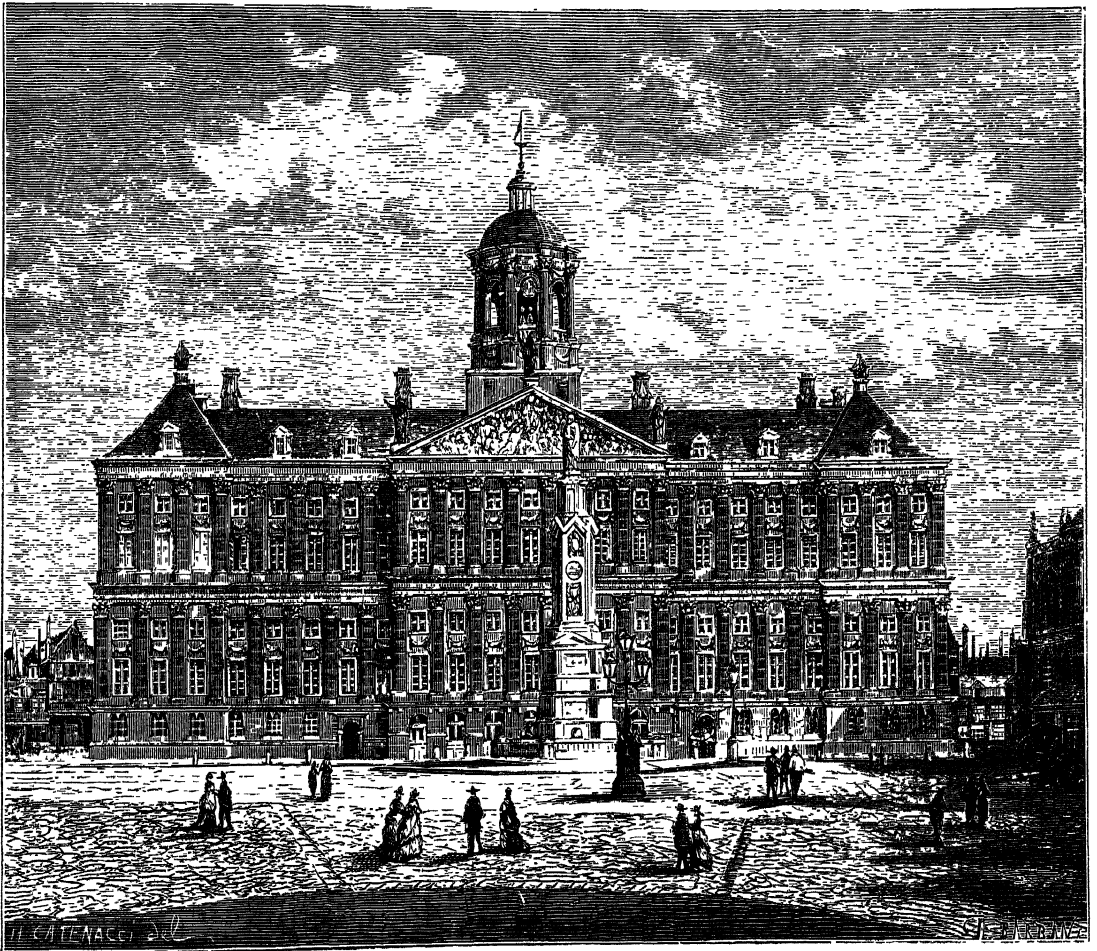
The peace of 1609, the decline of Antwerp, the enormous and rapid growth of the Dutch naval power, and the founding of the Dutch East India Company, raised Amsterdam in the seventeenth century to the proud eminence of being the first commercial city in Europe. But time has brought about its revenges. With the decline of the Dutch power, and with the establishment of the monarchy, Amsterdam lost much of her commercial pre-eminence; and although in recent years there has been an increase in her trade, Antwerp, as in ancient days, is the busier port. At the present time the population numbers about 400,000.

The buildings that stand around the Dam bear their testimony also to the past history and present power and influence of the city. One angle of the Dam is occupied by the New Church, which, notwithstanding its name, dates from the beginning of the fifteenth century, and is only new in relation to its more ancient comrade, the Old Church, hard by. Next to the church, and forming one side of the square, is what is now called the Palace, but which ought really to be called the Town Hall and used for the purposes to which it was originally applied. It is honoured by the presence of the King and the Court for one or two brief visits during the year, but it was never designed for a palace, and hence both in situation and appointments it is unfitted to be the abode of royalty. It would be a graceful act on the part of the King to be content with his other royal residences, and let what is really a noble and appropriate Town Hall for a great commercial capital revert to its proper use.

The building was erected by the architect J. van Campen, in the palmy days of the Dutch Republic, having been begun in 1648 and finished in 1655, at a cost of £600,000. Here, as in so many Amsterdam buildings, a large part of the work was underground, inasmuch as a foundation had to be constructed by driving down through the mud and shifting sand into the firm clay beneath no less than 13,659 piles. But upon this costly substructure a noble building was raised. It has a frontage of 264 feet, a depth of 197 feet, and is surmounted by a cupola, containing a chime of bells, and bearing upon its summit, 187 feet above the ground, the appropriate symbol of a gilded ship. From this cupola a very fine view is obtained, the eye ranging over a large part of the province of North Holland. The gables are embellished with fine bas-reliefs from the hand of Artus Quellin; the anterior symbolising the city by a maiden seated, holding in her right hand a shield, and in her left a rod. Nymphs surround her, some offering garlands and some pouring at her feet fruits from the ends of the earth. Neptune is also represented, and his tritons are blowing the shell and publishing abroad the renown of the city. The posterior exhibits a woman

surrounded by all kinds of naval instruments and apparatus. Personifications of the Y and the Amstel sit at her feet, and the inhabitants of remote regions are offering the productions of their respective lands. On the apex of the posterior gable stands Atlas, bending beneath the weight of the globe.

The interior has been injured as far as possible by attempting to adapt it to a royal residence furnished in the French style of the early part of this century. It still retains many signs of its original character and



THE PALACE, AMSTERDAM.

use. The decorations of the various rooms were adapted to the various civil functions to be there discharged. In the secretary's room, a figure of Silence, with finger on her lips, inculcates secrecy, and the figure of a dog watching his dead master, fidelity. In the room where bankruptcy business was attended to, a representation of Dædalus and Icarus conveyed an obvious lesson. The chief glory of the building is the superb Reception Room, 117 feet long, 57 feet wide, and 100 feet high, the roof being supported

without any recourse to columns. The walls of this magnificent apartment are entirely lined with fine Italian marble, this feature alone presenting not only a very impressive appearance to the eye, but also conveying a wonderful sense of the power and wealth of a Republic that could so adorn the Town Hall of its chief municipality. The centre of the marble floor is adorned by a representation, in copper, of the firmament. Above the entrance is a figure of Justice, with Ignorance and Quarrelsomeness at her feet; to the left Punishment, to the right a skeleton, and above Atlas supporting the globe. On the walls are flags and trophies captured from the Spaniards in the sixteenth century. Truly this old burgomaster's hall throws a flood of light over the past, and quickens our understanding of and appreciation for the men who could navigate the unknown seas of the world; who could wrest from Spain the supremacy both by sea and land; who could win back the soil of their native land from the ever-restless, ever-destructive ocean; and who could erect such noble buildings for the conduct of their official duties and responsibilities. Almost contemporary with the mighty development of Amsterdam's commercial greatness, this splendid burgomaster's dwelling has for two centuries and a half looked upon the busy seething life of the Dam.

Another part of this central square is occupied by the Beurs, or Exchange. This is a modern structure, fronted with a massive Ionic colonnade of somewhat forbidding aspect. Here the merchants, brokers, and others congregate daily to transact their business. Once in the year, by a curious traditional custom, the business of eager, anxious men gives place to the play of joyous, light-hearted boys. It is said that in the seventeenth century boys playing here discovered a plot on the part of the Spaniards to capture the city, and hence, in commemoration of this event, every year, at the end of August, they are allowed to turn the Exchange into a playground. It might do no harm to the Exchanges of London and New York if occasionally the rush and strain of the ever-increasing pressure of business were interrupted by the incursion, if only for a few hours, of healthy, happy child-life.

Another interesting building facing the Dam easily justifies its claim to such a prominent site. This is the Zeemanshoop, or Seamen's Hope. The building forms the headquarters of a society, including among its members, numbering upwards of six hundred, many who belong to the most influential families in Amsterdam. Many are captains, and at sea they carry the Society's flag, and thus can recognise each other. Their funds are devoted to the relief of the widows and orphans of seamen.

This institution stands at the corner of the Kalverstraat, which runs from the Dam to the Mint, and is at once the most noted shopping district and most crowded promenade in Amsterdam. A leisurely stroll along this street in the early evening affords many interesting pictures of Amsterdam

people and habits. And here, in the heart of the city, in its Regent Street, so to speak, is an illustration of the fact that whatever else the Dutch may lose sight of, they never neglect the claims of the needy and helpless.



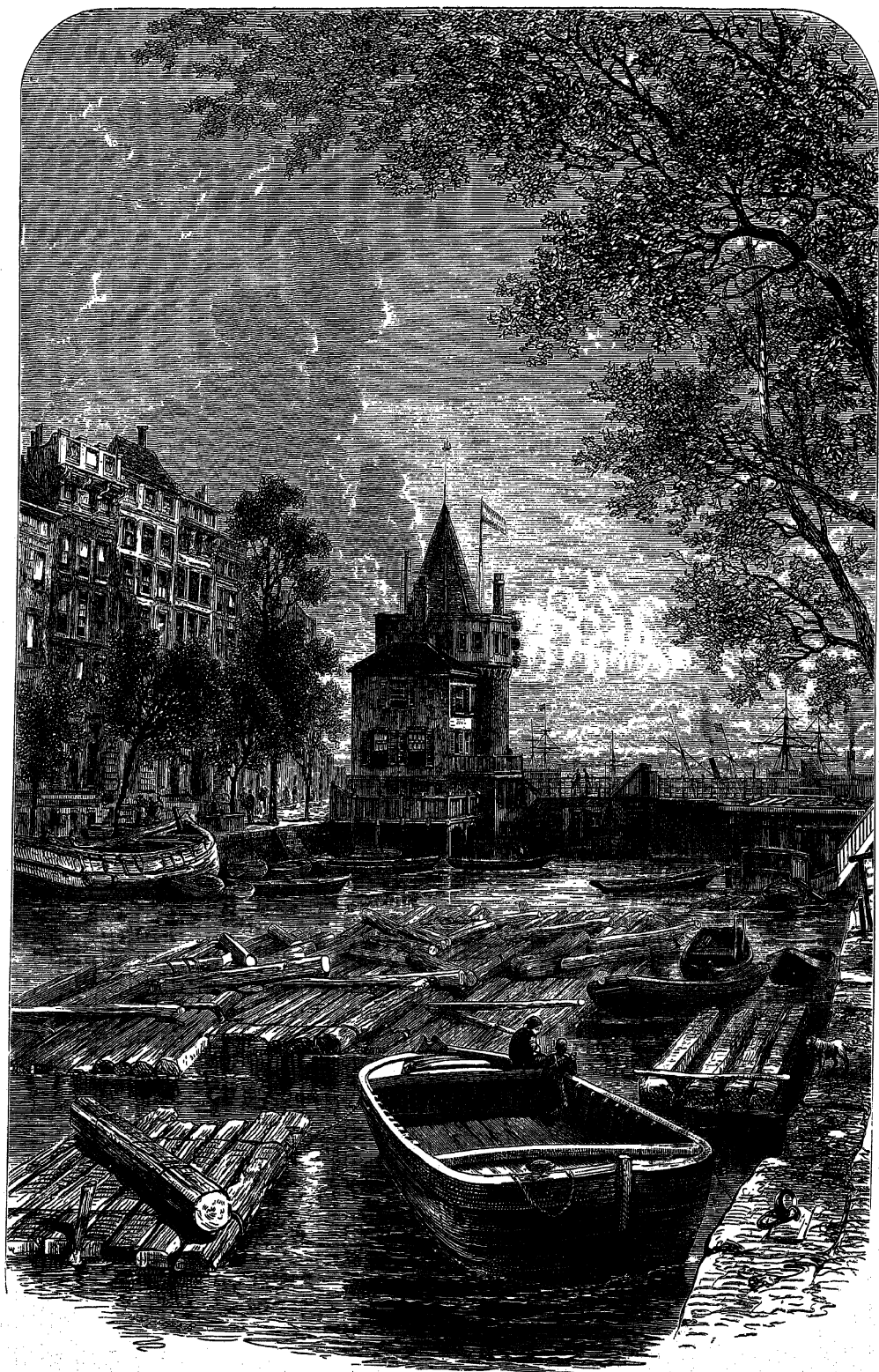
ORPHANS OF THE PROTESTANT BURGHIER HOUSE IN THE KALVERSTRAAT.

There is a large orphanage in this street, founded in the early part of the sixteenth century by a worthy lady named Haasje Claas, who gave seven houses in the Kalverstraat as a home for poor orphans. The orphanage

now possesses about a hundred houses in the city and suburbs, and large domains. It is limited to children of townspeople belonging to the different sections of the Protestant Church. They leave at the age of twenty-one, to go into the army, the university, or to follow the trades they have been taught. The girls are trained to a thorough acquaintance with all departments of household work. All stand on a footing of perfect equality, and all wear the distinctive dress, half-red, half-black.

On leaving the Dam, the explorer wishing to investigate the city has a choice of routes. He can go out to the suburbs, or along what is known as the Gedempte Damrak towards the Y and the harbour. The latter route presents the greater number of interesting features. Leaving the Dam, with the Exchange on our right hand, we find ourselves in front of the Bible Hotel, so-called not in any sense because the authorities there are more attentive to the precepts of the Sacred Volume than their rivals, but because the hotel happens to possess a copy of the first edition of the Dutch Bible. The hotels in Amsterdam can rival any of their kind either in Switzerland or Scotland at running up large bills in a very short space of time. A friend of the writer, who knows the city intimately, and has lived there for years, said, when asked to mention the hotel that combined comfort and cleanliness with moderate charges, 'You will have to pay well wherever you go, so you had better be as comfortable as possible, and go to Brack's Doelen.' We went, and while freely admitting the comfort, found that the tariff was certainly high. A gentleman who is a native of the country accounted for the expensive character of the best hotels in all the leading Dutch towns by saying that, to a large extent, they were in the hands of Jews and Roman Catholics, who had entered into a kind of informal trade-unionism in order to keep the tariff at a high figure. It is true enough, that with some knowledge of the language, and a willingness to use hotels where the head waiters (if any) do not always speak English, a tour in Holland may be conducted very cheaply. But if the traveller chooses such as Brack's Doelen at Amsterdam, or the Belle Vue at Arnhem, the New Doelen at Leeuwarden, and the like, he will be on the whole very comfortable, but he will have a tendency to feel ruffled after he has settled his account.

But it is time we passed the Bible Hotel and continued our walk; and by walking only can the numerous picturesque views and features of Amsterdam be fully enjoyed and appreciated. At the end of the Damrak, on the other side of the inner harbour, stands the unfinished central railway station already referred to. To the left rises the large dome of the New Lutheran Church, a building well situated on the Singel, the outer of the fine canal-streets of the central part of the city. Beyond and outside the station are the busy wharves where the steamboats start for Zaandam, Alkmaar, Hoorn, and many other places in North Holland. Turning to the right along Prins Hendrik Kade, we come upon busy quays, and along-



THE WEEPER'S TOWER.

side of them are vessels of all kinds and sizes, from the huge steamer to the tiny canal boat, either taking in or discharging various kinds of cargo. There are two interesting memorials of Holland's maritime history in this immediate neighbourhood. In earlier times this quay formed the sea-front of the city. Now it is shut off and made into an inner harbour by the great central railway dyke built up between it and the Y. The tall irregularly-built houses form a pleasant picture, and at one part of the quay which projects into the harbour stands a low, compact tower. It is now used as an office for the harbour-master, and has no external marks of great antiquity or interest about it. Yet it dates from 1482, and is known as the 'Weeper's' or 'Crier's' Tower. Here the wives and children and friends of many successive generations of adventurous Dutch sailors have congregated to bid weeping farewells to their loved ones about to sail forth to distant ports. The knowledge of this fact at once brings us into sympathy with the scenes which the old tower has witnessed. It saw many a bold captain sail away to fight the Spaniards, or to explore the Indies, or to intercept the rich treasure vessels of Spain. It saw many a voyage begun then and in the more peaceful times that followed. But it did not always look down upon a joyous return. Many an eye has there looked its last upon a well-loved face, and many a brave sailor has there looked for the last time upon his native city. The very name, the 'Weeper's Tower,' touches a chord, which, if even for the moment only, vibrates responsively in the stranger's heart.

From the doorway of a house on the quay, under whose windows the active shipping work of to-day is busily going on, there used to be seen going in and out, in the seventeenth century, the burly form of Admiral De Ruyter. He was one of England's greatest foes during the wars between Great Britain and Holland in the seventeenth century. In 1653 he was second in command to Van Tromp in the three great naval fights of that year. In 1665, on the renewal of the Navigation Acts, war again broke out, and he commanded in the four days' fight, June 1st to June 4th, off the North Foreland, in that year when he defeated Prince Rupert and Monk, and he threw London into a panic by sailing up the Thames nearly as far as Gravesend. The old sea-lion died in 1676 at Syracuse, from a wound received in a naval fight near Messina, in which he was assisting Spain against France. He has ever since been the typical Dutch naval hero.

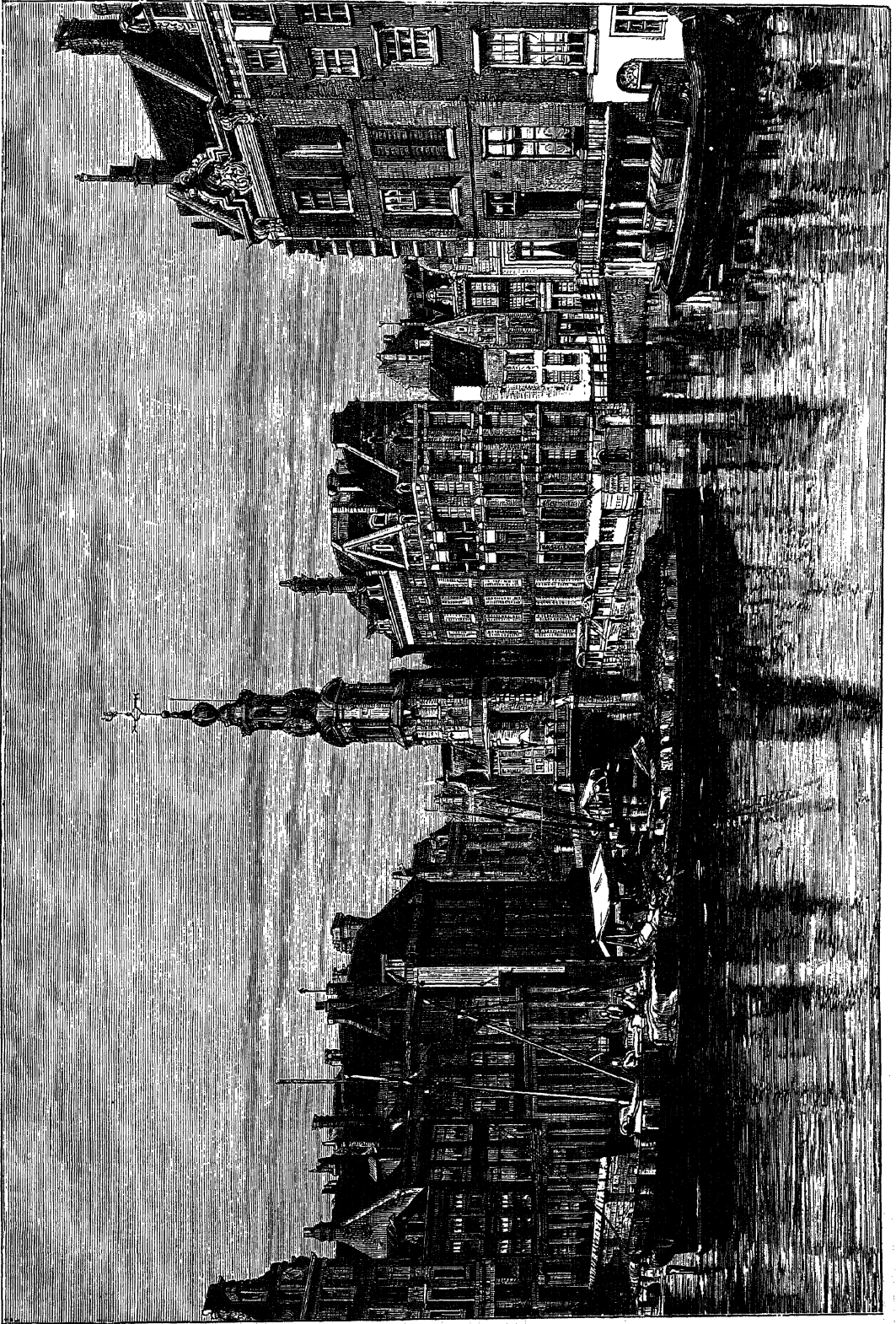
A little further on we reach one of the best views in the city, looking along the Oude Schouans, a fine wide canal, containing the bold and attractive Montalbans Tower in the foreground, with the spire of the Old Church in the distance. This old red-brick tower looks as if it ought to have a history, but it does not seem easy to light upon any one acquainted with it.

Passing down the Oude Schouans, the largest and finest of the Amsterdam canals is soon reached, viz., the Outer and Inner Amstel. It is through

these that the river from which the city takes its name flows on its way to the Y. Small steamers ply along the Amstel at intervals of a few minutes, and a trip on one of these boats affords a number of very fine views. Many of the larger canal boats use this route, and a trip a mile or so out of the city and back will generally furnish some amusing incident. On one occasion, a fair-sized canal boat had been allowed to drift broadside across a bridge arch, through which our steamer had to pass. The men were on shore, and no one was left in charge. Full speed was put on the steamer, and with a mighty bump the canal boat was sent swinging round out of our way. The crew appeared on the bank at this moment, and a lively interchange of unintelligible compliments passed between them and our captain. On another trip, I witnessed a collision that not only filled the air for some minutes with shouts and angry recriminations, but also, judging from the way the timbers crashed and cracked, severely damaged the bow of one of the boats. At night, when the many lights are reflected from the waters, a trip is even more attractive and picturesque than by day. At the end of the inner part of the river-canal stands a fine old tower called the Mint, and the view, looking up towards the Rokin, is one of the most picturesque in the city. It contains a fine carillon, from which the chimes ring out every quarter of an hour. It stands at the end of the Kalverstraat furthest from the Dam, and is one of the most prominent landmarks in the city. Recently it has been restored, and the lower part let to a dealer in antiquities.

One of the oldest buildings in Amsterdam is the irregularly-built pile known as St. Anthony's Weigh House, or St. Anthony's Gate. It marks the outer limit of the city in the fifteenth century, and was in ancient times a city-gate. It stands now at the end of a fine canal called the Kloveniers Burgwal, and has a broad open space, called the New Market, before it, and the busy but not savoury Fish Market behind it. It dates from 1488, except the great tower, which was built in 1692. The whole pile of building was an important feature in the ancient fortifications of the city, and in 1481 the circle of fortifications extended to this point. It stood partly within and partly without the city walls, and what are now the Geldersche Kade and Kloveniers Burgwal were then fosses protecting the wall. This was one of the periods of Amsterdam's rapid growth. In the middle of the sixteenth century the city extended far beyond the old gate, and now it is relatively as far from the exterior limit as Ludgate is in London.

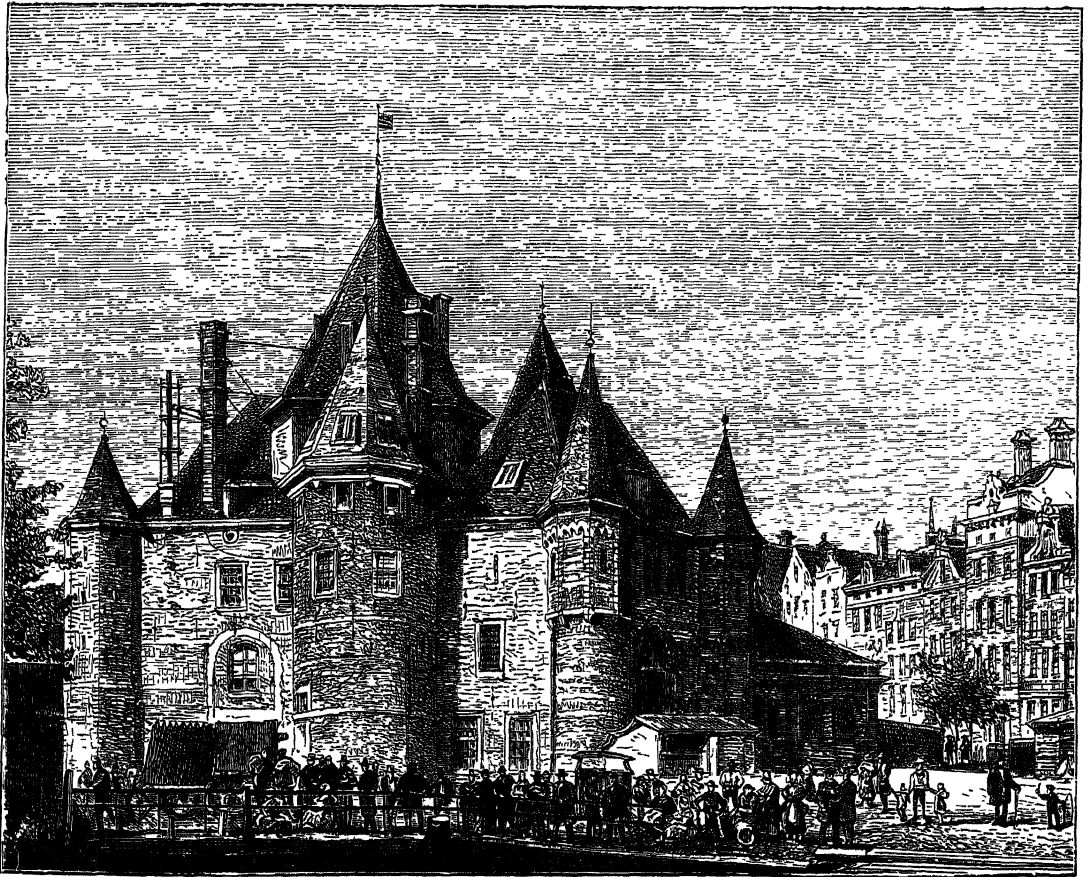
In later days some of the city guilds used to meet here, notably that of St. Luke, comprising painters and sculptors. There are three towers on the south side of the building, and the western one of the three was formerly occupied by the brotherhood of surgeons. In it there is a handsome room, formerly used as a dissecting theatre, having its ceiling richly ornamented with the coats of arms of noted professors. In this tower was found the noble picture which is now the chief glory of the splendid collection of



THE MINT.

paintings kept in the Mauritshuis at the Hague, viz., Rembrandt's School of Anatomy.

Hard by St. Anthony's Gate is the Jews' quarter of Amsterdam. There are from 30,000 to 40,000 Jews in the city, and the great bulk of them reside in this region. It is not a very pleasant part. The lofty houses, the narrow streets, the canals, the high bridges, the extraordinary collection of old garments, suspicious-looking curios, articles useful and useless, exhibited for sale, and the dense masses of people, all testifying to their race by an

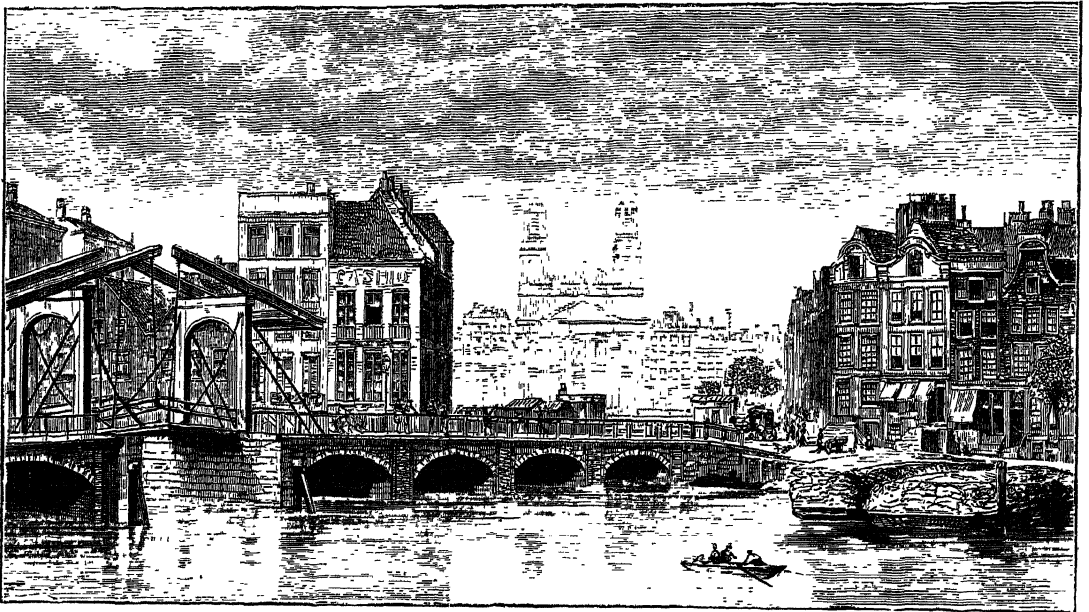


ST. ANTHONY'S GATE.

unmistakable physiognomy, make it a region well worth a visit. While here and there a fine face is to be seen, any one visiting the district in the expectation of seeing splendid specimens of Jewish beauty will be sorely disappointed. The vast majority of boys and girls, men and women, are decidedly unattractive, and not a few absolutely repulsive. They are wholly given up to trade, and it is the exception to find a Jew who is not trying to sell something. Itinerant vendors fill the air with their cries; a large number of them seek to dispose of unsavoury articles of food, salt fish,

doubtful-looking sweets, and not a few are possessed of articles unfamiliar indeed to the eye of the visitor. It is easy, while looking upon these strange and in many respects repellent crowds of human beings, to see where Rembrandt found many of his studies. Not a few might have walked out of his etchings and pictures. His home, during what were probably by far the happiest years in his life, was in the Jodenbreestraat, in this region.

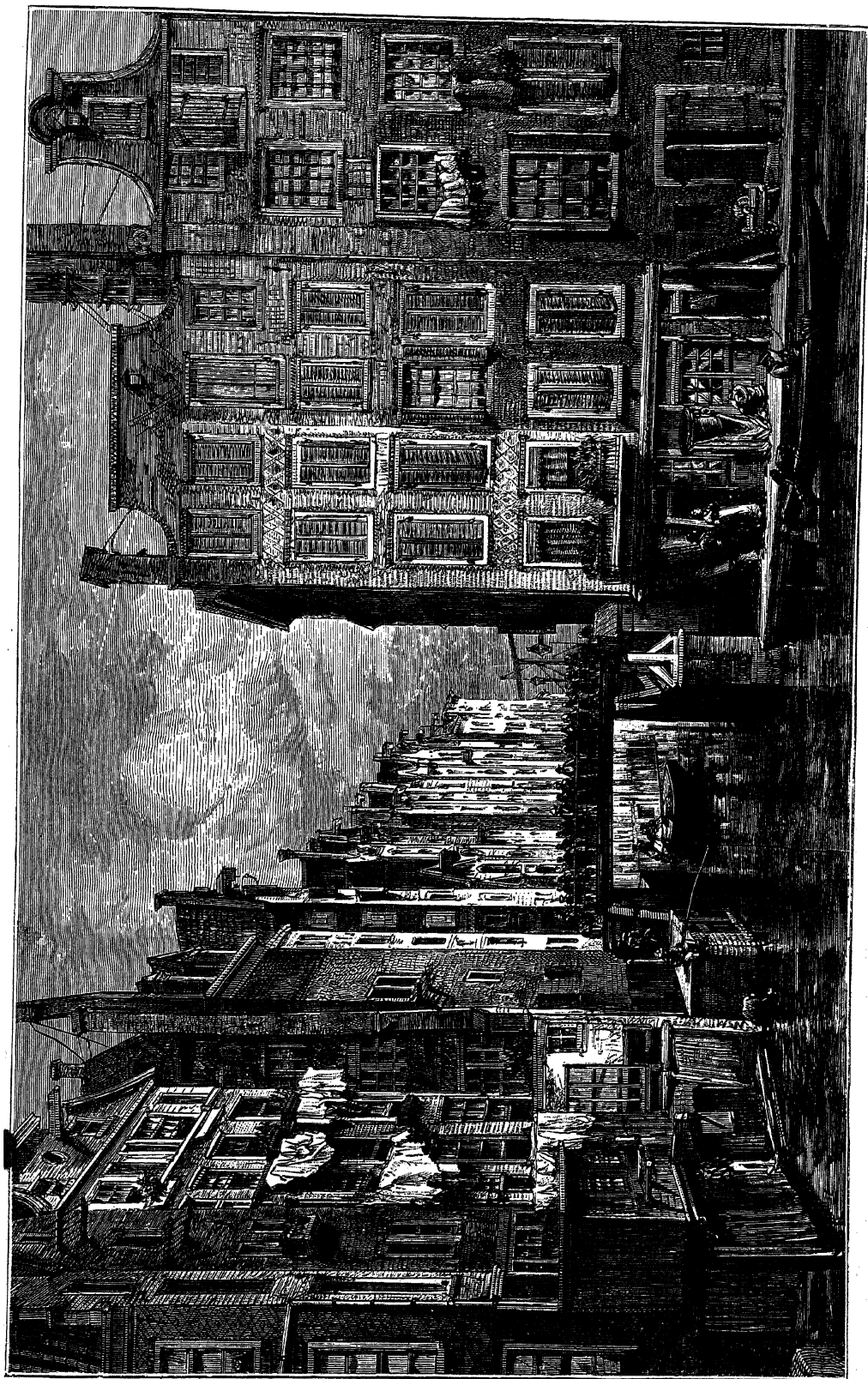
It is not needful to enter any house to see these people, for they seem to live in the open air. They sit or stand upon the steps of the houses, they lounge against the posts of the doors, and they fill the narrow streets so that very often it is difficult to pass along them. Nevertheless, making full allowance for the hideous faces and forms that abound on every side,



THE CHURCH OF MOSES AND AARON.

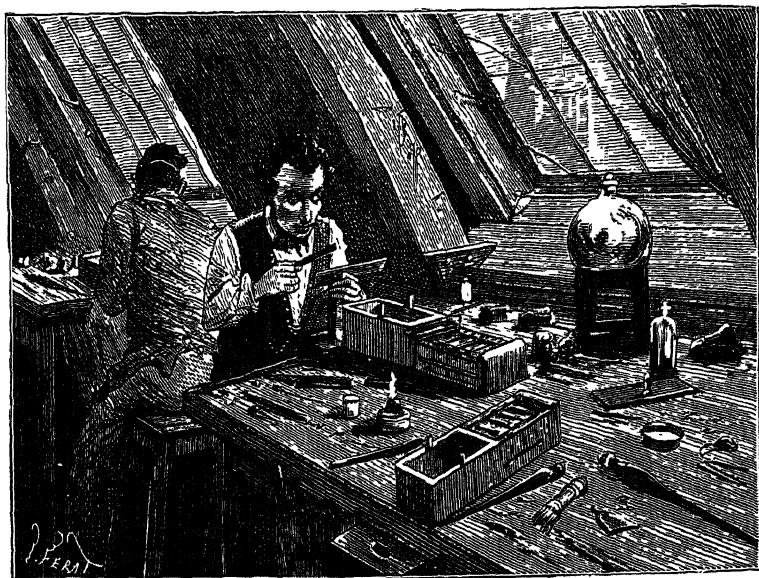
for the malodours, the discordant cries, the dense throngs, and the numerous invitations to traffic, the whole forms a panorama of continual and absorbing interest. The chief streets of this quarter are not the least picturesque in the city, and the student of his kind may learn many a lesson among the Jews of Amsterdam. In this district a prominent object is the Roman Catholic Church of Moses and Aaron.

It is in this region also, on the side of the Binnen Amstel, that much of the famous diamond-cutting and polishing is carried on. For generations Amsterdam has had the monopoly of this work, and all that time it has been almost wholly in the hands of the Jews. This is to some extent ceasing to be the case now, and much of it is done in London; nevertheless, the trade continues to flourish in its old home. A visit to one of the great



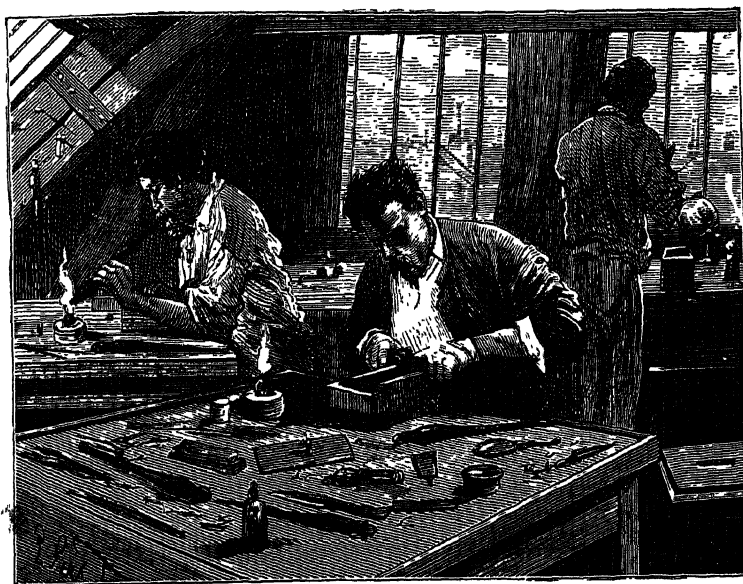
IN THE JEWS' QUARTER, AMSTERDAM.

establishments is well worth the time. There are three processes—cleavage, cutting, and polishing. The cleavage of a diamond is a very delicate operation, and it requires years of apprenticeship to make a good workman. In shape diamonds are always of cubical form, having crystallised most commonly as octahedrons, that is, as double four-sided pyramids, with eight faces, or as rhombic dodecahedrons, with twelve faces. The lines of natural cleavage in the stone are parallel to the faces of the octahedron, and when determined an incision is made by a diamond point in the direction in which



DIAMOND CLEAVING.

it is wished to split the stone; a sharp steel point is then inserted, and a light blow will accomplish the cleavage. Cleavage is resorted to either for the purpose of cutting off large pieces to form valuable stones, or because of some flaw. But it is at all times fraught with risk, and very costly stones have sometimes been thus destroyed.

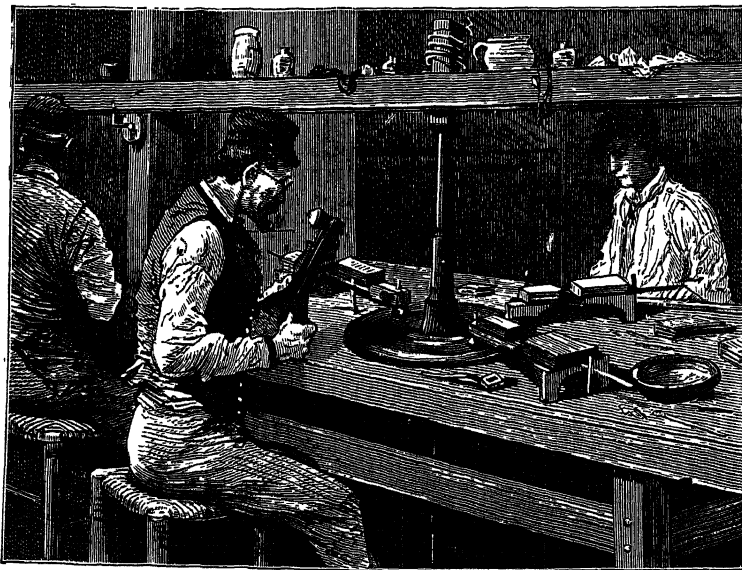


DIAMOND CUTTING.

The cutting is a long and tedious operation. It consists in shaping by hand upon the stone, by means of another diamond, the faces which the jewel is required

to possess in its finished state. The dust formed in this process is afterwards used to impart the polish upon which so much of the effect depends.

The polishing is the last stage in the skilled labour. The man in charge of this part of the work sits before an iron wheel, a foot or eighteen inches wide, and two or three inches thick, which revolves in a horizontal direction. These wheels are driven by steam, and revolve 2000 times a minute. The iron disc is covered with oil and diamond-dust, which has been carefully saved from the cleaving and cutting processes. The diamond is fastened very securely at the end of an iron arm which can be pressed down upon the wheel, and which allows only one face to be exposed to the friction at a time. The workman lifts up these arms from time to time to see how the work goes on. It belongs to that class of labour in which



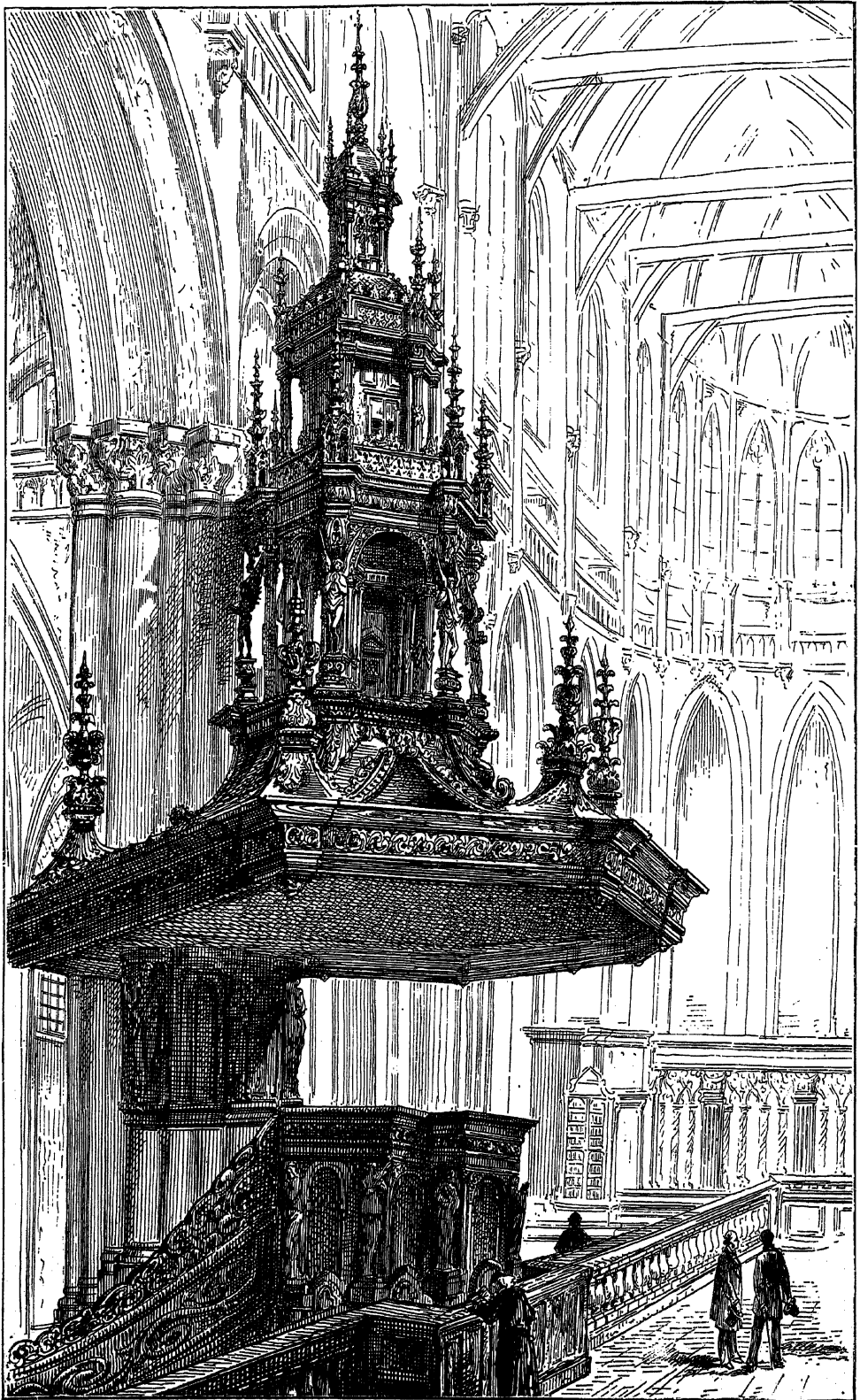
DIAMOND POLISHING.

a certain instinct or tactile cleverness seems essential, and good workmen are rare; consequently it is very remunerative. The Koh-i-Noor was polished at one of these Amsterdam establishments.

Amsterdam has many churches belonging to various branches of the Christian Church and several synagogues. Few of them can lay any claim to great architectural beauty.

The Lutheran, already referred to, and a new Roman Catholic church, situated on Prins Hendrik Kade, have fine domes. The most conspicuous spire belongs to the historic building, dating from about 1300. This building is known as the Old Church, and is well situated on a canal possessing the name of Oude Zijds voor Burgwal. It is a Gothic building. The roof is barrel-vaulted, and supported by forty-two pillars. It contains some fine stained glass, one window displaying the arms of the burgo-masters from 1578 to 1767. The church contains the tombs of several of the great admirals, Van Heemskerk and others, and of the poetess Lucretia van Winter. The interior is as bald and as cheerless as are most of the Dutch churches.

By the side of the Palace on the Dam, stands what by way of contrast



THE PULPIT—NEW CHURCH, AMSTERDAM

is called the New Church, although its erection began in 1408 and was completed in 1470. Like so many other Netherland buildings, it has suffered much by time and fire. In 1645, by the carelessness of plumbers at work on the exterior of the choir, it was set on fire and badly damaged. When rebuilt, a lofty spire, the highest in the Low Countries, was added; but in 1783 this fell down, and has never been rebuilt. Nevertheless, with its light pillars, graceful arches and naves, and its beautiful choir gallery, it ranks as the finest church in Amsterdam. One of its most imposing

possessions is a fine specimen of the enormous, elaborately carved pulpits so common in the great churches of Holland and Flanders. This was the work of Albert Vinckenbrinck, who finished it about 1649. On the lower part are carved figures of the four Evangelists, with statues of Fortitude, Faith, Love, Charity, Hope, Justice and Prudence. The upper part contains representations of the seven works of mercy, and above these

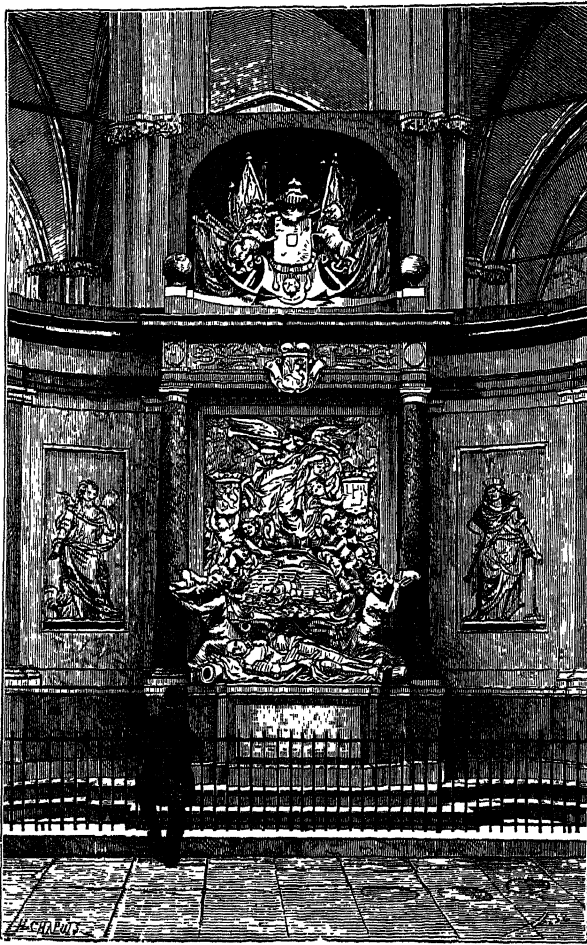


THE OLD CHURCH, AMSTERDAM.

is an elaborate tabernacle supported upon marble columns.

A handsome brass screen separates the nave from the choir. The chief monuments are an elaborately sculptured group, occupying the site of the high altar, dedicated to the memory of De Ruyter, and containing a laudatory epitaph, in which the brave and resolute old Dutch sailor is not inaptly described as *immensi tremor oceani*; a bust of Admiral Wouter Bentinck, who was killed in the great fight on the Doggerbank in 1781; and an inscription upon one of the pillars in the choir in commemoration of the poet Vondel.

The church life in Amsterdam ought to be vigorous and aggressive, judging from the number and variety of the buildings ; but here, as in so many other parts, the number, excellence, and variety of the churches is no accurate measure of the religious life of the town. Yet those best acquainted with this important question do not express hopeful views as to the present condition and future prospects of religion in Holland. The State religion is Protestant. It is inconceivable that, with such a past history as



DE RUYTER'S TOMB.

Holland possesses, it could be anything else. But it is by no means the healthy Protestantism that all true lovers of civil and religious liberty desire. Within the Dutch Reformed Church, to which the vast bulk of the Protestants belong, there has of recent years been a great deal of friction caused by the narrowest and most rigid Calvinistic section. The controversy on this matter raged fiercely in Amsterdam, the leader of the reactionary party being Dr. Kuyper, who wishes to go back to the most rigid definitions of the Synod of Dort, and who has made an unsuccessful attempt to show that the great bulk of the present pastors have no legal right to their livings. This movement has failed ; but in order to aid it, Dr. Kuyper has laid himself open to the suspicion that he is not unwilling to receive support from that section of the Amsterdam people whose Calvinism is so high that

it is not easy to distinguish it from Antinomianism. In fact, a Calvinism which Calvin himself would have been the first to reject, which holds that the elect can do nothing that will place them outside the influence of grace, and which seems to tend towards lax morality, forms a serious factor in the present social life of Amsterdam.

The State at present subsidizes all forms of religion in Holland. This is a comparatively recent practice, dating only from the earlier part of this

century. Previously there had been complete religious toleration, and indeed it would have been strange if in Holland, of all countries, this were not the case. But there have always been a large number of Roman Catholics in the country, more especially in the south-western provinces. At the present time there are nearly 1,500,000 Roman Catholics in Holland; and they had always hankered after State support, and in order to be able to help them the Government took the only practicable course, and subsidised all the religious bodies in the country. In 1877 the amount of the grant was £65,654.

In these days of ecclesiastical controversy, this, in the opinion of some, is an ideal state of affairs, and represents what all States should aim at. In former times each municipality managed the affairs of the Dutch Reformed Church. Now Government money helps them all. But in practice this has tended to reduce ministers of all denominations to the grade of State officials. It has checked the flow of voluntary contributions. It has rendered religion far too largely a matter of government. And hence, in Holland, few, comparatively speaking, have shown their interest in church life by contributing personal labour in its work, or funds to its support. The great current of Dutch voluntary gifts flows in the direction of benevolent work. Not that this in itself is anything but commendable. None would, for a moment, deprecate the attention and money bestowed upon benevolent work in Holland. But the practical result has been that the Church has to some extent lost its hold upon the sympathy of the people. It does not lie close to their daily life. It does not form, so to speak, a necessary part of their existence. Socialism has become a factor of some importance; and Roman Catholicism is taking a new lease of life. Nevertheless, with all these drawbacks, those actively engaged in Christian work in Holland are by no means despairing of the future.

Amsterdam has quite recently adorned the new and fashionable suburb by the Vondelpark with a magnificent temple of art, the great Rijks Museum. This splendid building is one of the finest architectural piles in North Europe. The superb set of galleries, planned and arranged with the object of exhibiting in the best way the master-pieces of the Dutch school of painting, are all complete, and are in themselves well worth a journey to Holland. And the quality of the building is kept well in view by those connected with the management. A polite official, in answer to some request of the writer on the occasion of his first visit, said: 'You will require one day to study the building, and a second to look at the paintings.' And this opinion was not incorrect, except, perhaps, in this: that to adequately consider the marvellous pictures, not one but many days may be profitably employed.

The building occupies an exceptionally fine site, fronting the Stadhouders Kade. The visitor's first view of it is obtained across the broad Singel-

gracht, the great semicircular canal, six and a half miles long, that formed for many years the outer limit of the city. Beyond this, so situated as to be in full view, and hence able to convey to the spectator an adequate impression of its size and style, stands the grand pile, with its richly ornamented façade and twin towers. Merely to enumerate the leading features of the exterior decoration would occupy far too large a space. But



THE RIJKS MUSEUM.

the exterior of the building indicates very clearly the reputation of the men whose works adorn the inner walls. It was a happy idea to link the whole neighbourhood by association of name to a glorious past. If you pass by the rear of the

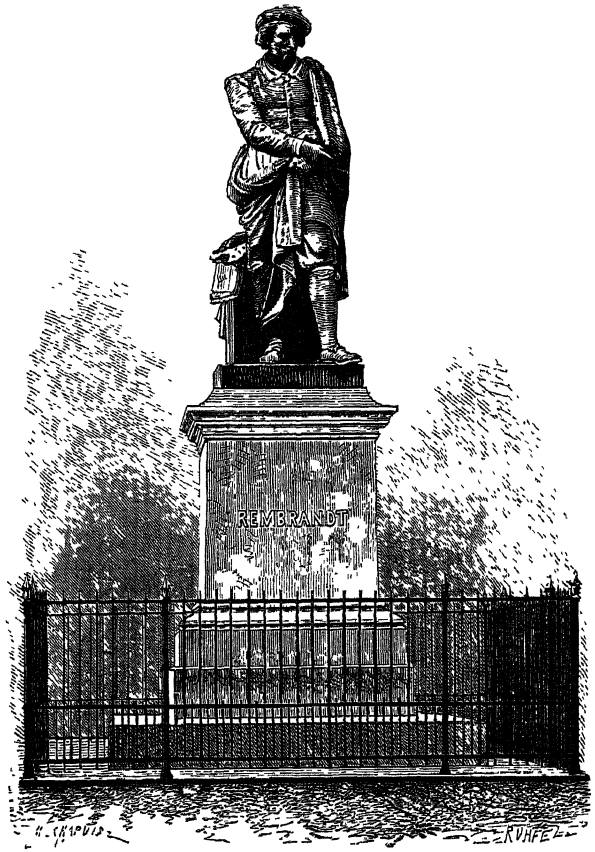
building, it is along Hobbema Kade, and to get there you tread Ruysdael Kade or Frans Hals Street and Cornelisz Hooft Street on the one side, or Van de Velde Street on the other. All the quays and streets surrounding the great museum are named after the chief Dutch painters.

The rooms on the ground-floor, when finished, will contain fine historical, ecclesiastical and architectural collections. As it is, no visitor should fail to see the cabinet of engravings occupying one wing of the basement. The museum is unusually rich in this respect, and it is possible to trace from the splendid examples exhibited here the history of etching and engraving

from the earliest times. Grand specimens of Rembrandt's etchings are to be found here, and those specially interested in his work will find the officials very obliging in exhibiting their unique treasures.

For the larger number of visitors the paintings form the chief attraction. The rooms in which they hang are reached by a fine staircase leading up to the Vestibule. This apartment is a worthy approach to the galleries. It is 130 feet long and very lofty, possessing many fine stained-glass windows. The three centre windows commemorate Painting, Architecture and Sculpture. Opening from the centre of the Vestibule, and at right angles to it, is the Hall of Honour, occupying the centre of the building. It is a broad and lofty corridor, and open to this on either side are eight rooms separated from each other by partitions, each handsomely decorated and all lighted from the roof. These contain many fine specimens of the corporation-pieces which form so striking a feature in Dutch art. Here also hang such pictures as Frans Hals' painting of himself and his wife, Flink's Isaac blessing Jacob, and many others of the same class. At the end of the Hall of Honour is the Rembrandt Room, containing the treasure of the collection, the noblest example of the master's genius, and the crowning glory of the Dutch school, viz., the large painting

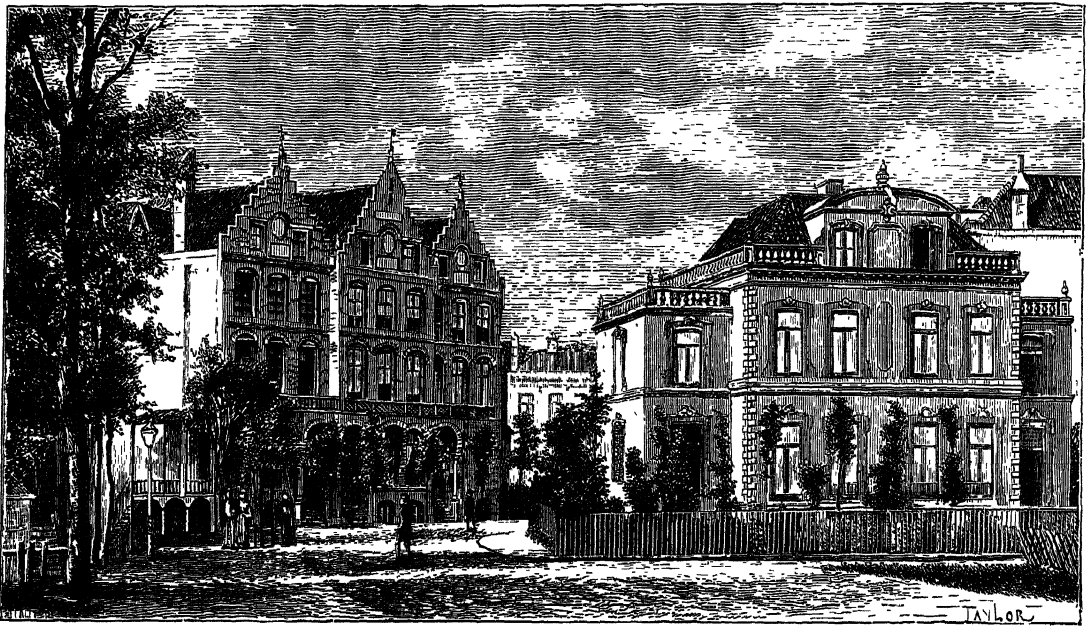
incorrectly known as the Night Watch, now generally described by its true name, The Sortie of the Company of Captain Frans Banning Cock. The visitor's first glimpse of this picture is caught as he enters the corridor from the Vestibule, and sees it through the dark curtains that drape the entrance to the Rembrandt Room. Seen at that distance, perhaps 150 feet away, the figures stand out like statues, the wonderful light in the painting fascinates the eye, and the rich colouring of the whole picture at once impresses even the careless observer. It not only has the place of honour in this magni-



REMBRANDT'S STATUE IN THE REMBRANDTSPLEIN.

ficient collection, but it proves, if any proof were needed, that Rembrandt's instinct was right, and his genius was true to itself, when, perhaps to the disappointment of those who commissioned the work, he painted not merely a collection of his own grandly executed portraits, but a painting that stands in the front rank of the world's master-pieces.

As a sketch of Dutch art is given in a later section of this book, no attempt will here be made to indicate in any fulness the treasures of the Rijks Museum. Opening out from the Rembrandt Room, on the right hand and on the left are series of rooms, and on the walls hang multitudes of superb specimens of both the old and modern Dutch schools. The collections formerly treasured in the Trippenhuis, the Museum van der Hoop, the Stadhuis, the Huizittenhuis, and the Pavilion at Haarlem, have found here



VONDEL STRAAT, AMSTERDAM.

a permanent and a fitting home. Walking even hurriedly through, the eye lights upon such treasures as Rembrandt's *Syndics of the Guild of Cloth-makers*, perhaps the finest group of portraits ever painted, Ruysdael's *View of a River*, Van der Helst's *Banquet of the Arquebusiers*, Jan Steen's *Joyous Family*, Gerard Dou's *Portrait of Himself*, Mierevelt's *Portrait of William the Silent*, and a host of other examples of what the Dutch artists could do in the days when that school reached its highest development. That Amsterdam, the great commercial capital, the great business and political centre of Holland, the home of Rembrandt, the city of Burgomaster Six, should at last possess a building that is in so many ways the suitable home for such unique art treasures, is a proof that occasionally, even in this world of fact and business, the law of fitness obtains.

The other art centre of Amsterdam, which no wise visitor will neglect, is the long-famed house of the Six family. It is interesting for its own sake. Situated upon the Heerengracht, the chief street of the city, going back to the seventeenth century, the house shows what a Dutch residence of the first class was like in the palmy days of the Republic. The demand for paintings to furnish such houses had a great deal to do with the development of art in the seventeenth century. Even without the chief treasures the collection would be well worth a visit; but the three Rembrandt portraits alone amply reward the visitor. The portrait of Burgomaster Six once seen will ever remain in the mind as a pleasant and abiding memory, and no one who would understand fully of what Rembrandt was capable can afford to miss the superb painting of Madame Six.

But a short distance from this house, which the great master knew so well, stands the open space named after him, the Rembrandtsplein, the centre occupied by his statue.

Near to the Rijks Museum is the Vondelspark, and one of the newest and most fashionable districts of Amsterdam. Here are some of the handsomest modern houses, and there are also fewer canals. In fact, the tendency now seems to be towards dispensing, as far as possible, with these waterways. In many of the older parts of the city they are being filled up, covered over, or contracted; in the more recently occupied districts, the ugly ordinary nineteenth-century street is constructed.

Vondelspark occupies by no means a large area, and by the side of Hyde Park, the Bois de Boulogne, or New York Central Park, is small indeed. It occupies only seventy-five acres. But judged in comparison with the other open spaces in Amsterdam, it is abnormal in its extent. In a city where it is rare to meet with an open space as large as an acre, Vondelspark appears much larger than it really is. It is certainly a boon to the citizens, since it affords almost the only pleasant promenade easily accessible. In the summer time it is frequented by large numbers.

The name celebrates a man who stands very high, perhaps in the highest place, among Dutch men of letters. The park was obtained for the city by private munificence some twenty-five years since, and in 1867 a fine statue of the poet was set up in the centre of it. Joost van den Vondel lived in what has been termed 'the blossoming time in Dutch literature.' In conjunction with Cats and Huygens, he was a mighty force in developing a native literature. At the time when Dutch art reached the zenith, when Holland 'ruled the waves,' when Rembrandt was painting Burgomaster Six, and Van Tromp was displaying the broom at his masthead, Vondel was raising Dutch literature to a level it has never since reached. Like some of the great Dutch painters, he was not a native of Holland. He was born at Cologne in 1587, and came into Holland when a child. His first work, *Het Passah*, based upon the exodus of the Israelites, and written in

alexandrines, was a drama in five acts, with choral interludes between the acts. It was issued in 1612; in form it was the model for all his succeeding works; and it assured him a good position in literary reputation. But it was not until 1625 that his name became a household word. In that year he published a drama that purported to be simply a study of ancient life, and called it *Palamedes, or Murdered Innocence*. The popular mind soon recognised in the hero John of Barneveld, who had been most unjustly and most cruelly put to death a few years before by Prince Maurice. Vondel instantly became famous. In 1638 the most noted of all his works, a tragedy called *Gysbrecht van Aemstel*, based upon the life of the founder of the city, was published. Until 1654 he continued to send forth



THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN, AMSTERDAM.

volumes from the press, and then, when an old man, he became involved, by no fault of his own, in money difficulties. From his seventieth to his eightieth years he toiled as a poorly-paid bank clerk, never relinquishing during these years his practice of writing. He lived to the great age of ninety-two, and the closing years of his life were made more easy by a city pension. He has ever since been recognised not only as Holland's greatest man of letters, but as the type of Dutch intelligence and imagination. Upon the statue of this man the tens of thousands of Amsterdamers look as they walk in the bright and pleasant park with which his name will ever be associated.

Another very favourite resort is the Zoological Garden, but admission to this is only obtained by payment. It is the belief of every Amsterdamer

that it is the finest institution of the kind in Europe, and they have a good deal in favour of their belief. It covers twenty-eight acres; and while it may not be quite equal to the London Garden in the variety of inhabitants, it is laid out in a more attractive manner, and impresses one as being the more pleasant place to visit.

But it is time to leave Amsterdam for other parts of North Holland. Once seen, however, many pleasant recollections abide. The tall gabled houses, the multitudinous canals, the busy shipping, the moving throngs, the relics of the past side by side with the assertive present, all form pictures unlike those to be seen elsewhere, and possessing many features that at once amuse, interest, and educate.



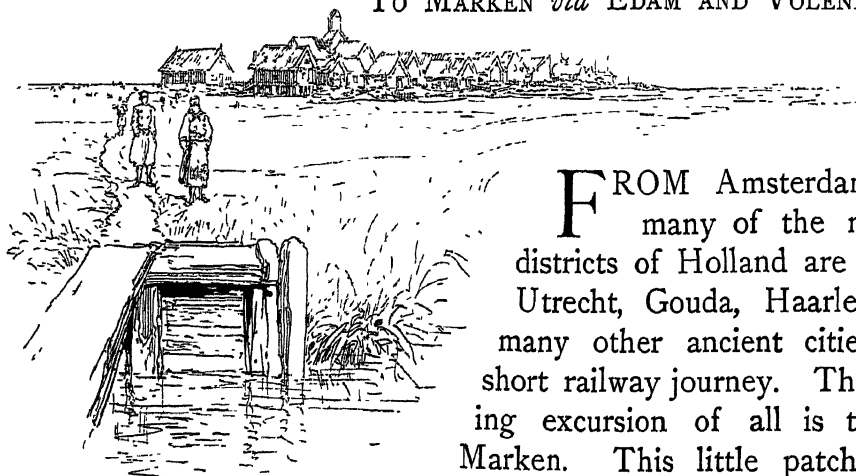
A STREET IN OLD AMSTERDAM.



VOLENDAM CHILDREN IN THEIR WORKING-DRESS.

CHAPTER III.

TO MARKEN *via* EDAM AND VOLENDAM.



MARKEN.

FROM Amsterdam as a centre, many of the most interesting districts of Holland are easily reached. Utrecht, Gouda, Haarlem, Hoorn and many other ancient cities are within a short railway journey. The most interesting excursion of all is to the Isle of Marken. This little patch of sandy soil,

lying only a few feet above the level of the Zuyder Zee at its highest point, and over a considerable portion of its area below that level, is inhabited by a sturdy, self-reliant race of fisher-people, quite unlike any to be met with in other parts of Holland. The popular way of seeing the island, unfortunately, is by a steamboat, which during the



EDAM.

summer leaves Amsterdam weekly, on the Sunday. This day is chosen because the men are all at home that day, the Markeners setting a better example in the way of keeping Sunday than the crowds who go to visit them. But although during the week the great majority of the men are away fishing, and it is somewhat costly to charter a special boat for a few miles' sail, the compensations are very great. The people are seen when they are not conscious of being stared out of countenance. The everyday life is going on; the surroundings are normal, and one great charm is the absence of other visitors. This charm is not at all due to selfish pleasure in seeing the island when others cannot; but to the fact that the presence of any considerable number of strangers tends to destroy the unique impression produced by both place and people.

The island of Marken and the little towns of Edam, Volendam, and Monnickendam are delightfully free from all that is commonplace, and abound in people, objects and buildings that charm the observer who sees them for the first time. Once seen, no after opportunity for further visits is likely to be lost. Yet the vast majority of travellers never visit them, and many never even hear the names. They are interesting at any season of the year. In mid-winter the little *sloots*, or ditches, which in Holland occupy the place of hedges, are all frozen, and the traveller can skate mile after mile in the neighbourhood of Edam and the Zuyder Zee, combining a study of such landscapes as Isaak van Ostade loved to paint with the most delightful and invigorating of outdoor exercises. At mid-summer, under a sky that at once dispels the ridiculous nonsense talked about Holland's grey mists and dense fogs, and which shows whence the great Dutch landscape painters derived their brilliant light and colouring, he may enjoy on the soothing *trekschuit*, or draw-boat, the poetry of motion, and be gently drawn along the larger *sloots* by a sturdy Dutchman with loops across his breast, the only sounds the song of the lark, and the plod, plod of the tower's massive sabots on the dry hard tow-path.

It has been the writer's good fortune to see this country under both aspects; and after considerable travelling over all parts of Holland, he feels certain that, as regards both people and country, no more interesting district is to be found in the whole kingdom. An account of two expeditions may help to make good this assertion. Let us leave Amsterdam on a bright July morning and travel by train as far as the station called Kwadijk. We are two in party, one well acquainted with the country and language. We make for a landing on the canal hard by—canals are always near any given point in Holland—and look around for the little steamer that is to convey us to Edam, a distance of about two miles. We learn to our dismay that upon one particular day in the month the boat does not run, and that inadvertently we have selected that day. So there is nothing for it but a walk. But the mishap brings compensations. We take a route shorter than

the main canal, and walk through rich pasture lands, and along straight level roads, paved with narrow bricks, and lined on either side with trees which form a welcome shade from the strong sun. On the one side as far as the eye can reach are meadows, in some of which black and white cattle, looking in excellent condition, are feeding, and in others haymaking is actively going forward. The Dutch seem to have a curious prejudice against all but black and white cattle, and certainly it is a rare thing to meet with any others, especially in North Holland. Here and there the eye rests upon a large substantial farmhouse, all the living rooms being upon the ground floor. From this ground floor, as a base, there towers aloft an enormous four-sided pyramid roof, ending in a point, and covered either with red tiles or black slates. These now do duty for the ancient thatch. This great space serves as barn room for storing hay and produce. These homesteads form conspicuous objects in the landscape, the more so when seen, as we saw them, in the light of a brilliant sun and under a cloudless sky. On the other side the view is more limited. High above the level of road and meadows runs the canal along which we ought to have been sailing, and at intervals can be seen either the sails of a canal boat sharply outlined against the clear blue of the heavens, or the tall chimney of one of the numerous pumping stations, used to pump up the water from the *sloots* into the canal, as soon as it reaches its normal level in the former. Holland is a land of pumps, and in many parts half the windmills and nearly all the buildings with tall chimneys in any view are engaged in this necessary labour.

The entrance to Edam is by a bridge over the canal, and we soon reach the quiet little streets, with their quaint gabled houses, their clean paving-stones, and their look of comfort and peace. The inhabitants have an appearance of thrift and comfort, and every now and then a curiously-shaped vehicle, like the one depicted on page 63, rumbles noisily along the sleepy street. Edam possesses a town hall, a market and two fine churches. It is noted for the manufacture of cheese, an occupation which it shares with all the neighbouring towns and villages, and the little round red cheeses go out from this interesting place to all parts of the world. Even so far back as 1649, the annual export was five hundred tons. But Edam, like many neighbouring towns, is but a shadow of her former self. In the seventeenth century her population was 25,000, as against 5000 now, and she was a great centre of the shipbuilding trade. It was here that De Ruyter's fleet was built. In the troubles of the sixteenth century, Edam threw in her lot with William the Silent, and rendered him timely and valuable aid.

The Great Church is a very imposing building, one of the largest in Holland. It was built by the Counts of Holland early in the fifteenth century, and consists of three naves equal in height and length and width, with an octagonal choir. It has the bare and cold appearance so characteristic of Dutch as compared with Belgian churches. But it excels most in

the possession of fine stained-glass windows, which were made at Gouda, and presented to the church by the chief towns in Holland early in the sixteenth century. One window gives a very spirited representation of a naval victory over the Spaniards. At the present time (1887) the church is being restored, and great pains are being bestowed upon the windows. It is open to question whether they are being improved in the process.

In the centre of the town we found a quiet café kept by an old Friesland sea-captain, who, after visiting all the chief ports of the world, has settled down here. He could talk English, and chatted away with us as we each discussed a *broodje met vleesch*—i.e., a big sandwich of cold smoked beef.

A pleasant walk of a mile, along the banks of a small canal, leads to Volendam and the Zuyder Zee. At the Edam end we saw an odd-looking boat, rounded at bow and stern, and almost wholly occupied by a cabin with seats running round it. We found that it was the passenger-boat plying between Edam and Volendam, but not due to start for two hours. An ancient mariner informed us we could go at once for double fare, that is, tenpence each. In time another old man appeared, who proceeded to pole us leisurely along. We had not gone far when we reached a bridge with a rail, and over this another patriarch was leaning. He was clad in reddish-brown trousers, with a dust-coloured vest, a cap much the worse for wear, and big—very big—sabots. He harmonised well with the landscape, and the whole scene looked more like an old Dutch painting than a bit of real everyday life. Waiting, as he was, for something to turn up, our arrival was his reward. The colloquy which at once began between him and our skipper resulted in our being sublet to the ancient mariner, who was neither so old nor so weak as he looked, and for something under what we had paid the skipper he undertook to relieve him from the labour of poling, and tow us to Volendam. The thin cord was soon looped across his chest, and away we went. It was an afternoon long to be remembered. A cloudless sky was overhead, in which the larks were singing gaily, their song at intervals being rudely broken in upon by the sharp cry of a passing gull. Now and then we slowly passed little herds of cattle, a brood of ducks by the water's edge, a few calves playing in frolicsome manner, a farmhouse, a field studded with haycocks, and one in which men wearing blue trousers and maroon or violet shirts, and far exceeding in picturesque appearance the ordinary English haymaker, were hard at work. The blending of colour was very fine, and one felt instinctively how absurd it is to talk about the brilliant colouring of the Dutch school being a reminiscence of Java and Sumatra. There before our eyes, in the green of the uncut grass, the brown of the haycocks, the high red-tiled roofs, the blue and maroon figures, and at intervals groups of gaily-dressed Volendamers, standing out bright and sharp in the strong light and clear atmosphere, was a whole gallery of typical Dutch scenes. It was upon days like this, and

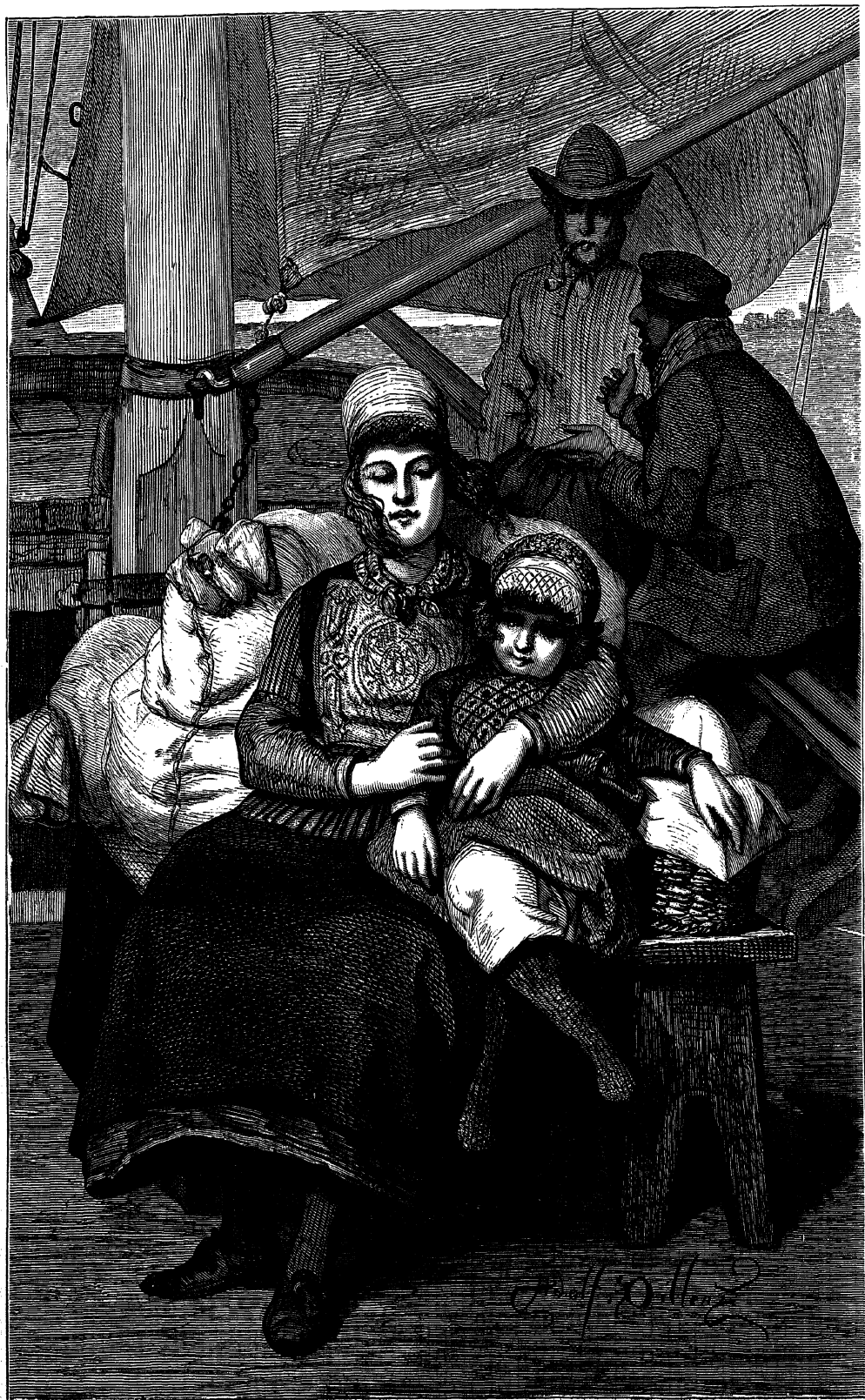
amid such surroundings, that the great colourists of the seventeenth century practised and developed their art.

The journey to Volendam ended with the canal, which is brought to an abrupt termination by the great Zuyder Zee dyke. We were fortunate in having lighted upon a festival. The Volendammers are devoted Romanists, and it being the feast of Saints Peter and Paul, all the fishing-boats—upwards of two hundred in number—were in the harbour, and all their crews in the



VOLENDAMERS.

houses or upon the dyke. Volendam is built along the inner edge of the great dyke which runs for miles and miles along the shore, and keeps the sea from at once inundating the country. The main street is about a mile of the dyke. At right angles from this, tiny streets run off every here and there. The houses are small, but for the most part neat and comfortable. The beds are nooks in the side of the room, something like magnified ship berths. Negotiations now began for a boat in which to sail the five or six



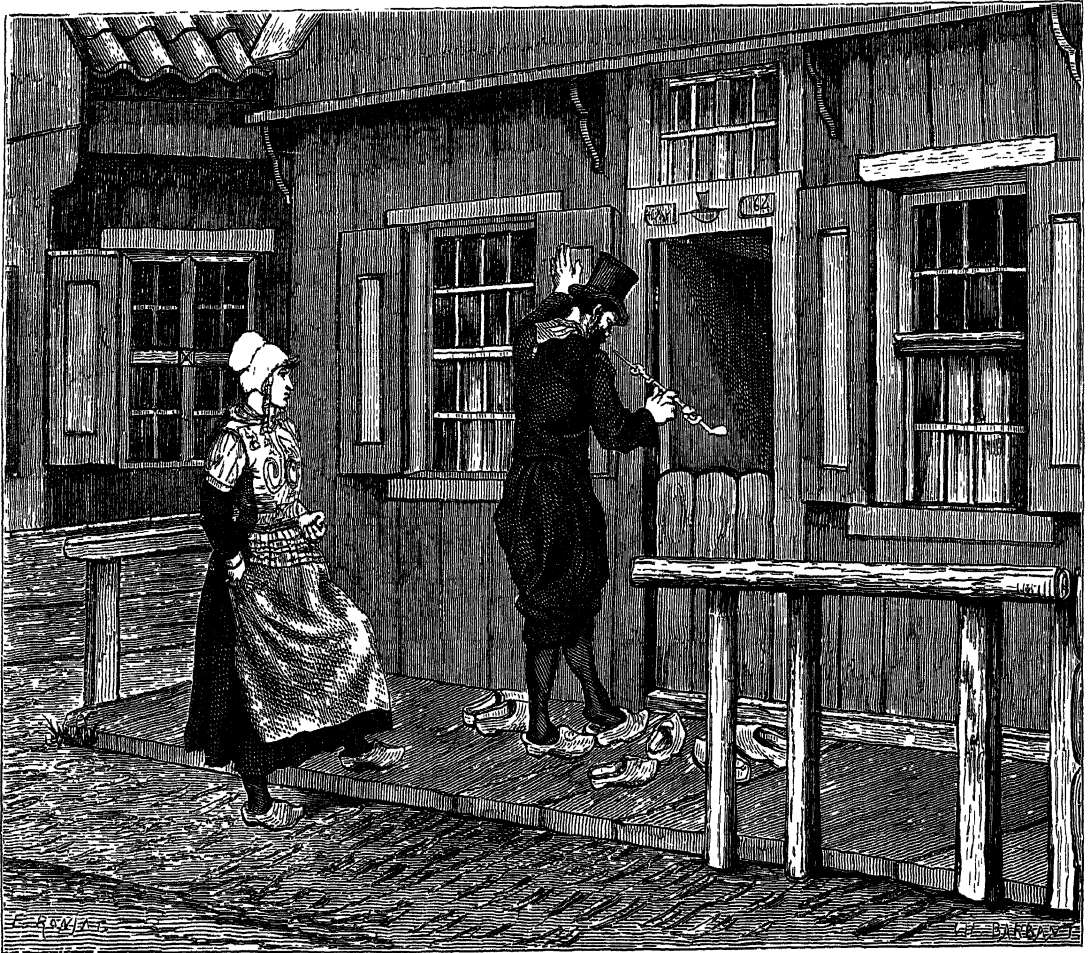
CROSSING TO MARKEN

miles to Marken. In the course of them we were invited into one of the houses, and found it quite a gem. Everything was clean and bright. The wood-work was of a dark cherry colour, and every available piece of wall was decorated with old china plates, spoons, likenesses, and curios of various kinds. Every object the eye fell upon was interesting and novel. The floor was covered with matting. Upon stepping into this room out of the strong light, it was not easy at first to see exactly what it contained, and in a moment or two I was surprised to see what appeared to be a long dark roll lying on the floor slowly rise into a sitting posture, and become most evidently a man. I soon made out another lying by the open stove. The former was the owner of the house and skipper of the boat we wished to secure. At last he consented to take us, and this becoming known to his daughter, her two cousins, and his son, they eagerly asked to be allowed to come. Soon we were under way, slowly sailing out of the little harbour and making for Marken. Two other lads, one an admirer, evidently, of one of the girls, also came, and we were a merry party.

Very clean was the boat. The cabin under the half-deck in the bow was as spotless as the house we had just left. The boat was a good one to sail, and the costumes, all the finest they possessed, as befitting a holiday, were curious and picturesque. The skipper was a tall muscular man, his face bronzed by thirty years' fighting with the waves and winds of the Zuyder and North Seas. The wide baggy trousers of dark cloth, the tight-fitting maroon jacket, slashed in front, showing a gay-coloured shirt, the red tie gathered in at the throat by a double gold clasp, and the huge silver buttons that joined the jacket to the trousers, were all new to a stranger. The girls wore a white cap with long flaps coming down over the ears, dark bodices, with a white handkerchief over the bosom, and skirts of either blue and black or maroon and black striped cloth, red or blue aprons, and black stockings. The Volendamers are a fine race, fair, strong, healthy, and, to all appearance, very happy and contented. To see them, as we saw them that day, standing in knots or walking along the dyke, all in their best dress, is well worth a journey from Amsterdam.

We crossed easily and rapidly. But though the distance is short, it is one of the most dangerous and shallow parts of the Zuyder Zee, and the passage may, at times, take hours. The more usual route, when crossing in a fishing-boat, is from Monnickendam, and then, as shown in our engraving, inhabitants of Marken are often passengers. Landing at the harbour, we were soon on the soil of Marken, and a singular island it is. We had long been watching the tower of the church and the roofs of the houses, but now from the dyke we were able to look down upon them. In shape the island is an irregular triangle, perhaps two miles long and one wide at its broadest part. The houses cluster mainly in two groups. One, that may be called Old Marken, contains the church, and stands upon the most elevated point of the island.

This is but a few feet above the level of the sea. The island is often inundated. Only a few days before our visit, during a heavy storm, the waves had invaded a considerable part of it. So, wherever possible, the houses are built on little mounds, and not unfrequently communication is kept up by boats. There are about 1000 inhabitants. The men are nearly all fishermen, and many are well to do. Children abound, healthy, chubby, rosy-cheeked youngsters, who take a lively interest in strangers.



AT THE DOOR OF A MARKEN HOUSE.

The houses are built of wood, with three exceptions, those of the preacher, the doctor, and the schoolmaster. These live in brick houses, and are, as a rule, the only inhabitants of the island not born there. As no good inn exists, and there are few inducements for visitors to stay any length of time, the Markeners now, as in the past, constitute a race apart from the rest of Holland. The houses are blue, black, or green, having only one storey, and

roofed with red tiles. Around the doors are to be seen generally the sabots of the inmates, as these articles are never worn within the house.

After landing at the little harbour, a half-hour's stroll enables the visitor to see the different groups of houses, and to pass on through the island to the point where stands the lighthouse. A dyke surrounds the island, and a weird uncanny feeling takes possession of the stranger when he notices how slight seems the protection against the restless waters. Were the Zuyder Zee deeper, the island would probably have been swept away ages ago. As it is,

during the worst storms, the waters often flood the island, but do not seem to wear away any considerable portion of the soil. The history of this tiny islet stretches back into the Middle Ages. Originally Friesland embraced all the territory now known by that name, and also the area occupied by the Zuyder Zee and North Holland. In the thirteenth century, the space now covered by the yellow waters, was low-lying land, through which flowed the river Vlie, the outlet of the Lake of Flevo. A great storm submerged this whole district, villagers by the hundred were engulfed, lake and river both disappeared, and the Zuyder Zee claimed a place upon the map of Holland. In the course of this century, about 1232, some monks, belonging to the order of Premontre, came from Leeuwarden and settled, some along



A MARKEN GIRL.

the southern coast of the Zuyder Zee, and some on the island of Marken. Here they built a monastery and a church, the latter existing until 1846, when the building now in use was erected. How the island had become inhabited and by what race does not seem to be very certainly known. The Markeners claim to be descended without any mixture of race from the original Germanic inhabitants of the land. There is no inherent improbability in this claim, and the fact, if it be so, may account for the

striking peculiarities in feature and costume which they exhibit. A deed of sale confirming the cession of the rights and property of the soil to the inhabitants and to the burghers of Amsterdam, by Margaret, the wife of the Emperor Louis, in 1346, still exists. The island prospered, for in the fifteenth century the people of Kampen found it worth their while to invade and plunder it. Later on, some of their Friesland neighbours followed this bad example. In the sixteenth century, the mainland towns around the Zuyder Zee had become so wealthy, that Marken ceased to attract those bent on plunder. But now the elements carried on the warfare. In 1665, the ocean nearly submerged them. In 1667 a fire consumed most of the houses. Four times since has the same calamity visited the little community. But notwithstanding the constant threatening of the restless waters, and the many vicissitudes of the past, the hardy race of fisherfolk have kept both their home and their unique customs, dress, and way of life.

Once landed upon the island, a stranger's attention is claimed by a multitude of interesting and peculiar objects. Prominent among these is the dress of the inhabitants. Landing, as the writer did, on a week-day, and when nothing out of the common was taking place, such islanders as were about were in everyday working attire. This, in all its main features, resembles the Sunday and holiday costume. The men wear a kind of close-fitting jacket or vest of brown cloth, with double rows of buttons and a low collar. Buttoned to this—very often by large gold buttons—are wide baggy short trousers or knickerbockers. Dark brown or blue stockings, and sabots or shoes, complete the costume. Generally they wear caps; but on Sundays and festivals they wear tall hats. Under the waistcoat is a red shirt, and when at work the men often throw off the waistcoat, and the red colour forms a bright contrast with the dull-coloured boats and somewhat sad-toned landscape.

The dress of the women is even more uncommon and picturesque. The first view of a Volendam girl in her best dress is very interesting to an English eye; but the impression conveyed by a Marken costume is more striking, and it seems still farther removed from anything of the kind ever seen before. The headdress is unlike anything to be seen in other parts of Holland. It is a large white cap, somewhat resembling a mitre in shape, adorned with lace and embroidery, which is shown up by means of a brown lining. On either side of the face a long thick curl of hair, generally false, hangs down, and sometimes the hair is also cut short on the forehead and trained to curl upward and backward. The body of the dress is sleeveless, usually brown, and always covered with gay, richly-coloured embroidery. These bodies are often the labour of months or years, and are then handed down as heirlooms. The skirt is dark coloured and always of different material from the body. It is usually in two parts; the upper being of striped material, the rest of dark blue with a band of reddish brown at the bottom.

The sleeves are in two parts. From the wrist to just above the elbow, they are usually of dark blue cloth; from the shoulder to the elbow with stripes of black and white or red and white running along the length. On



A CORNER IN MARKEN.

week-days, the cap and the body are usually protected by a light chintz covering of very gay pattern.

The Markeners strike the observer as being strong and healthy, but at

the same time they convey the impression that life is serious and hard. The men are well-built, athletic, of open countenance; the younger women rosy, fair-haired, and blue-eyed; the children sturdy, active, and not over-bashful. It is very rare for an inhabitant of Marken to marry any but an islander.

As in other parts of the world, marriage is a great event, the dress of the bride more than usually resplendent. The bridegroom is arrayed in a black coat fitting closely to the waist, open from the neck to the waist, showing beneath it a white jacket also open down the front, the opening being lined with gold buttons, and showing in turn a scarlet vest. The shirt at the neck is fastened by large double gold buttons. The trousers are broad and baggy, also black, the stockings blue or violet, and the shoes fastened by large antique buckles. A high hat, of the modern shape and style, completes the costume. This attire acts as an admirable foil to the gaily coloured dress of the bride. The cap is white with two red bands, one near the top, the other near the bottom, the latter covered with elaborate embroidery. While the shape of the dress resembles the ordinary attire, the colours are more striking, and there is a superabundance of embroidery and lace. The crimson bodice, the blue shoulder coverings, the striped upper and violet lower sleeves, the dark skirt, and the elaborate apron, the multiplicity of ornamental detail, and the variety of parts that combine to make up the very striking whole, charm the eye, but quite surpass any masculine power adequately to describe.

On the eventful day the young couple and their friends meet in the house of the bride's father. Thither comes the *aanroeper*, or town-clerk, or burgomaster's official, armed with his stick, and without him nothing can be done. The inevitable refreshments are duly handed round. Meanwhile it is well known in the little community that the important event is to take place, and it is the custom on these occasions for the people as a whole to honour it by their presence. The men draw up in rows, standing by or leaning against the houses on one side of the street; on the other side the women. Here again, the dark dress of the men, the gay clothing of the women, the effective grouping brought about by the absence of all artificial attempt, and the play of natural tendencies, produce a very effective picture. At length the bridal procession appears. The stately *aanroeper* leads the way, the bride and bridegroom follow, and then come their parents and friends. They make for the burgomaster's house, in which is the *salle des mariages*. Here the burgomaster goes through the needful legal forms, and the young people are made man and wife.

It was not our good-fortune to witness one of these interesting ceremonies, but the following description from an eye-witness gives a pleasant picture:

'The burgomaster addressed the betrothed couple, asking them several questions, which they answered timidly. To say that they were pale would

be unfitting, the sea air does not favour pallor; to say that they trembled would be false, they were too robust for that. They were pensive, knowing full well what they were doing, and yet doing it of their own free-will, sweetly and tenderly. After the ceremony the bride and bridegroom passed between the church and the teacher's house, turned to the left and entered the main street of the village. No one followed them. They walked slowly under the grey sky, between the low houses, between the black line of men and the line, white, red, blonde, smiling and gay, of women and girls. Against the brownish distance of the atmosphere the slender profile of the husband, with his high hat, his closely-cut hair, his long and bare neck, his coat with its many buttons, and his wide, baggy trousers, stood out sharp and clear. His presence was modest, perhaps a trifle *gauche*, but calm and serious. His bride, she who was now to become the queen of his home, followed him, with her white cap, her red corsage, her cashmere bodice, her two long blond locks falling down upon her shoulders, her black petticoat puffed out by those beneath (a sign of wealth), was the centre of observation.

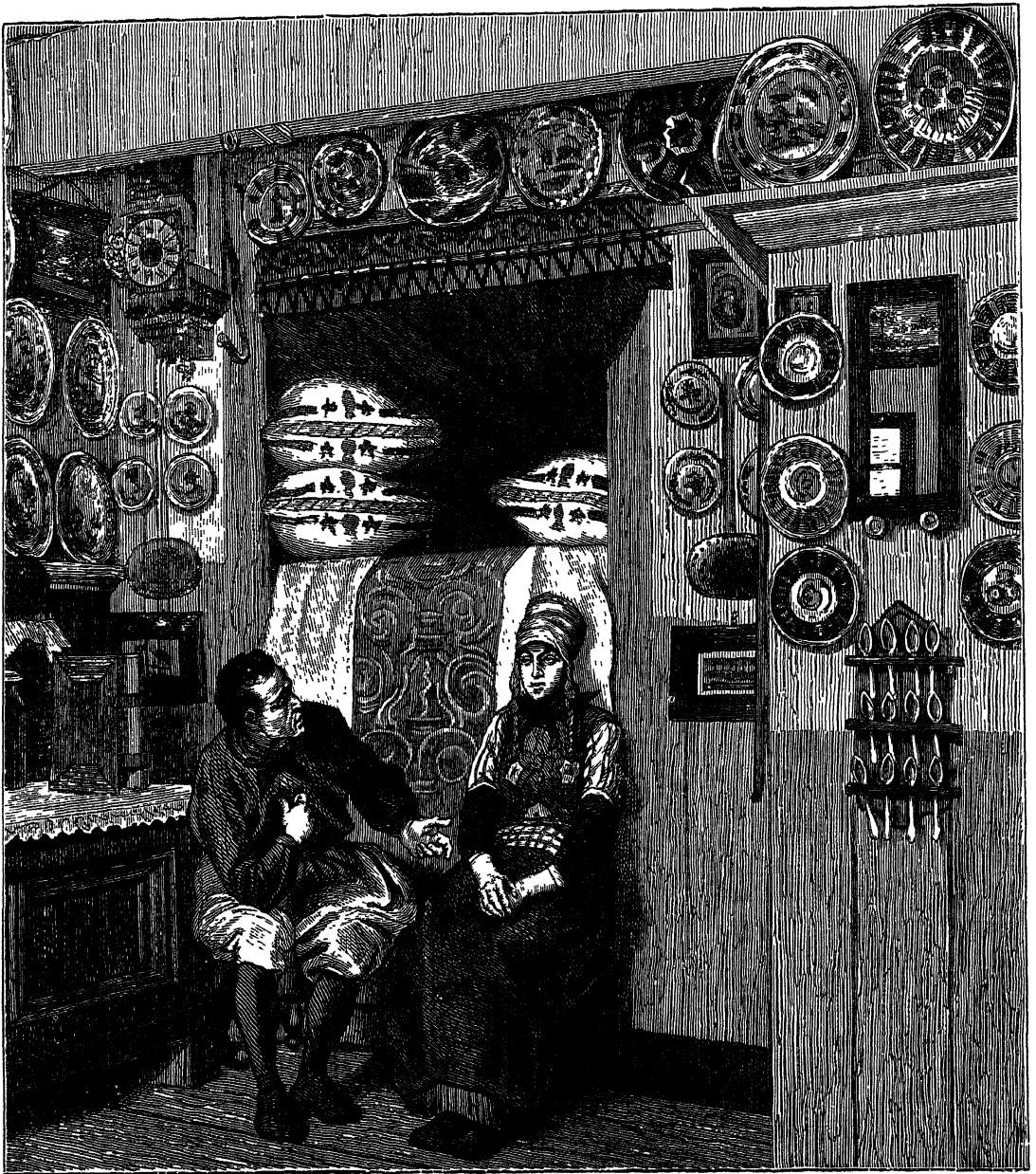
'The men perched upon the green railings which ornament the sidewalks, or leaning against the houses, looked upon them as gravely as though they were engaged in some solemn ceremony. The married women smiled as they saw the young couple pass; they know the joys and also the fatigues and dangers that make up the fisherfolk's life. They also know the cares that await, and the courage needed by the woman entering upon the strait and toilsome life of a new home in Marken.

'They entered a house ornamented over the door by two Dutch flags. It was the house of the bridegroom's father.'

Marken houses, though built of wood, last a long while. There are some 150 or 200 years old. They are only one storey high, and usually contain only one room. The roof is pointed, and the space thus gained is utilized as a loft in which to store peat and dry nets. In the better class of houses, the interiors are very interesting. The floor and walls are boarded. A cast-iron stove stands upon a hearth, the smoke being allowed to escape through a hole in the ceiling. Around the walls hang chinaware of various kinds—Delft, Saxony, Chinese, and Japanese, old plates, dishes, spoons, etc. The blended colours and the blue wainscoting give the houses a warm and bright look. The beds are formed by niches in the wall. That shown in the engraving on page 78 is of the best class, made up of two or three well-stuffed mattresses, covered by elaborately embroidered quilts and resplendent pillows. A visit to one of these interiors is apt to create a very strong desire to bring away some of the many curious articles new and interesting to the visitor.

Altogether, a visit to Marken affords many pleasant recollections. It is like no other spot in Europe. The landscape has a marked individuality; the people—in feature, dress, and habits—are unique; the houses in their

curious grouping, and with their attractive interiors, differ from all others the traveller is likely to see; and, on leaving for the return sail to Monnickendam or Volendam, as the small harbour recedes, and the low dyke



A MARKEN INTERIOR.

blends more and more with the yellow horizon of the far-spreading waters, the visitor feels that a novel experience has been enjoyed, and a memorable page added to the book of his travels.

The other island of note in the Zuyder Zee is Urk. Far less

accessible than Marken, very few strangers reach it. We give an engraving showing a group of the inhabitants, and enabling the reader to see the peculiarities of costume to be met with there.

Monnickendam deserves a word or two ere we leave the neighbourhood of Marken. Seen under a bright June sky, when the face of nature is green, when the colours of earth and sky and sea delight the eye; or visited in February, when the waterways are all turned into smooth, hard



A GROUP OF URK ISLANDERS.

roads, along which the skater may glide; the old sleepy town impresses the visitor as unlike anything else in Europe. We had intended landing there on our return from Marken; but as the navigation of that part of the Zuyder Zee is by no means easy, and the conditions were unfavourable for us, we had to give up our intention. Later on, we were fortunate enough to be able to reach it in winter. Holland is pre-eminently a land of skaters, and even more a land *for* skaters. Nothing is more exhilarating, nothing in the way of outdoor exercise is comparable to a day spent under a wintry

sun and on the frozen canals. For the benefit of those who have never tasted this pleasure, we may describe how we reached Monnickendam upon skates. We left Amsterdam early on a bright frosty morning. The big canals were all blocked with ice, but the frost had not yet been severe enough to close them. The steamers kept the largest open, and the boats were still able to force their way along the main branches. But when we left the train at Kwadijk, we found that all the smaller *sloots* were frozen hard. In a few seconds we exchanged the road for the ice, and were gliding over the country at a pace that brought us to Edam about as quickly as we could have driven. It is true that here and there we had to walk across a road, and occasionally climb a gate; but these incidents only varied the monotony of the journey. After a brief visit to Edam, we skated on to Volendam. There were many of the fisherfolk about, since, as the Zuyder Zee was a mass of ice so far as the eye could reach, they had no work to do. Hence, many of the younger fry were disporting themselves on the canals. Picturesque as the Volendam dress is whenever seen, it looks its best when the wearer is doing the Dutch roll upon the great turned-up skates which all Hollanders use. Leaving Volendam and taking the canal, running along the inner base of the great dyke, we soon skimmed over the five or six miles separating us from Monnickendam. Here and there we reached stretches of beautiful ice a quarter or half a mile long. The sun was shining brilliantly; the sky was blue and cloudless. Even in winter the rich brown tones of the landscape looked warm. Behind were the clustering houses and lonely church of Volendam; before us the compactly built town of Monnickendam, with the twin towers of church and Town Hall; and away on our left, whenever we could catch a glimpse of it, stretched the sea, covered with rough white masses of ice. We had heard that an ice-boat had recently crossed to Marken, and we were curious to see it. We did see it, and saw only an ordinary sailing-boat or yacht, mounted upon runners. We should have liked to make the trip, but at the time that was not practicable, and our regret was none the less because we were not sceptical when the boatmen assured us that the vessel could attain a high rate of speed.

The advent of two strangers is always an event in the old town, and seemed even more extraordinary than usual when happening in winter. The children forgot to skate as we passed by; every inhabitant we met—and they were few and far between—gazed curiously upon us. We walked along the pavements of yellow bricks, and looked upon the old houses, inspected the tiny market, and at length essayed to climb the tower of the Town Hall. From the top of this a fine prospect stretched out in all directions from the houses where dwelt the two thousand Monnickendammers to the Isle of Marken, to Volendam, to Purmerend, and over Broek and Zaandan, towards Amsterdam and Haarlem.

So quiet and old world was the place in appearance, that we almost expected to see the monks from whom the town took its name, 'the town or dam of the monks,' appear from the church. Hardly a human being was in view, and a welcome sense of peace and rest stole over us as we looked out on the fair scene. The peal of bells—for this, like almost every tower in Holland, was well furnished in this respect—broke in upon our meditations, warning us that the day was passing. We had to catch a boat in the far-away distance, and we were not absolutely certain of our road. In a few minutes we were out of the town, and at the first convenient spot betook ourselves again to our skates. Our experience can easily be imagined. Suppose, for example, that over a moderately flat English landscape all the hedges and fences were replaced by lanes of water, varying from six to five-and-twenty feet in width, suppose these all frozen smooth and hard, and the journey to be undertaken from six to ten miles in length, and you have our trip from Monnickendam to Purmerend. Probably we did not follow the most direct route; now and then we had to risk the passage of a wide canal, occasionally a stretch of road or grass intervened, too short to warrant taking off our skates, but quite long enough to convince us that it is pleasanter to skate 500 yards than to walk fifty on the narrow steel. Nevertheless, we had a splendid afternoon, and reached Purmerend in good time for the boat. We filled up the interval by seeking a cup of tea. At the first café we were met by a blunt refusal. No, they furnished thirsty souls with coffee, but tea they would not make. In the end this turned out to our advantage, for we went further and fared better. We lit upon a clean quaint little inn, and while the landlord smoked his long clay pipe and marvelled at men who came to North Holland simply to skate, the landlady, who was most picturesquely attired in the costume of the district, made us tea in abundance, and said—she was well on towards seventy—that even if we left our skates she would not undertake the journey we had accomplished. Our skates, being of modern construction, and in no respect like the Dutch runners, were objects of curiosity not only to these good people but also to our fellow-voyagers on the boat to Amsterdam. As we passed through the great locks into the Y a splendid sunset-light lit up the distant spires and roofs of Amsterdam, and flooded the whole country in golden light. It was evident that unless the seasons had changed much for the worse, the old landscape painters of Holland were able to study light and colour in the short and sharp winter days as well as in the long and warm ones of summer.



ON THE ZAAK.

CHAPTER IV.

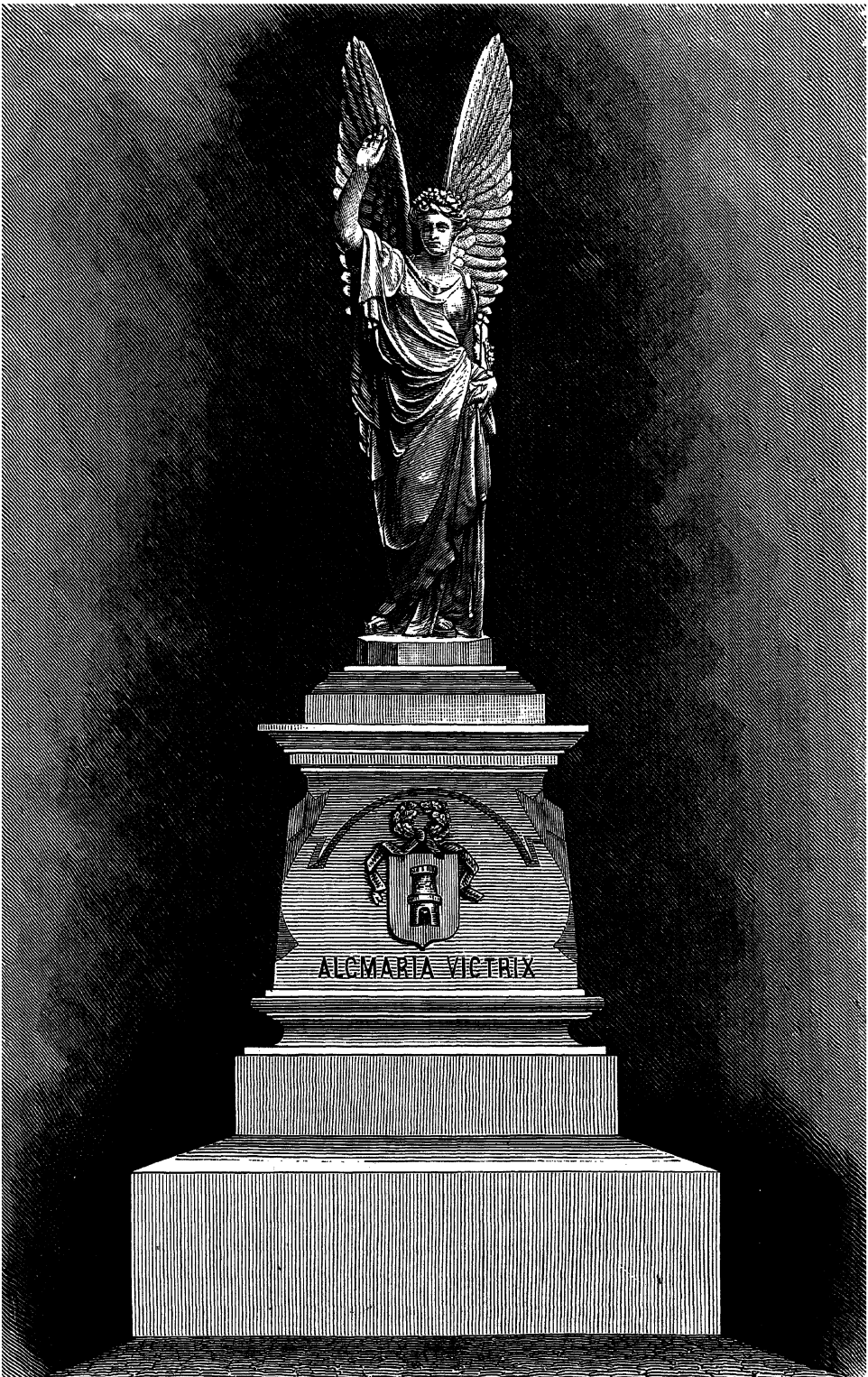
TO ALKMAAR, HOORN, AND ENKIUZEN, *via* ZAANDAM.



THE WEIGH HOUSE, HOORN.

ZAANDAM and Broek are supposed by many visitors in Holland to be *par excellence* spots worth seeing; the former excelling in the possession of multitudinous windmills, and the miserable hut in which Peter the Great is supposed to have resided, the latter exhibiting all the cleanliness and neatness essential to a first-class Dutch village. No one who visits these places can consider the time spent on them lost, and in each much of interest will catch even a moderately observant eye. Yet there are many places better worth seeing, if the object be to get a fair notion of the daily experiences of the Dutch people, and to enter as fully as possible into the true life of North Holland. Such places as Purmerend and Alkmaar better repay careful attention.

Zaandam is so situated that an entrance into the Alkmaar or Hoorn country can hardly be effected without passing through it. It is best seen after a day's ramble further north, when in the lovely evening light the steamer ploughs her way rapidly and steadily through the waters of the Zaan, past the miles and miles of windmills, past the trim, comfortable-looking villas, with their well-kept gardens, and pleasant summer-houses,



past the oil-mills, the saw-mills, etc., where the fortunes are made for which the Zaandamers are proverbial, until at length the steamer is brought up by the locks through which a passage is obtained into the placid waters of the North Sea Canal. Seen thus, few places more pleasantly imprint themselves upon the memory; made thus, few journeys along the water-ways of Holland are more enjoyable.

Any one wishing to explore more closely the town inseparably linked with the name of the great Czar, can easily do so by stepping ashore at the



THE LOCKS AT ZAANDAM.

locks. The reward, perhaps, hardly equals the trouble. Zaandam is not peculiar in presenting a less favourable countenance to a close than to a distant inspection. If one should happen to purpose *not* seeing the house where Peter lived, then it is advisable to imitate as closely as possible the dress and appearance of a prosperous Zaandam merchant—not an easy thing unless to the manner born—otherwise he will be looked upon as the legitimate prey of one or other of a numerous band of unprepossessing individuals who appear to depend for their existence upon the number of people who wish to be guided to the hut of Peter the Great. Should he

accept the services of one, as the best protection against the many, he is led down a by-street to a wooden structure enclosing and protecting another. This inner building is the real archæological treasure. It is of wood, reared upon a stone foundation. There is but one room of any size, and here in 1697 Peter is said to have lived while working as a ship-carpenter. The legend is that he remained here some time. Those who profess to know the facts say that a week only elapsed ere the people of that day had the bad taste to throng in such crowds to look at him that he fled to Amsterdam and found shelter in the yards of the East India Company. Various members of the Russian Royal Family have visited the place at odd times, and left memorials of their presence. Hosts of lesser visitors have imitated them in the latter respect.

By far the most interesting place in the neighbourhood north of Zaandam is Alkmaar. This is a compact, clean, thriving town of about 15,000 inhabitants. The name is said to mean 'all sea,' and to date from the far-distant past when it was surrounded by a lake or morass, and stood on the narrow spit of sandy soil that formed the thin backbone of North Holland. It has a glorious past; it enjoys a prosperous present. Here the seemingly resistless progress of Spanish invasion was stayed in the sixteenth century; hence, in this latter quarter of the nineteenth, the staple manufacture of this part of the kingdom—cheese—is sent to all parts of the globe.

A glance at the glorious past may not be out of place. As the traveller strolls leisurely from the station, passes beneath the fine old trees of the public gardens, crosses the bridge, looks up at the old red-brick walls of the great Church of St. Lawrence, walks through the Langestraat, in which stands the Town Hall, and then makes his way to the Weigh House and the Market Place, his feelings of interest in what is, in itself, a pleasure to witness, are deepened by the fact that in many features the Alkmaar of to-day was also the Alkmaar of 1573. The Church and the Town Hall looked down on the fierce strife of the siege and the rejoicings over the victory. In the promenade, so lately as 1876, a handsome monument was erected to commemorate this great event, and well does the event its proud legend, *Alcmaria Victrix*, commemorate deserve to be remembered. For it was here that the tide in the mighty struggle for civil and religious liberty turned. And it turned in favour of the combatant against whom seemed every chance of victory. The well-trained troops of Spain, flushed by the conquest and sack of Zutphen, Naarden, and Haarlem, pressed on to complete the conquest of the country. 'On that bank and shoal,' writes Motley, 'the extreme verge of habitable earth, the spirit of Holland's freedom stood at bay. The gray towers of Egmont Castle and of Egmont Abbey rose between the city and the sea.' The Spanish army numbered 16,000 trained veteran soldiers, well-skilled in the art of war, and

expert in inflicting upon the conquered every conceivable outrage. The city was defended by 800 soldiers and 1300 burghers. No wonder the Spaniards expected an easy prey! 'If I take Alkmaar,' wrote Alva to his master, 'I am resolved not to leave a single creature alive.' This man—perhaps the cruellest monster who has ever disgraced humanity—after having broken his pledged word and massacred the survivors of Haarlem siege, goes on to assert that since clemency such as that meted out to Haarlem does not touch the hard hearts of heretics, he will see what cruelty can do. By contrast it is well to see in what spirit the defenders entered upon the strife. William the Silent writes thus to Diedrich Sonoy, his Lieutenant-Governor for North Holland: 'As, notwithstanding our efforts, it has pleased God Almighty to dispose of Haarlem according to His Divine will, shall we therefore deny and deride His holy Word? Has the strong arm of the Lord thereby grown weaker? Has His Church therefore come to nought? You ask if I have entered into a firm treaty with any great king or potentate, to which I answer that before ever I took up the cause of the oppressed Christians in these provinces I had entered into a close alliance with the King of kings; and I am firmly convinced that all who put their trust in Him shall be saved by His almighty hand. The God of armies will raise up armies for us, to do battle with our enemies and His own.'

The Spaniards advanced under the command of Alva's son, Don Frederic, and on September 18th, 1573, an assault was ordered. For four hours the struggle raged. 'During all that period not one of the defenders left his post till he dropped from it dead or wounded. The women and children, unscared by the balls flying in every direction, or by the hand-to-hand conflicts on the ramparts, passed steadily to and fro from the arsenals to the fortifications, constantly supplying their fathers, husbands, and brothers with powder and ball. Thus every human being in the city that could walk had become a soldier. At last darkness fell upon the scene. The trumpet of recall was sounded, and the Spaniards, utterly discomfited, retired from the walls, leaving at least 1000 dead in the trenches, while only thirty-seven of the garrison lost their lives.'

The siege continued until October 8th, but on that date Don Frederic, learning that the dykes were to be cut, and knowing that this meant death to his army, retreated to Amsterdam. So he had no opportunity, after such *mercies* as the Haarlem massacre, of showing what Spanish *cruelty* could do. He marched away, repulsed and humiliated, and with him there began to march out of the Netherlands the despotic power and gloomy, merciless bigotry of Philip II., which had so frightfully cursed those aforetime prosperous regions, and which have earned for that monarch the reputation of having inflicted more misery upon his race than any tyrant who has been permitted to scourge humanity.

The visitor to the interesting museum, contained in the Town Hall of

Alkmaar, is shown many mementos of the famous siege. Spanish pikes, cannon-balls, old helmets, ancient views of places, all help to tell the story and to keep alive the glorious recollections of those far-off autumn days when 2000 men of Alkmaar baffled 16,000 veterans of Spain.

To see Alkmaar at its best, the traveller should select Friday, the market-day. On reaching the market-place a busy scene meets his eye. The pavement of the place is covered with piles and piles of cheeses, which glisten in all the freshness of their new red and yellow coverings.



THE WEIGH HOUSE, ALKMAAR.

They look like red and yellow cannon-balls, and seem numerous enough to enable the town with some measure of success to repel a modern assault. One side of the place is bordered by the Weigh House and market, a fine sixteenth-century building, crowned by a handsome tower. Along another side runs the canal, and here are clustered the boats which are soon to convey the cheeses the first stage on their journey to the four quarters of the globe. The other two sides are shut in by tall houses, as different from anything English as they well can be, and making a very attractive picture when lit up by the bright sunlight.

The streets leading to the market-place, and every available open space,

are crowded with a collection of very curious vehicles. These are the carts which have brought in from the farms for miles around the produce of their respective dairies; they vary widely in colour and shape, and present ample materials for study to any who are interested in knowing how many forms an ordinary four-wheeled vehicle can be made to assume.

The cheeses are carried from the waggons to that part of the market assigned to the owner, and there piled up; and, unless immediate business ensues, are covered over with cloths. When a buyer appears, he enters into a conversation with the owner or agent, more or less active according to individual temperament; and when finally the bargain is made, it is done by striking hands upon it.

At this part of the transaction the services of the porters are called in. These men form the liveliest, as they need to be among the strongest, members of the moving throng. They work in couples, and, by means of a strong pair of braces arranged upon the shoulders, and with long loops, they carry a kind of hand-barrow or stretcher slung between them; and, with a curious, shuffling gait, they cause this to glide along about six inches above the ground. The bargain having been entered at the Weigh House, two of these men go to the cheeses sold, proceed to pile them up upon their barrow, and carry them off to be weighed.

This weighing is a fascinating part of the work to the stranger, the more so if he is at all familiar with modern methods of weighing goods. As far as appears to the eye, the process now resembles in all particulars that which obtained when weighing first began in the new house at the close of the sixteenth century. There may be such things as steelyards and modern appliances for ascertaining rapidly the weights of goods, but the Alkmaar public has not yet looked favourably upon them. In the Weigh House the ground-floor is open on three sides, admitting freely all who wish to enter. The stranger sees there four very large pairs of old-fashioned scales, and he soon notices that the porters, who are all dressed in white, wear different coloured hats, red, yellow, etc., corresponding to the colours of the scales. Each company of porters keep to their own pair of scales. The barrow with the load of cheese is placed upon the scale, and then, with resounding noise, a burly attendant piles up half-hundredweights and smaller pieces of iron, until the requisite balance is made. He then writes down the weight, moves all the weights off the scale to a stand built near, and the porters shuffle off with their load to the canal-boat or vehicle provided by the buyer, and that load of cheeses bids a long farewell to Alkmaar. Small fees have to be paid to both porters and weigher. Here, as in so many spots on the earth's surface, vested interest has some influence, in all probability, in staying the progress of reform. Yet it must be confessed that, although it shocks one to see so much unnecessary labour, the market scene is very much more picturesque than it would be were the cheeses

sent rolling along a tube which shot them into barrels, conveyed by cranes to scales which weighed them in an instant, and then poured them into the waiting hold of the canal-boat, steam-power and modern inventiveness thus doing more in one hour than the chattering shuffling porters accomplish in the livelong Alkmaar market-day.

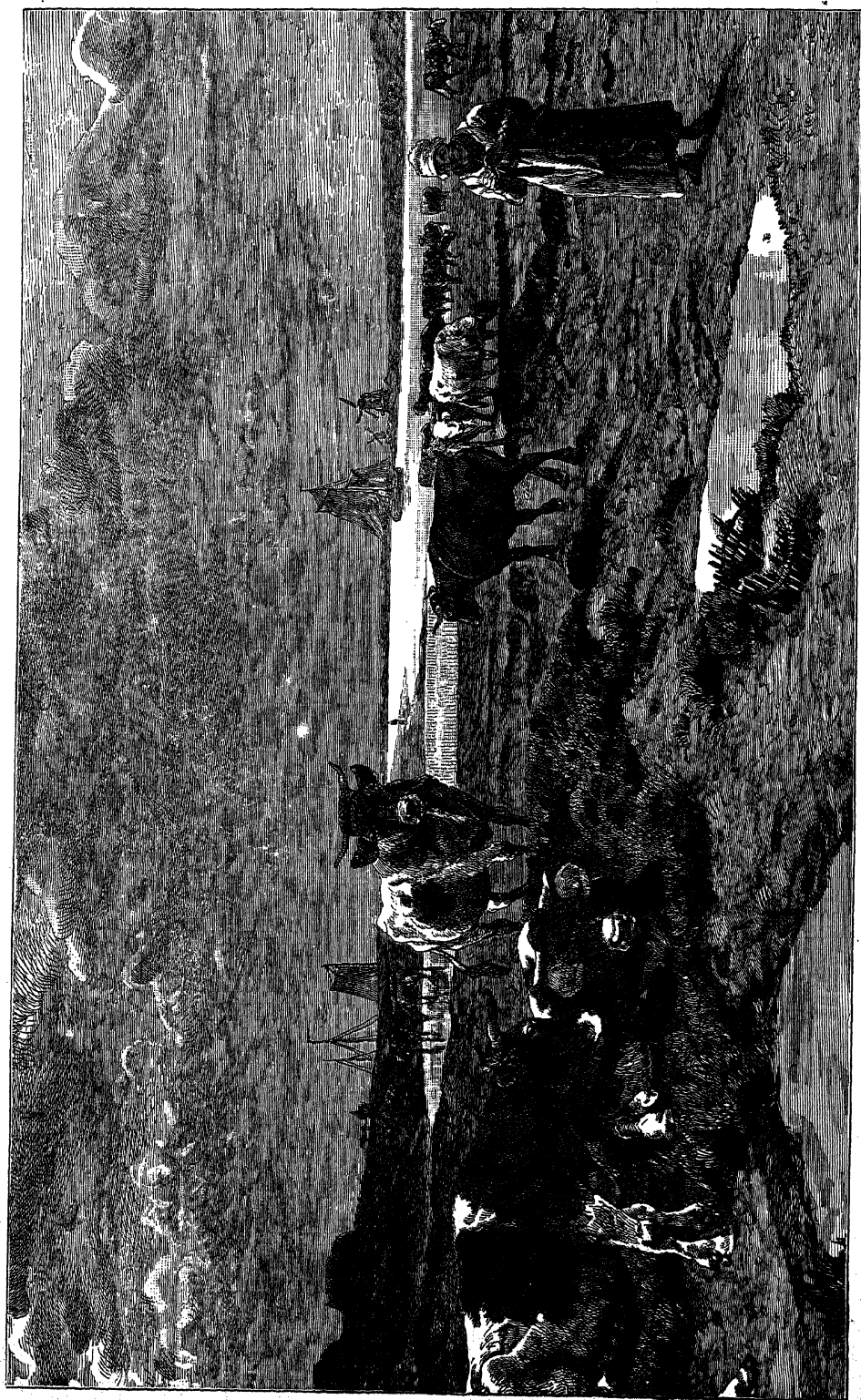
Alkmaar, Hoorn, Edam, and Purmerend, are all centres of the cheese traffic. In the Alkmaar market, by the method we have attempted to describe, about 10,000,000 or 12,000,000 pounds of cheese are sold annually. At Hoorn the yearly sale is about half the quantity disposed of at Alkmaar.



THE CHEESE MARKET AT HOORN.

These figures show that the business forms an important part of the trade of this district of Holland.

The tower of the Weigh House at Alkmaar is a handsome structure, and from its top a very fine view is obtained. Near the summit is a peal of bells, played by hand by means of a kind of organ key-board. On market-day, from twelve to one o'clock, a local musician plays various national airs and hymn tunes. Ignorant of this practice, we were unfortunate enough to reach the top just as this artist began operations. Out of compliment to us he thundered forth in the astonished ears of the Alkmaar public 'God save the



A SCENE IN NORTH HOLLAND.

Queen,' and was more satisfied with his performance than we were, since it had nearly removed for a time our sense of hearing. We escaped at length from his kindly-meant attentions, and stepped out into a little balcony surrounding the tower. It was a brilliant sunshiny July day, and at first it seemed as if the whole of Holland lay stretched at our feet. As it was, we could actually see the whole of North Holland. To the east was the Zuyder Zee, and to the west the German Ocean, and between the two lay stretched north and south the sandy strip of land forming the province. It was dotted here and there with towns and villages, intersected by the North Holland Canal, and presented a fair smiling face to the onlooker. On all sides were traces of man's skill and energy in restraining the mighty force of the sea, and in turning sandy wastes into fruitful land. On either side, as far as the eye could reach, was the line of solid, skilfully-constructed dykes, keeping out, on the one hand, the violent, dangerous waters of the North Sea, and on the other the less powerful, but no less dangerous, floods of the Zuyder Zee. Behind these miles of ramparts, in many places very considerably below the surface of the waters, lay grassy meadows and pleasant homesteads, the places where the processes of cheese manufacture have been carried on for many generations, and where it still thrives in a healthy and vigorous life.

To the east are Hoorn and Enkhuizen, which we propose visiting next. Before we start, a word or two about Egmont, which is in full view. Here, near the shores of the stormy North Sea, was the ancestral home of the great family, which numbered among its members many of the Counts of Holland, into a branch of which William the Silent entered by his first marriage, and which furnished one of the most picturesque figures, in whom also centred one of the greatest tragedies of Philip II.'s reign; Lamoral, Count of Egmont, the brilliant soldier, the reckless noble, first the friend and then the enemy of reform in the Netherlands, the man whose death-warrant Philip had signed even while writing to him letters full of expressions of confidence and regard. Deaf to the warnings of Orange, unable to profit by the hints of officers of Alva's staff, who early warned him of his impending fate, obstinate in his resolve to uphold the man whom he knew had come to subjugate his country, he was arrested soon after Alva's arrival in Brussels in September 1567, and on June 5th, 1568, he was executed in the square facing the splendid Hôtel de Ville of that town. Though many worthier men fell in the struggle that resulted in Dutch independence, though Egmont cannot for a moment be compared with William of Orange, his fate touched deeply the imagination of his own generation, fired the genius of Goethe, and has furnished an incident full of thrilling contrasts and fruitful in suggestion, standing out boldly and prominently even in that time, so abundant in scenes of vicissitude, of treachery, of bravery, and of patriotism. One cannot even in these days

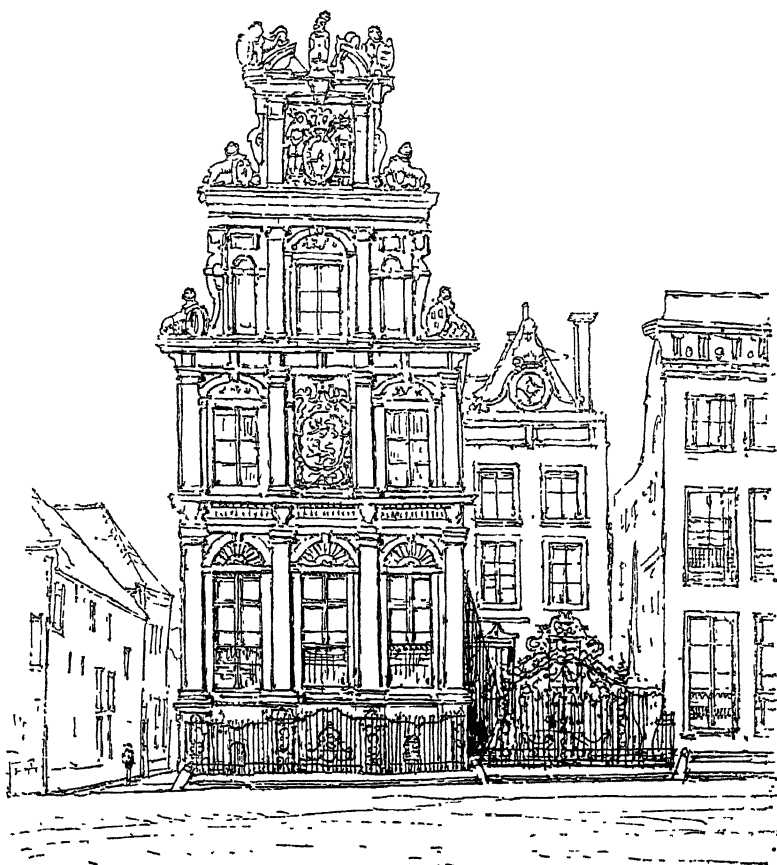
look down from the Alkmaar tower over the green fields stretching away to the tiny village, without thinking of the brilliant soldier whose early life and manhood were so full of promise and prosperity, and whose sun set so suddenly, and amid such tragic gloom.

Eastwards lie two Dutch towns, which, like Alkmaar, have a permanent though not so high a place in the glorious past, but which have failed to keep their grasp upon the active busy present. Hoorn and Enkhuizen are now numbered among what have been not inaptly called 'the dead cities of the Zuyder Zee.' They are not on the beaten track, but they well repay the traveller who visits them. Hoorn—whether you sail up to the harbour across the shallow, yellow, restless waters of the Zuyder Zee, or whether you stroll quietly up from the railway station to its silent streets—fascinates any one who can appreciate fine buildings, picturesque architecture, and an air of repose and absolute freedom from the noise and rush and nervous eagerness of nineteenth-century life that both refreshes and interests the stranger. If, jaded by the stress and strain of London life, he seeks for surroundings removed as far as possible from all with which he is familiar, he finds it here. The houses, with their curious gables, present almost endless variety; but nowhere will his eye light upon one which by any link of association recalls the architecture of the largest city in the world. More people pass along Cheapside on a fine June day than tread the main streets of Hoorn in a generation. There, save perhaps on market-day, no one seems busy; there, grass grows in the streets; there, but few of the sounds of labour strike the ear as the visitor wanders idly along, and the fancy comes that what is seen is but the skeleton of a city, and that he is wandering amid deserted streets and homes.

It was not always so. The streets of Hoorn were once thronged with busy crowds, and the town was the centre of a life which was active, not only in the individual and the family, but also in the State. The population in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries was 25,000; now it is barely 10,000. It was Hoorn that gave birth to William Schouten, one of that band of hardy sailors who built up in the seventeenth century the maritime supremacy of the Dutch republic. It was he who in 1616 discovered that there was a passage round the south coast of the American continent, and in honour of his birthplace he named the southernmost point which he had to round Cape Horn. The dread with which the experienced sailors of modern days approach that region of tempests, rough seas, and barren coasts is a measure of the energy and boldness of the old Dutch sailor. Abel Janszoon Tasman, who discovered Tasmania and New Zealand, and Jan Pieterszoon Koen, the founder of Batavia, were also natives of Hoorn.

Among the many fine ancient buildings which adorn the streets of William Schouten's birthplace, the State College—of which we give a

representation—is conspicuous. It is built of greystone, and the somewhat heavy façade is adorned by various shields and coats-of-arms. The Briton's eye is caught by seeing among these that of his own country; and, if curious for an explanation of this strange phenomenon, he seeks to know why it is there, the story is not flattering to his patriotism. In the seventeenth century, Van Tromp sailed up the Thames, carrying terror to the hearts of many Londoners. In his fleet were some vessels from Hoorn, and two negroes, forming part of the crew of one of these, took this shield

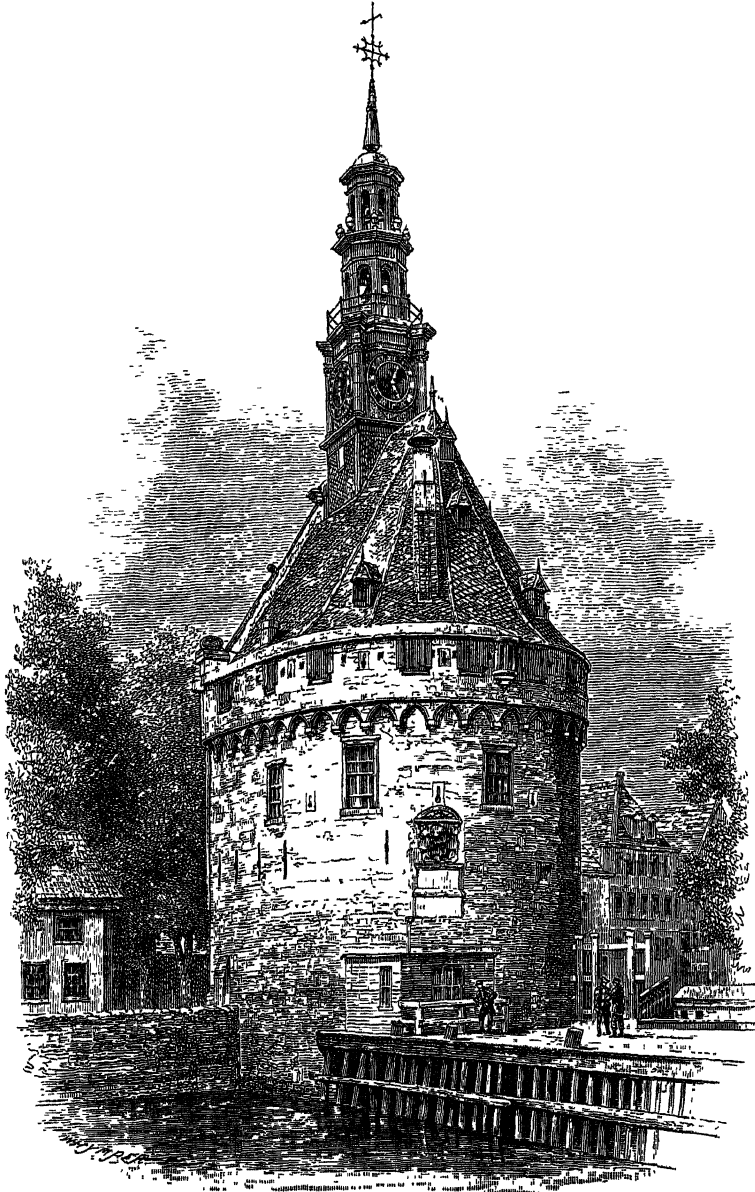


THE STATE COLLEGE, HOORN.

from an English ship they were attacking, and which—according to the custom of those days—had the shield nailed to the stern.

The episode in her history of which Hoorn is most proud, is the great naval defeat of the Spaniards off her harbour in 1573. In this engagement five of the Spanish ships were captured, and all the rest fled except the Inquisition, the vessel commanded by Count Bossu, the Spanish admiral. Four of the Dutch ships grappled with this, and after a sanguinary conflict, which began at 3 P.M. and lasted until 11 A.M. the following morning, Bossu

surrendered. He and 300 of his crew were carried in triumph to Hoorn, and his silver-gilt cup is even to this day exhibited as a trophy. The cup is not deserving of fame for its merits as a work of art. On it is inscribed



THE WATER GATE, HOORN.

Bossu's motto, *Rien ou Contes. Femi-atens*—'Nothing or a Countship. I expect it.' Whether he expected it or not, Bossu spent three years as a prisoner in Hoorn, being ultimately exchanged for some Dutch prisoners of rank captured by the Spanish.

Hoorn possesses a Weigh House much less imposing than that at Alkmaar, but quaint in appearance, quite as old-fashioned, and quite as efficacious as its more ambitious neighbour. A building that instantly arrests attention is the old inn, *Sint Jans Gasthuis*, or St. John's Guesthouse, and a Hospital for Old Women, with a curiously sculptured group over the doorway.

Hoorn was one of the first Dutch towns to accept the Reformation. Hither came Jan Aertszoon, escaping for his life from Amsterdam, bringing the Word of Life, and it was hard by the gates that in 1566 one of the great open-air preachings was held. The harbour at Hoorn is still one of the most attractive parts of the old town. Much of the business life and activity remaining in the town centre there. The most imposing of the many architectural treasures of the place—the great Water Gate—dominates the harbour. It is seen from afar when approaching by water; it is a prominent object from many points of view. Our engraving enables the reader to appreciate the leading points of the structure.

Hoorn is beautiful in situation and beautiful in herself. Rich in architecture, in associations with a glorious past, she seems to stand apart from modern cities, as though belonging to a past order, and not able to conform fully to the altered circumstances and needs of modern days. A few hours may be spent both pleasantly and profitably in her streets and among her buildings.

Like her larger neighbour in many respects, only, if anything, even more sleepy and untouched by the busy life of the present, is Enkhuizen. Once over 60,000 people resided within her walls, now there are scarcely 5000. The circuit of the ancient walls is far beyond the limits of the present town, and one of the old gates now stands out in the distant fields.

The evidences of decay are much more apparent in Enkhuizen than in Hoorn, and the buildings not so striking in architectural effects, although many of them possess great merit. Walking down a deserted street, the writer was almost startled by what he saw through an open door in a house with few outward signs of wealth about. The open door gave a view into a hall running a long way back. This was being cleaned by a trim maidservant, and her task was comparatively easy. The floor and walls of this hall were covered with fine white marble. This incident gave one a very lively notion of the wealth and pomp of the town's palmy days. Perhaps the house had been the residence of an old sea-captain or of a prosperous merchant. It had—whoever was the owner—been decorated in a way which, from its quiet richness, gave the impression that many of its neighbours were similarly adorned, and yet it conveyed a notion of the ancient prosperity of Enkhuizen that whole volumes of statistics would fail to produce.

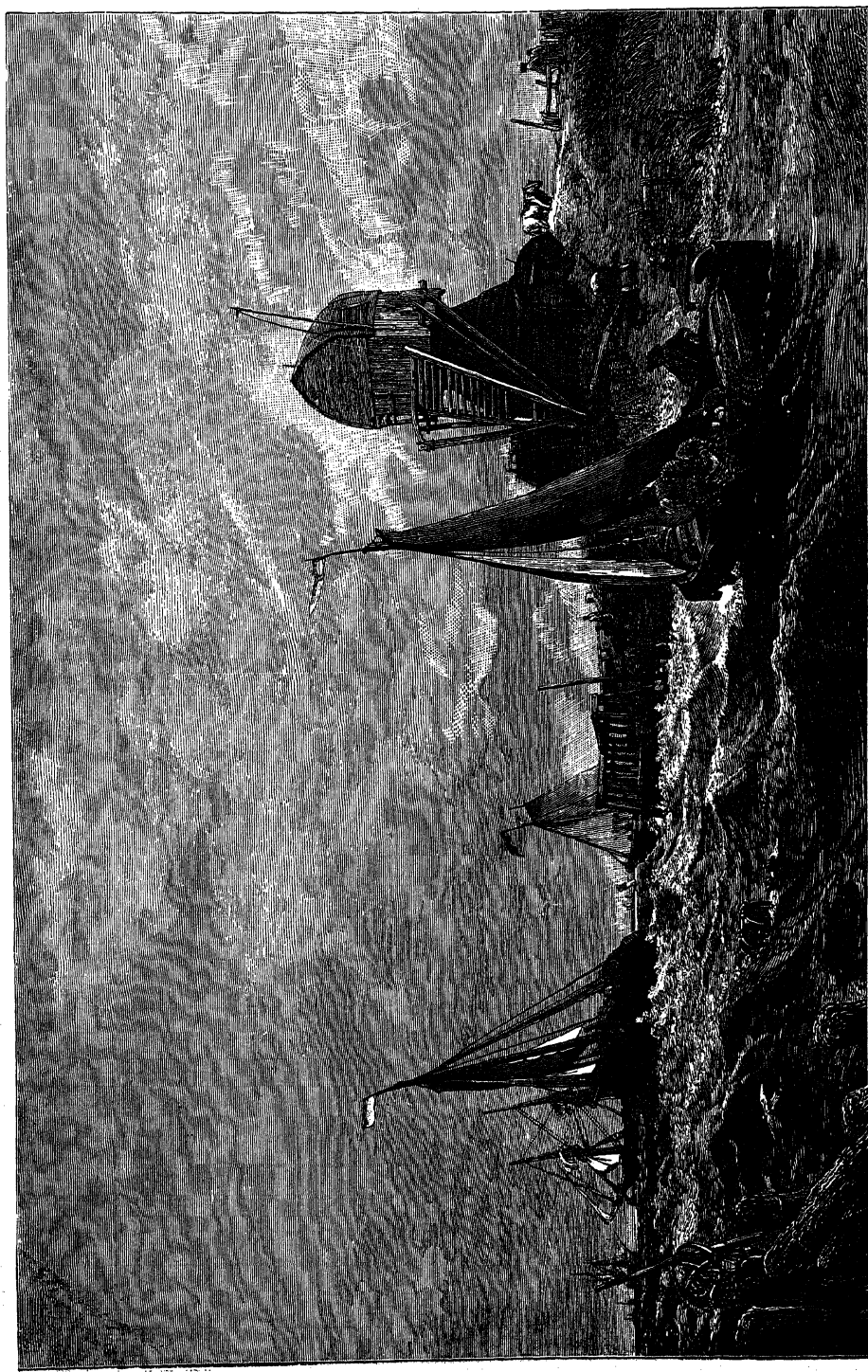
In one of the main streets stands the ancient Wester Kerk, a fine building, but barer even than most Dutch churches. The one rich possession is a magnificent carved oaken screen, executed about the middle of the sixteenth century, and, in the opinion of some, by the artist to whose hand the Cathedral at Dort owes similar treasures. The carvings at Enkhuizen are in a very much better state of preservation than those at Dort.

Enkhuizen is well situated on the eastern extremity of a peninsula which juts out into the Zuyder Zee. It is a place of call for steamers going to Stavoren and Harlingen, and this is the pleasantest route by which to visit Friesland. Over the harbour watches a huge tower gateway, similar in some respects—but not so symmetrical—to that of Hoorn. The dyke along the shores of the Zuyder Zee forms a pleasant promenade.

There is not much to reward the leisurely or adventurous traveller who pushes forward right through North Holland to Helder, the extreme point of the province. This town, containing about 20,000 inhabitants, has lost a good deal of commercial importance. Formerly all the shipping for Amsterdam passed along the North Holland Canal, and entered upon that journey here; but since the opening of the North Sea Canal the bulk of the traffic has gone by the nearer and larger canal. Helder, however, manages to retain a fair share of trade, and is still of considerable importance, since Nieuwe Diep, the great naval harbour of Holland, adjoins it, and is also the seat of the Naval Cadet School. It is also situated at the entrance to the Zuyder Zee, and although the special features of this region, as shown in Stansfield's painting, have long since disappeared, we cannot resist the temptation to reproduce Stansfield's painting of the scene.

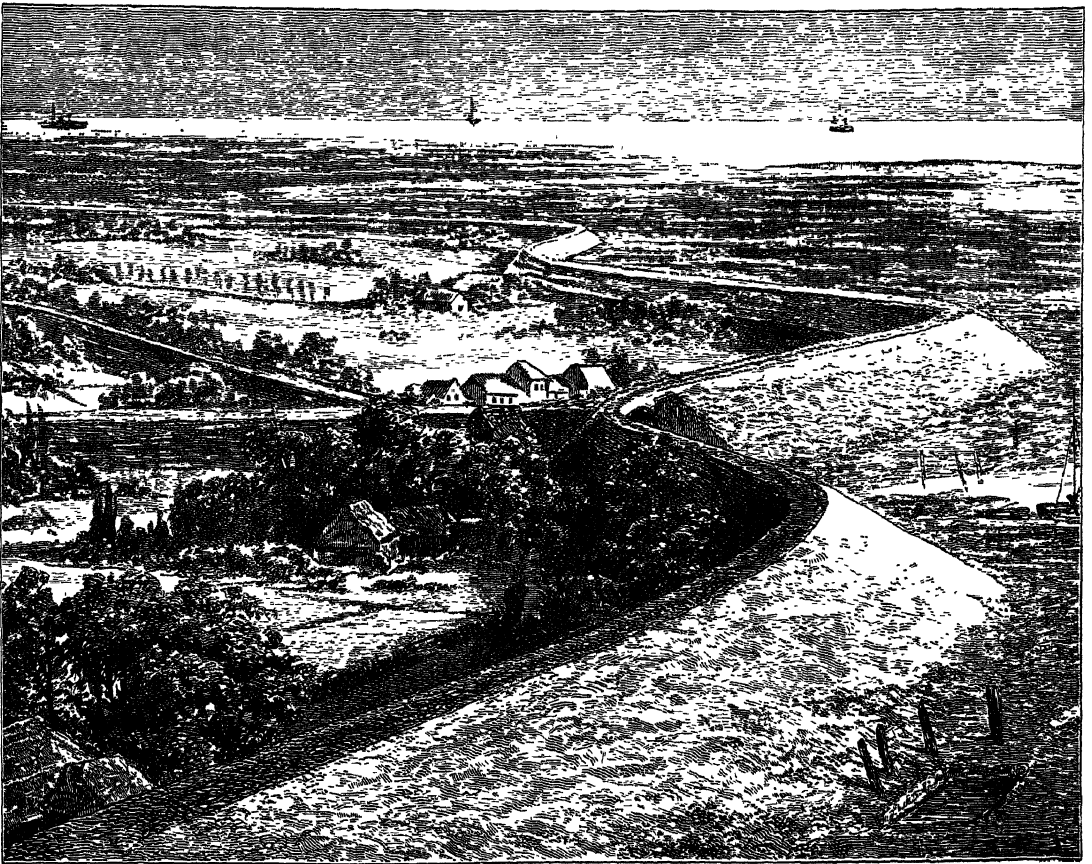
Perhaps the most interesting object in the whole region is the enormous dyke. Exposed as this promontory is, to the fiercest assaults of the winds and waves of the North Sea, it has needed all the marvellous engineering skill and energy of the Dutch to resist here the encroachments of the ocean. But the works of man are strong enough to resist the mighty forces of nature. The Helder Dyke is upwards of five miles long. From the bottom of the sea it slopes up, at an angle of 40° , a distance of 200 feet, and along the top runs a good road twelve feet in width. This enormous mass, with its strengthening buttresses that every here and there jut far out into the sea, is built up of granite brought over from Norway. The engraving on page 101, even if it be urged that the artist has allowed some scope to his imagination, gives a very fair idea of the way in which the North Holland coast is guarded. Not unfrequently little hamlets nestle snugly behind the huge bulwark, at a considerable distance below the high-water mark of the ocean.

It was off Helder that a fierce naval battle was fought in 1673, between the Dutch fleet, under De Ruyter and Van Tromp, and the English and French fleets, in which victory rested with the former. Here also in 1811 Napoleon purposed to create a 'Gibraltar of the North.'



ENTRANCE TO THE ZUYDER ZEE.
(From a painting by Stansfeld.)

On the other side of the wide channel giving entrance to the Zuyder Zee is the island of Texel, famous for its sheep, and, until late years, for its oysters; famous no less for the great dykes which alone keep it from being washed away by the ever-aggressive waves. Strange as it seems to the visitor of to-day, Texel was once among the busiest mercantile spots in Europe. At the time of Amsterdam's greatest maritime prosperity, every vessel entering her port passed this curious island. Past Texel sailed the



NORTH HOLLAND DYKES.

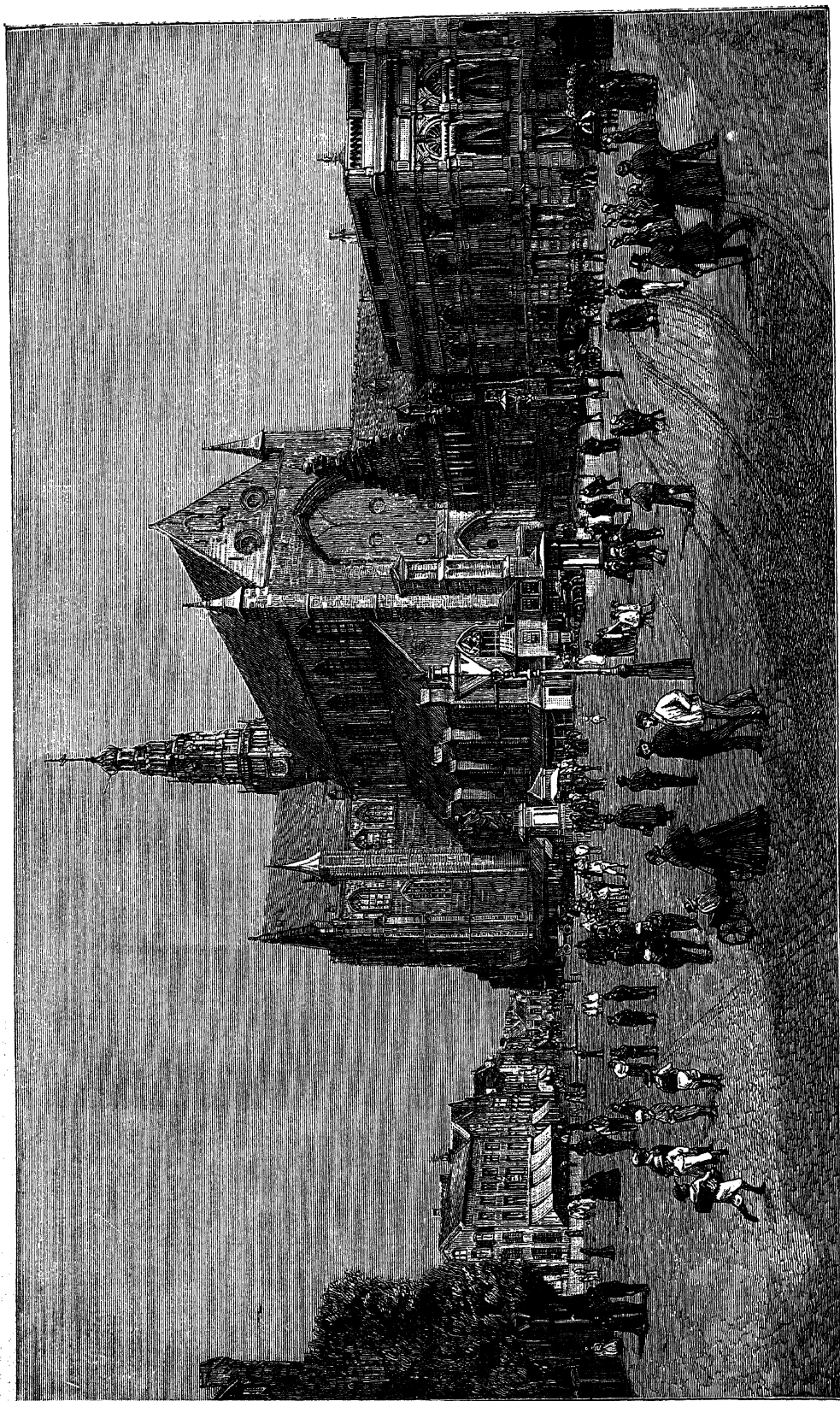
three earliest expeditions on record in search of the north-west passage to India, under the command of those famous sailors, William Barendz and Jacob Van Heemskerck.

The first expedition sailed on June 5th, 1594, and Barendz in his tiny ship reached latitude 77° , and visited for the first time in history the island of Nova Zembla. His vessel was badly provisioned, and adverse weather was experienced. He returned in August, and nothing daunted, sailed again next year as upper pilot to a fleet of seven ships, provided, two by

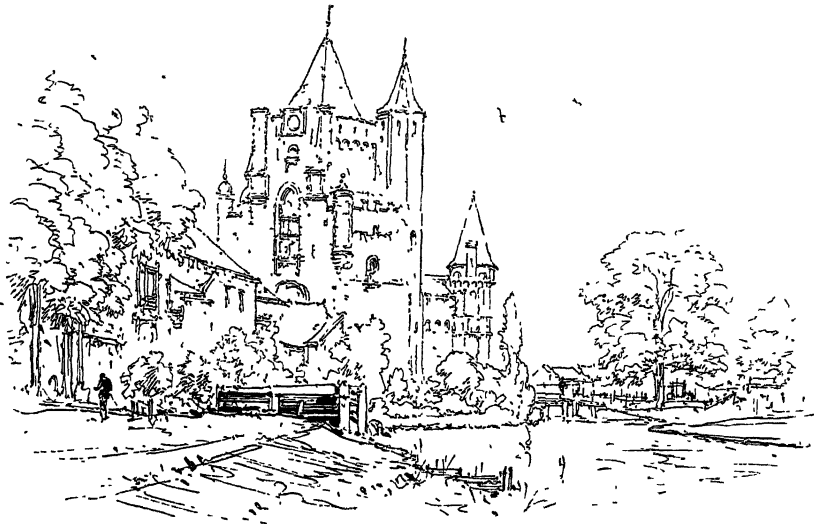
Enkhuizen, two by Zeeland, two by Amsterdam, and a yacht. Heemskerk accompanied this expedition, which ended in failure. In 1596, Amsterdam fitted out two ships, made Barendz upper pilot and Heemskerk skipper, and on June 21st they reached the latitude of $80^{\circ} 11'$, almost as high as that attained by the most recent and splendidly equipped Arctic expedition of modern days. They had to winter in the far north, and actually survived all its terrible hardships, and on June 14th, 1597, launched their frail skiffs, which they had managed to save when their ships were crushed, and started homewards. One had died, and ere they had sailed a week Barendz also passed away. Nor was it unfitting, as Motley says, 'that the man who had led those three great, though unsuccessful, enterprises towards the North Pole, should be laid at last to rest, like the soldier dying in a lost battle, upon the field of his glorious labours.'



NIEUWE DIEP.



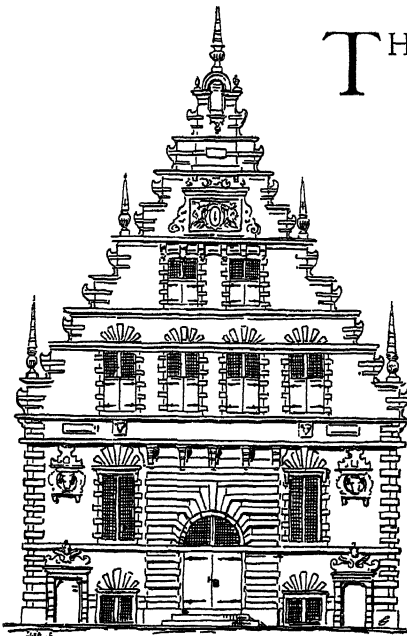
THE MARKET-PLACE, HARLEM.



THE OLD GATE, HAARLEM.

CHAPTER V.

HAARLEM, THE HOME OF FRANS' HALS.



THE FRONT OF THE FLESHERS' HALL,
HAARLEM.

THOUGH included in the province of North Holland, Haarlem has but little in common with the towns just described. It comes in general appearance much nearer modern times, and seems to fit in more appropriately with ordinary nineteenth-century life. It is prosperous, and the clean, well-built houses, with their shining windows and dazzling brass door-plates and bell-handles give the passer-by an impression that all who live in them must be in good circumstances. True, there is no absence of quaint gables, and many of the houses are far from horizontal, and some seem to lean forward at a perilous angle over the roadway; true, the river Spaarne winding through it, and the canals branching out from it, preserve the customary Dutch appearance; true, it possesses a great market-place, a huge, ancient, picturesque

church, and a town hall, dating far back into the Middle Ages; yet on all

sides are evidences that modern influences are at work, and that modern life is vigorous and healthy in the old city. This modern life is manifesting itself in ways not agreeable to the lover of the old and picturesque, viz., by filling up canals, by building houses, not in the old, quaint style, but after the popular villa fashion of to-day, and by a general willingness to efface, or, at least, not to be over-anxious to preserve memorials of the past. Much as this may be regretted by travellers who visit Haarlem, these influences fortunately have not operated on so large a scale as to change the whole appearance of the town. Haarlem is yet essentially a Dutch town of the old type, with just enough of the modern air to give the edge and interest of a sharp contrast. Side by side with the modern boulevard runs the old tree-bordered canal; the gabled houses of the sixteenth stand opposite the villas of the nineteenth century; and while the main thoroughfares show signs of active business, in many streets and corners of Haarlem, the lover of the picturesque may look upon buildings as interesting, and enjoy a quiet almost as profound as in Hoorn or Enkhuizen.

Haarlem is pleasantly situated in a wooded, somewhat undulating, and extremely pretty part of Holland. In the neighbourhood are scenes that have been depicted for all time on the canvas of Jacob Ruysdael. In the suburbs, especially in the direction of Bloemendaal, rich in pleasant country houses, pretty gardens, good roads, and well-grown trees, the landscapes are yet to be seen which are so brilliantly reproduced in that artist's paintings.

Haarlem has been long famous for horticulture, and hard by the great Fredericks Park is the noted Krelage's Tuin, the extensive gardens and nurseries of Messrs. Krelage & Son. The culture of tulips, hyacinths, crocuses, etc., has flourished in Haarlem for centuries, and almost incredible stories are told of the passion for tulips in the past, and the prices paid for rare roots. It is recorded that in 1636 and 1637, a speculation mania seized upon the Dutch people with regard to tulips, much as in these latter days in England and Holland manias for bogus shares occasionally develop, and that as much as 13,000 florins (nearly £1100) was paid for a bulb of the *Semper Augustus*. Nothing corresponding to this folly seems to have happened since that day, but the tulip trade is still large. A visit to Messrs. Krelage's at the time of their spring exhibition is very well worth the time and trouble it involves, and the visitor who, at any time of the year, presents himself at their door, is sure of a welcome, and of the pleasure of seeing many beautiful flowers in the course of a stroll through their extensive houses and well-cultivated grounds.

The gardens that stand to the east of Haarlem, and, in fact, the wide expanse of country stretching away eastwards to Amsterdam and southwards to Leyden, occupy what originally were a series of lakes. During the time of the great siege in 1573, and indeed until very recent times, what is now one of the most fertile parts of the country was covered with water.

Haarlem Lake, or Haarlemmer Meer, as it was called, is now a commune of the province of North Holland, and was so constituted by law in 1855. It embraces an area of 46,000 acres, and has a population of about 15,000 souls. The history of this district is the history of many parts of Holland. In 1531, Haarlemmer Meer was a lake covering 6340 acres. It had for near neighbours three other sheets of water, Leyden Lake, Spiering Meer, and the Old Lake, covering 7600 acres. In accordance with the usual course of events, these restless waters warred against the low, marshy lands by which they were surrounded, and by successive tempests and inundations the four gradually became merged into a great inland sea, which, in 1740, covered 42,000 acres. As early as 1643, schemes for draining this area were put forward; but the requisite determination for so great and costly an enterprise was not obtained until fifty years since. In November, 1836, a hurricane drove the waters over the land eastwards, until they washed the gates of Amsterdam, and in December of the same year, a second tempest, this time from the north, flooded the streets of Leyden. This brought matters to a crisis, and in 1840 a law was passed dooming Haarlemmer Meer to extinction. To pass the law was easy; to execute the mandate involved a task great for even the wonderful water engineers of Holland. The lake had to be surrounded by a canal, to serve the double purpose of waterway for the traffic hitherto carried across the lake, and to receive the waters when the pumping should begin. The traveller from Amsterdam sees this fine waterway running mile after mile by the side of the railway. This work took five years, and enclosed a water area of somewhat more than seventy square miles. The average depth was thirteen feet, and it was computed that 1000 millions of tons of water had to be removed. The first engine constructed was built by a London firm; and cost, with the plant, £36,000. It was able to discharge 1,000,000 tons of water every 25½ hours. Later on, two other engines were added. The pumping began in 1848, and by the middle of 1852 the bed of the lake was dry. The total cost of the work was £1,080,000, and the 42,000 acres of recovered soil were sold for £780,000, so that the cost of the work to the nation was only £300,000. Roads now traverse in all directions, and farm houses stand upon the spots over which the boats of the Hollanders carried provisions by night to the beleaguered burghers of Haarlem in 1573, and where, upon the ice during that awful winter Spaniard and Dutchman met in deadly fight.

Whether the traveller marvels over the creation of the great polder, or whether he rambles about the streets of the city, even to this day the famous siege is not allowed to escape his notice. Is not a cannon-ball that was fired from a Spanish gun yet to be seen in the walls of the great church? The lofty spire, which at once arrests his attention, looked down upon those awful scenes of conflict, murder, and pillage. One of the

old gates that then formed part of the wall of defence has lingered on, though all its comrades have departed, much to the regret of the antiquarian. The story of that fierce struggle is so well known that we need not dwell upon it here; but he must have a poor appreciation of the value of religious and civil liberty who can walk the streets of Haarlem without honouring the men and women who fought and died there, rather than submit to such a king as Philip II., or to such a domination as that of the Papal Church in the sixteenth century.

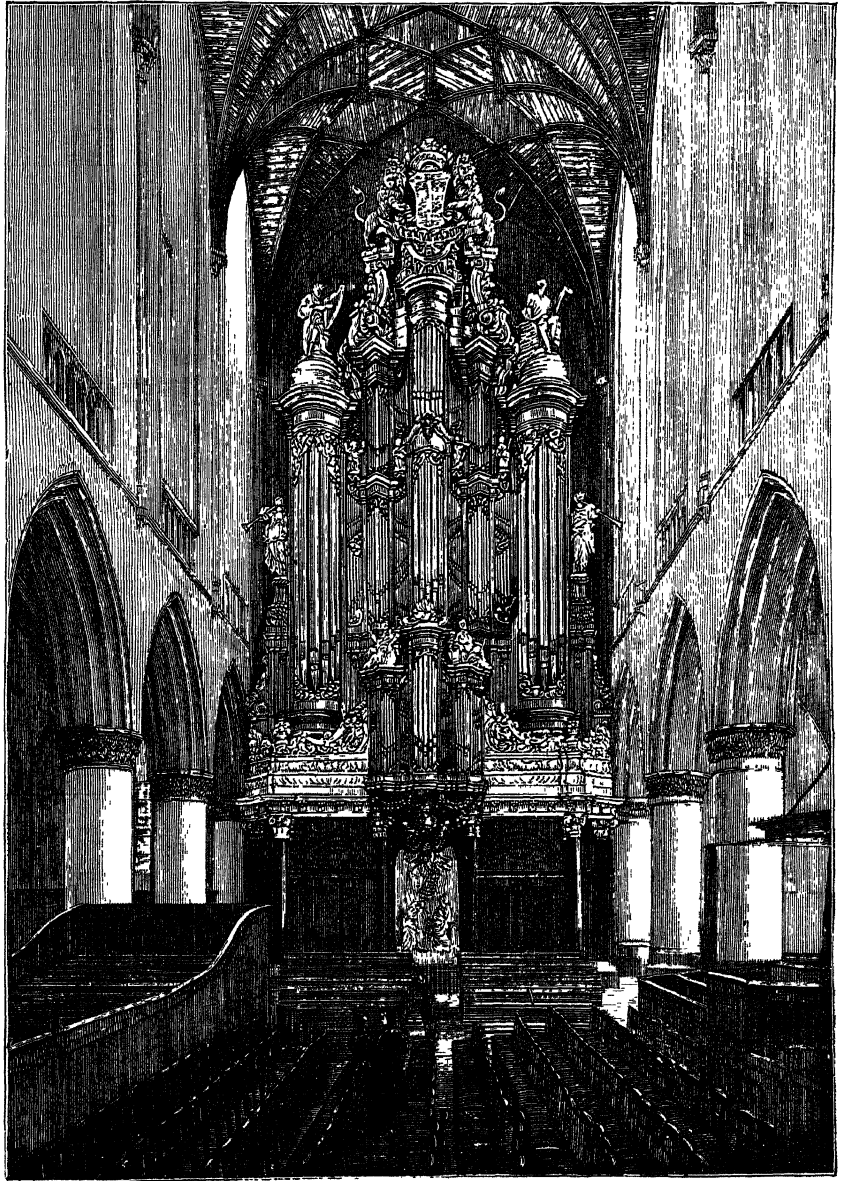
The centre of Haarlem, geographically, is the great market-place. It is also the centre of interest, inasmuch as around it are found the chief buildings of the town. Here stands the statue to Lawrence Janszoon Coster. It stands only a few yards away from that building. Patriotic Hollanders maintain that to this man, and not to Gutenberg, belongs the honour of the invention of printing. But the balance of evidence seems in favour of Gutenberg, and some recent scholars have gone so far as to deny that Lawrence Janszoon ever existed.

The Groote Kerk, or Church of St. Bavo, is a large and interesting building, about four centuries old. It is well preserved, and the twenty-eight columns of the interior present a fine effect. The whitewash is being gradually and carefully removed, leaving the pillars of their original colour, a warm yellow sandstone. There are two objects that please the curious. Hanging from one of the arches of the choir are some models of ships. They commemorate, not as one at first expects to learn, some great naval victory or wonderful voyage, but the fifteenth crusade, in which Count William I. of Holland took a leading part. They are not even the originals, which were hung here as a votive offering; those fell before the assaults of time, and the present ships date from 1668. They are thus late in date, as compared with the models they replace; but they yet delight the artist who wishes to know exactly what manner of ships the Hollander of the seventeenth century went to sea in. There they hang, flags flying, sails all set, just as if they were sailing past Texel on a voyage to the Indies, or to meet the English fleet in the Channel.

The other, and much more widely-known feature of this interior, is the huge organ that occupies nearly the whole of the west end of the building. It long held the proud position of being the largest organ in the world. From this high eminence it has been deposed by modern enterprise. It still, however, stands near the head of these mighty instruments. It was finished in 1738, and thoroughly restored in 1868. It possesses four keyboards, sixty-four stops, and 5000 pipes, the largest of these being thirty-two feet high and fifteen inches wide. It is considered a great musical treat to hear a recital upon it, and in the hands of a musician capable of making full use of the great power and variety it possesses, it doubtless could give great enjoyment. We heard it, but not, it is to be feared, under favourable

circumstances. Either the present organist is a little over-weighted by his instrument, or else he was not in good trim on the particular day when we listened to his execution. There was plenty of sound and plenty of variety, but there was an almost entire absence of sympathetic playing. The selection was good, but we came away confessing that we had often heard very much finer renderings on very inferior instruments.

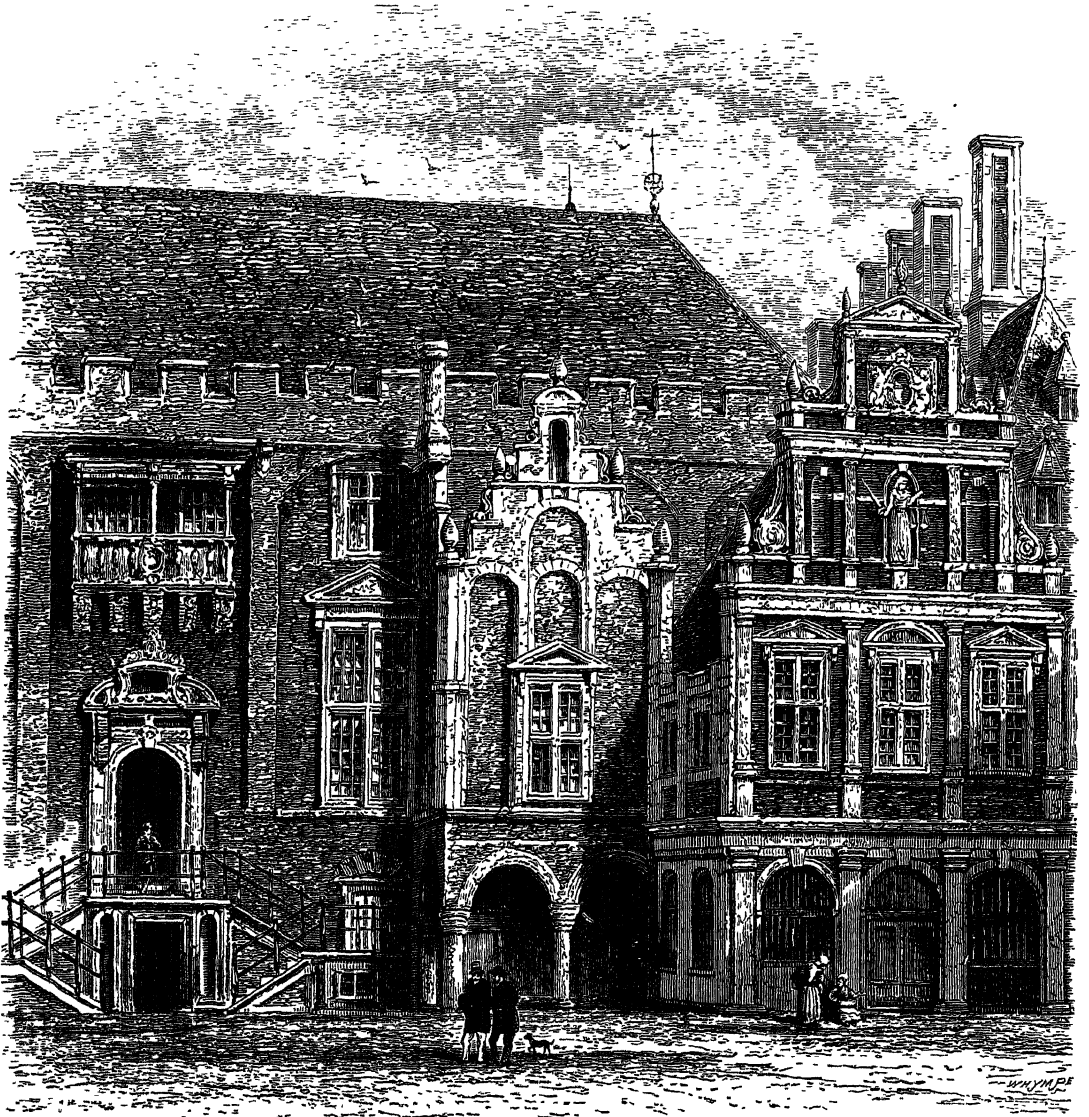
Over against the Great Church stands the Town Hall, a building which, in its day, has witnessed a good many changes. It was originally a palace belonging to the Counts of Holland ; later, it became the Town Hall, and now it serves partly as a barrack and partly as a museum, the latter containing the superb paintings of Frans Hals. The old building thus links the present and the past, and it illustrates the architecture and art of the land.



THE ORGAN IN THE GREAT CHURCH, HAARLEM.

It has lived through the feudal times, through the upheavals and wars and bloodshed that destroyed the feudal power, through the palmy days of Dutch municipal life, and it now enshrines many interesting relics of the zenith of Dutch History, and many noble examples of one of the great

masters who flourished in the zenith of Dutch art. Haarlem, although not the birthplace of Hals, was the town where he spent by far the greater part of his life. Many of the pictures once possessed by the town have found a permanent home in the Rijks Museum at Amsterdam; but it is fitting that Hals should be studied through his most famous works in the town



THE TOWN HALL, HAARLEM.

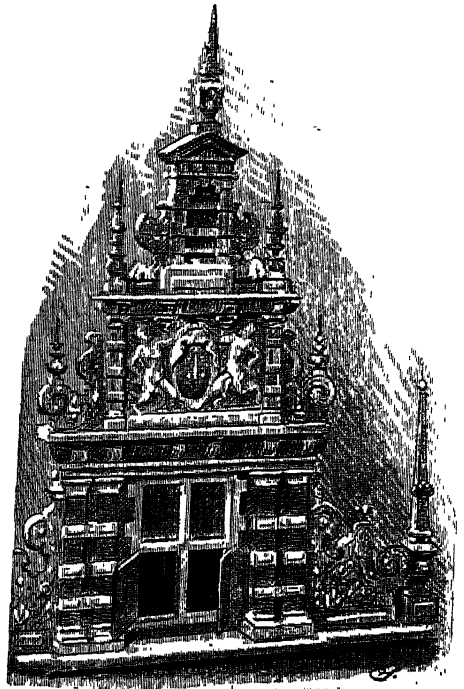
and by the market-place where for so many years he was a prominent character. These paintings are peculiarly Dutch, and belong to the class known as 'regent' or 'corporation pieces.' There are eight of them, great pictures crowded with portraits, painted at periods ranging over almost the whole of his working life, that is, from his thirtieth to his eightieth year.

These paintings represent groups of officers, governors of hospitals, etc., and they display a power of portraiture excelled by no artist of the Dutch School except Rembrandt, and a readiness and boldness of execution unsurpassed, perhaps, even by him. The mythical story illustrating the reputation he possessed for rapidity of execution runs thus: Van Dyck, when passing through Haarlem, called on Hals, and not finding him at home, and never having met him, determined to play a joke, and sent word that a wealthy traveller wanted his portrait painted, but had only two hours to spare. Hals was summoned in great haste, and instantly began with all his rapidity and boldness. Shortly before the two hours had passed, Hals announced that the picture was ready. Van Dyck praised it, and expressed a surprise that was by no means feigned at the swiftness with which it had been done. But, wishing to carry on the joke, he said, 'Painting is doubtless an easier thing than I thought. Let us change places, and see what I can do.' Hals soon noticed that the stranger knew how to use his tools, and spent the time of the sitting in conjecturing the name of his visitor. The second picture was finished in the same time as the first, and, on recognising its merit, Hals cried out, 'The man who can do that must be either Van Dyck or the devil.'

Whether the story be mythical or not, it illustrates the reputation Hals had acquired during his lifetime. And that reputation grows. Speaking of Haarlem, Havard says, 'Frans Hals must be seen there to be known. At Haarlem he passed his life, unedifying in other respects as that

life was. At Haarlem he trained his pupils; there he taught Brauwer and Adrian van Ostade his marvellous secrets. The master there reveals with unique force his incomparable power. He exhibits the extreme limit of bold execution. Breadth of touch, brilliance of colouring, boldness in grouping and harmonious composition, all unite in these audacious works, and constitute them a kind of Rubicon, beyond which it is impossible to go. Art cannot dare more. It is the *ne plus ultra* of artistic power.'

The Museum contains many other pictures, notably two by Jan de Bray, which are not unworthy to accompany those of Hals. But the greater part are of little merit. There is, however, one room which should not be missed. It is not open to the general public, but the custodian, a



A DORMER WINDOW IN THE FLESHERS' HALL,
HAARLEM.

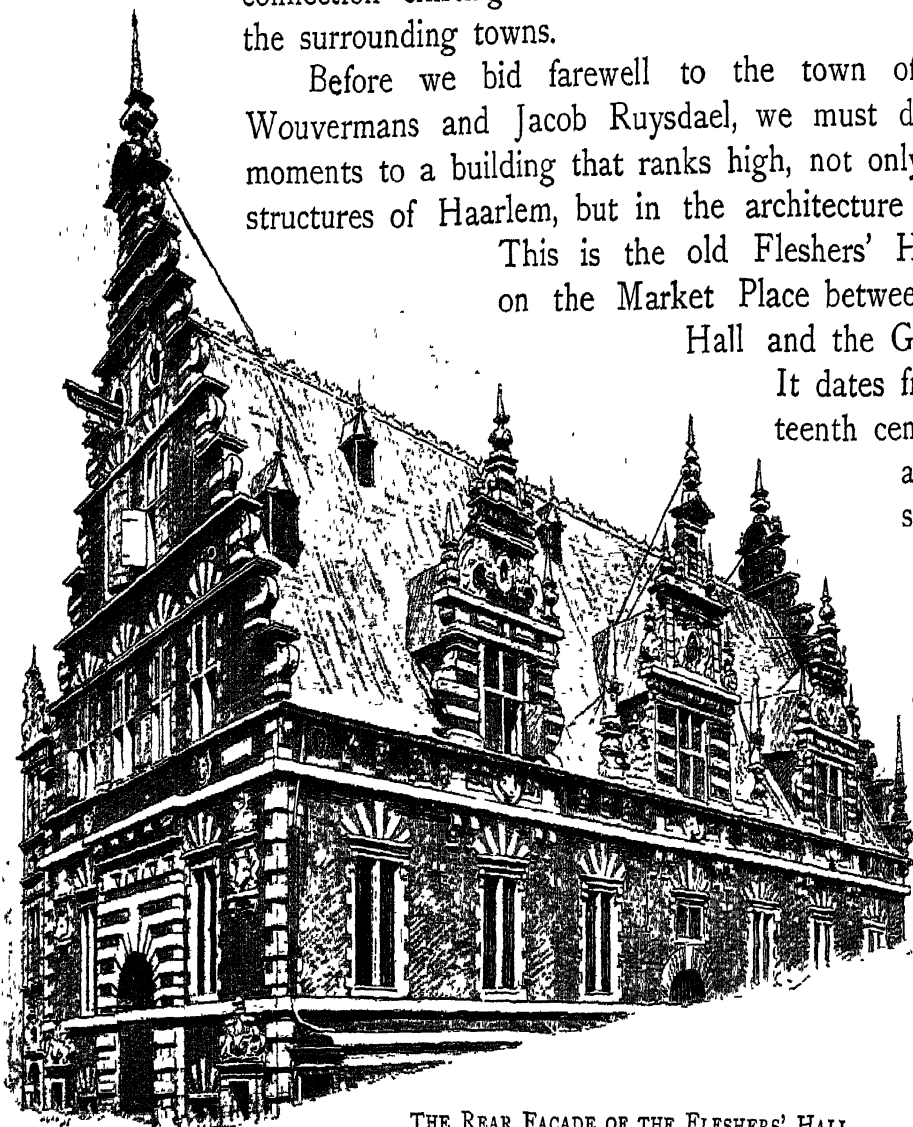
true admirer of Hals, can generally be induced to show it to those who know of its existence. It is a fine old room in itself, but it is richly furnished with magnificent old cups and curios of various kinds connected with the past municipal life of Haarlem, with its famous siege, and with the connection existing in earlier times between Haarlem and the surrounding towns.

Before we bid farewell to the town of Hals and Wouvermans and Jacob Ruysdael, we must devote a few moments to a building that ranks high, not only among the structures of Haarlem, but in the architecture of Holland.

This is the old Flishers' Hall, fronting on the Market Place between the Town Hall and the Great Church.

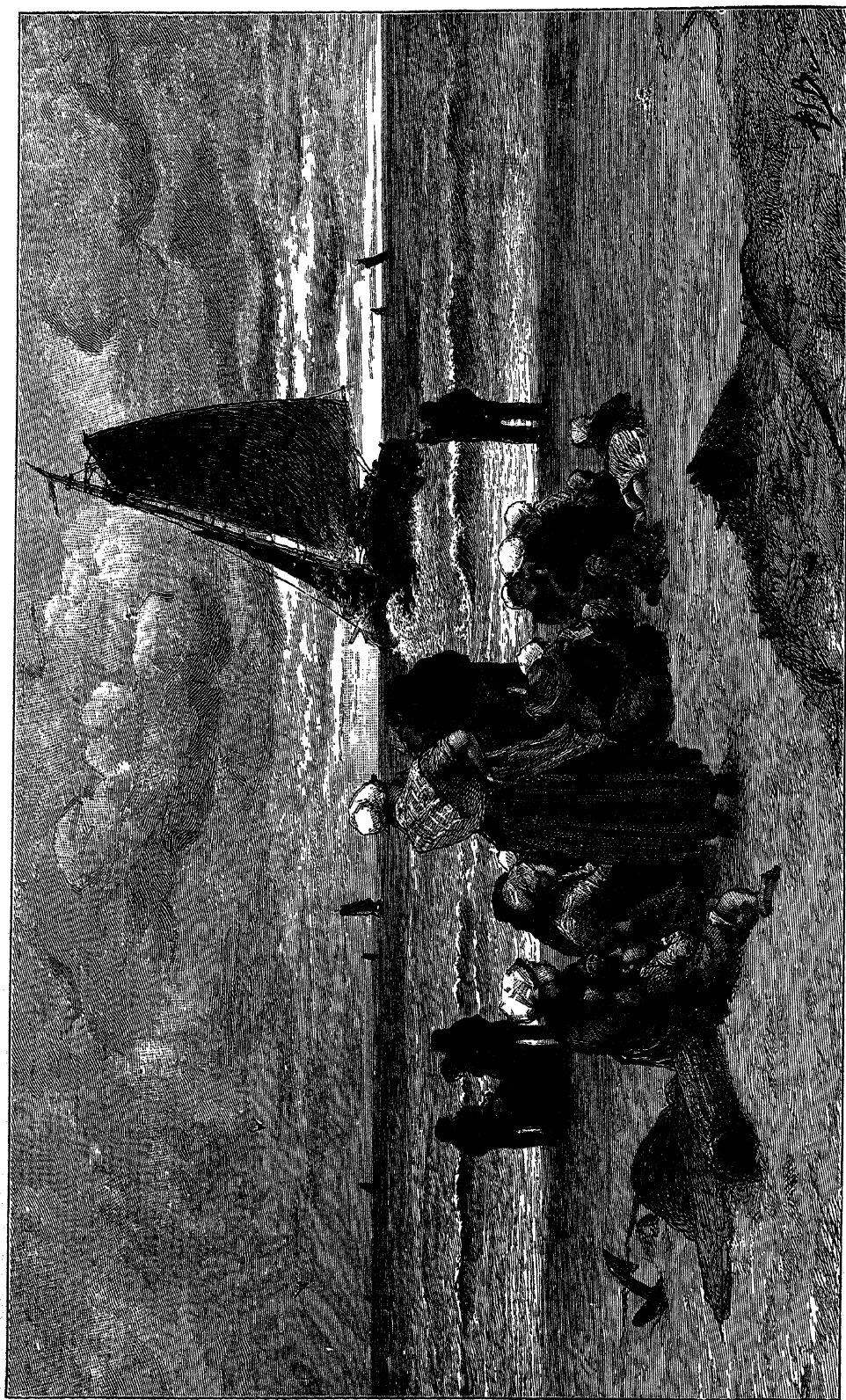
It dates from the sixteenth century, and is

a very good specimen of the building capacity and taste of that age. The hall is a splendid subject of study for those interested in gables, and the ornamentation is very rich.



THE REAR FAÇADE OF THE FLISHERS' HALL.

We give three engravings of different parts of this structure; one on page 105, showing the front elevation, one on page 111, a dormer window on an enlarged scale, and also a view of the rear façade,



DUTCH FISHING-BOATS OFF SCHEVENINGEN.



‘THE HOUSE IN THE WOOD

CHAPTER VI.

THE CAPITAL OF HOLLAND.

THE chief commercial city in Holland is not the capital, the country in this respect resembling the United States. As Washington is inferior in size and business activity to New York, so is the Hague to Amsterdam. More also than any other city in Holland, is it a place of ‘magnificent distances,’ that is, in possessing spacious squares and wide boulevards. Indeed, one of the first impressions on seeing it is, that a French town has accidentally strayed in amongst its Dutch neighbours. Canals are to be seen, but as compared with Rotterdam or Delft they are sparse, and are found in the by-thoroughfares rather than in the main streets. There are fine open spaces, broad streets lined with trees, whole districts without a canal, and the immediate suburbs on two sides at least are very well wooded.

The population is about 130,000, and from the earliest times it has

stood high in the favour of the rank and fashion of the country. Originally it was a hunting-seat of the Counts of Holland. In fact, the Dutch name 'S Graven Hage, or den Haag, means 'the Count's enclosure, or hedge.' From the latter part of the sixteenth century it has been the political centre of the country, and there the chief nobles, the foreign ambassadors, and all the important political personages of the realm, have resided. Hence its resemblance to other European cities, especially the French, and its unlikeness to the sister towns. In walking through the streets signs of wealth and fashion are to be seen on every hand.

The Hague is closely associated with Maurice of Nassau, the second son and the successor, as Stadtholder, of William the Silent. His character is indelibly stained by his great crime, the judicial murder of Olden Barneveld, and in very many ways he was greatly inferior to his father. But he had many great qualities, which stood his country in good stead, and entitle him to a high place among the makers of the Dutch Republic. His genius was for war, and he became famous as the capturer of cities. He was only seventeen when his father died, but by Barneveld's influence he succeeded to his father's power, and under the two Holland flourished. Many were the daring feats of arms accomplished by him. The chief of these was the great victory at Nieuport in July, 1600. He had been unwise enough to invade Flanders, and was attacked, when in a very unfavourable position, by the Spanish army under the Archduke Albert. In the end he not only beat off the attack, but inflicted a crushing defeat upon his hereditary foes. He died in 1625.

The centre of the city, the place where the most interesting historic buildings are found, where stands the chambers of the States-General, the Hall of the Knights, and the former residence of Maurice of Nassau, is by the Vyver, that is, 'the fish-pond,' a lake in whose waters the walls and turrets of these buildings are reflected, and by whose banks run the most fashionable promenades of the city. On the south-eastern side of the Vyver stands the Binnenhof, a group of old brick buildings, some of which date from early times, although most of them have been restored recently. The palace built by Count William, in 1250, occupied this site; his son, Florens v., in 1291, made the Hague his capital, and when the United Provinces baffled Spain and made themselves a great European power, it was here that the successive Stadtholders resided. On entering the square the most prominent object is the Hall of the Knights, a building with lofty gables and two turrets, which conveys at once the impression that it is an ecclesiastical edifice. It is very ancient, but it is not preserved as a mere archæological relic, since it now serves as a storehouse for the records of the Home Office. The north and south sides of the Binnenhof are occupied by the fine ranges of building which house the Dutch Parliament. Here centres the political life of to-day; here the diplomatic fencings and

schemings, victories, and defeats of the past have occurred, and on the square enclosed by the two ranges of building some of the most famous events in Dutch history have occurred. The Binnenhof was the scene of one of the most tragic and unjust deeds of the seventeenth century. During the Stadtholdership of Maurice of Nassau, the great prime minister, or, as he was called, Grand Pensionary, was John Van Olden Barneveld. Those who wish to acquaint themselves with this great statesman's character and influence can easily do so by reading Motley's able and interesting story of his life. For years he and Maurice of Nassau lived on terms of friendship, and worked together for the welfare of their country. But bitter theological differences—the curse of Holland during the earlier part of her independence—poisoned the mind of Maurice against his old friend, led him to make an arbitrary use of his power, imprison Barneveld, condemn him by the mockery of a trial, and have him executed on May 24th, 1619. It was in the Binnenhof that this iniquitous deed was done. The old man, now in his seventy-second year, died in a manner worthy of his life. He had lived through the most critical stage of his nation's history. He had been the diplomatic right hand, first of

William the Silent, and then of the man now hurrying him to death. 'Certainly,' writes Motley, 'it would be difficult to find a more truly calm, courageous, or religious spirit than that manifested by this aged statesman at an hour when, if ever, a human soul is tried, and is apt to reveal its innermost depths or shallows. Whatever Gomarus or Bogerman, or the whole Council of Dordrecht, may have thought of his theology, it had at



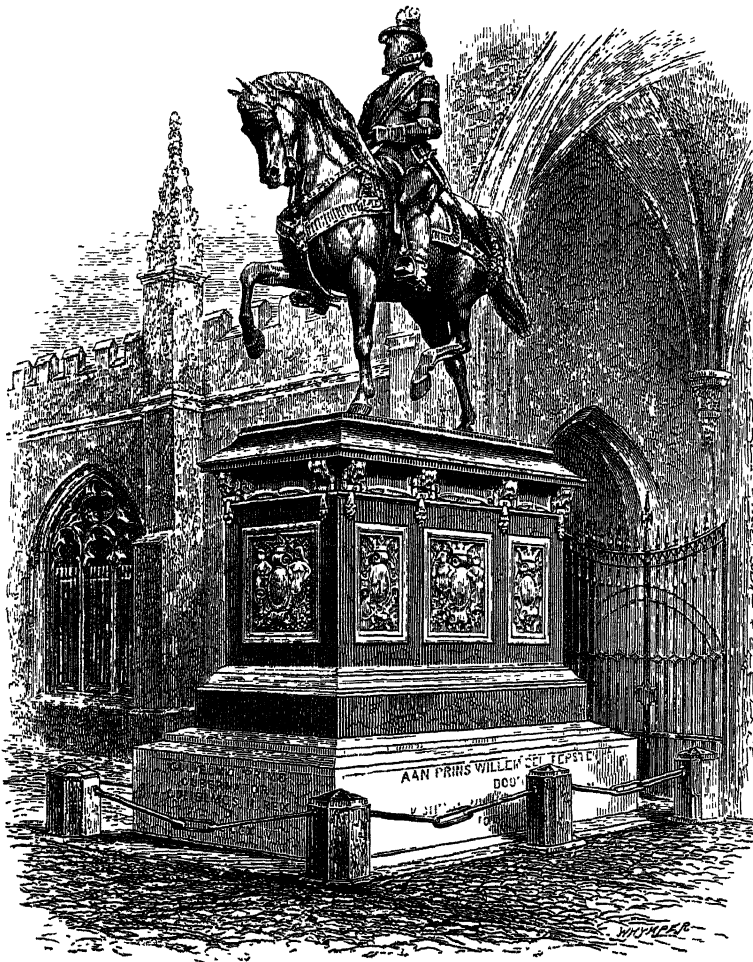
A BY-CANAL AT THE HAGUE.

least taught him forgiveness of his enemies, kindness to his friends, and submission to the will of the Omnipotent.'

In front of and beneath the rose window occupying the centre of the Hall of the Knights the scaffold was erected, and there, on that bright May morning, Holland rewarded the eminent statesman for his forty years of hard and faithful service by a felon's death. Well might he exclaim, as he walked upon the scaffold, and looked upon the faces thronging the

square and all turned eagerly towards his own: 'O God! what does man come to! This, then, is the reward of forty years' service to the State!'

Adjoining the Binnenhof stands the Mauritshuis, once the residence of the great soldier, now the home of the collection of pictures which of themselves justify a journey to the Hague. This collection is one of the best in Europe, and one of the most enjoyable to visit. The building harmonises well with the paintings displayed. These are, for the most part, of very great excellence, and there are not too many of them. It is possible to spend a

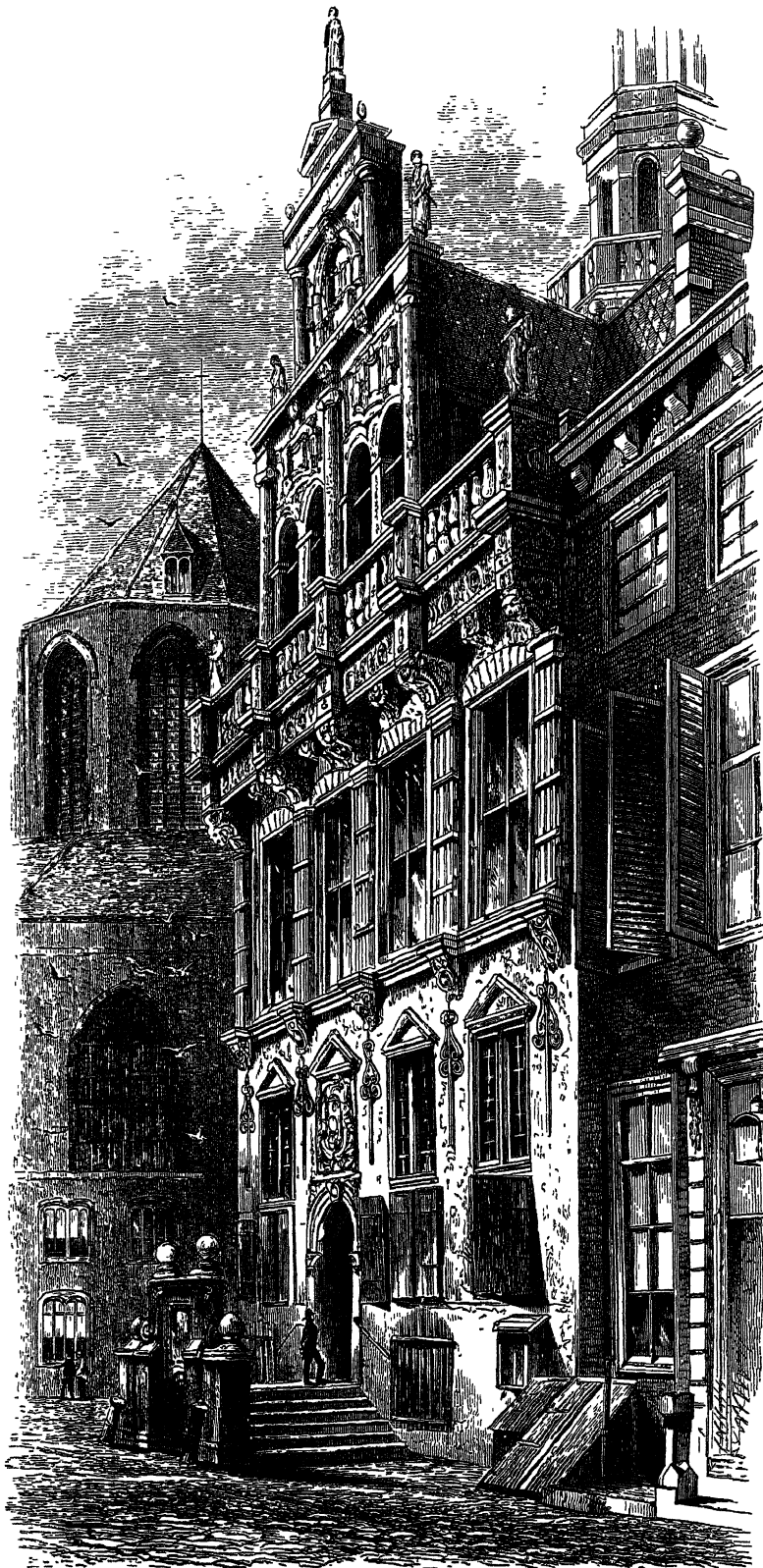


WILLIAM THE SILENT.

few hours here and come away with the impression that you have really seen the pictures. At places like the Louvre or the Rijks Museum the very number and variety of the paintings tend to bewilder the mind and to prevent the full enjoyment of their grand masterpieces. They tend to produce a form of mental uneasiness, having for the main cause the thought, partly unconscious, that it does not do to linger over one picture while there are so many others waiting to be seen. In the Mauritshuis

at the Hague, one is far from this disturbing element. There you may sit at your leisure and enjoy some of the most superb exemplars of the Dutch School. Rembrandt is magnificently represented, the chief example of his skill being the 'School of Anatomy,' a group of portraits executed in the unapproachable style of the prince of portrait painters. It was painted in 1632, and forms an epoch in Rembrandt's career. From the execution of this work dates his pre-eminence as head of the Dutch School. Doctor Claes Picterszoon Tulp was Professor of Anatomy in the Guild of Surgeons in Amsterdam from 1628 to 1659. It may be that Rembrandt's anatomical studies brought him into friendly relations with Tulp; but, whether this be so or not, when the guild, following the fashion of the day, decided to have the portraits of its chief members painted, Tulp selected Rembrandt as the artist. The result has justified his judgment. Paintings of this class were already in existence, and Vosmaer, the learned and exhaustive biographer of Rembrandt, thinks that he had clearly in his mind in designing this work the anatomical painting of P. Van Mierevelt, now preserved at Delft. But hitherto, as afterwards, when the Dutch artists were commissioned to paint a group of portraits, they did what they were bidden and nothing more. Rembrandt produced not only a series of noble portraits, but a picture for all time. The centre of the painting is occupied by a body, beside the feet of which Tulp is standing, forceps in hand, explaining the anatomy of the left fore-arm, which has been dissected. Around the head of the body are grouped seven auditors. The whole interest centres upon the living faces, not upon the corpse. The picture is flooded with a rich golden light, and the deep shadows surrounding the centre of interest only heighten its surprising effect. Vosmaer thus sums up his estimate of this work: 'Rembrandt here acts upon his habitual plan, concentrating upon the same point the interest both picturesque and also of the subject. He fully appreciates the advantage he can derive in the colouring from the powerful contrast between the lights and the shadows, on the one hand the white of the dead body, and on the other the figures in shadow. A further advantage is the striking way in which the main subject of the picture is presented. Here he rises above vulgar realism and particular signification. These are not ordinary men engaged in the work of surgery. The group of portraits becomes an artistic subject. Hence by this mark of genius the picture arouses our interest, although we are indifferent to the persons portrayed. Finally, the subject, treated with classical restraint and in a severe colouring, has nothing that offends us; we do not think of it as an anatomical scene.' Defects in the original canvas necessitated the transference of the painting to a new one a few years ago, and though the restoration process was very carefully carried out, the picture suffered considerably.

The other works from the brush of Rembrandt are, the 'Portrait of a Young Man'—perhaps the artist himself; 'Susanna at the Bath,' interesting



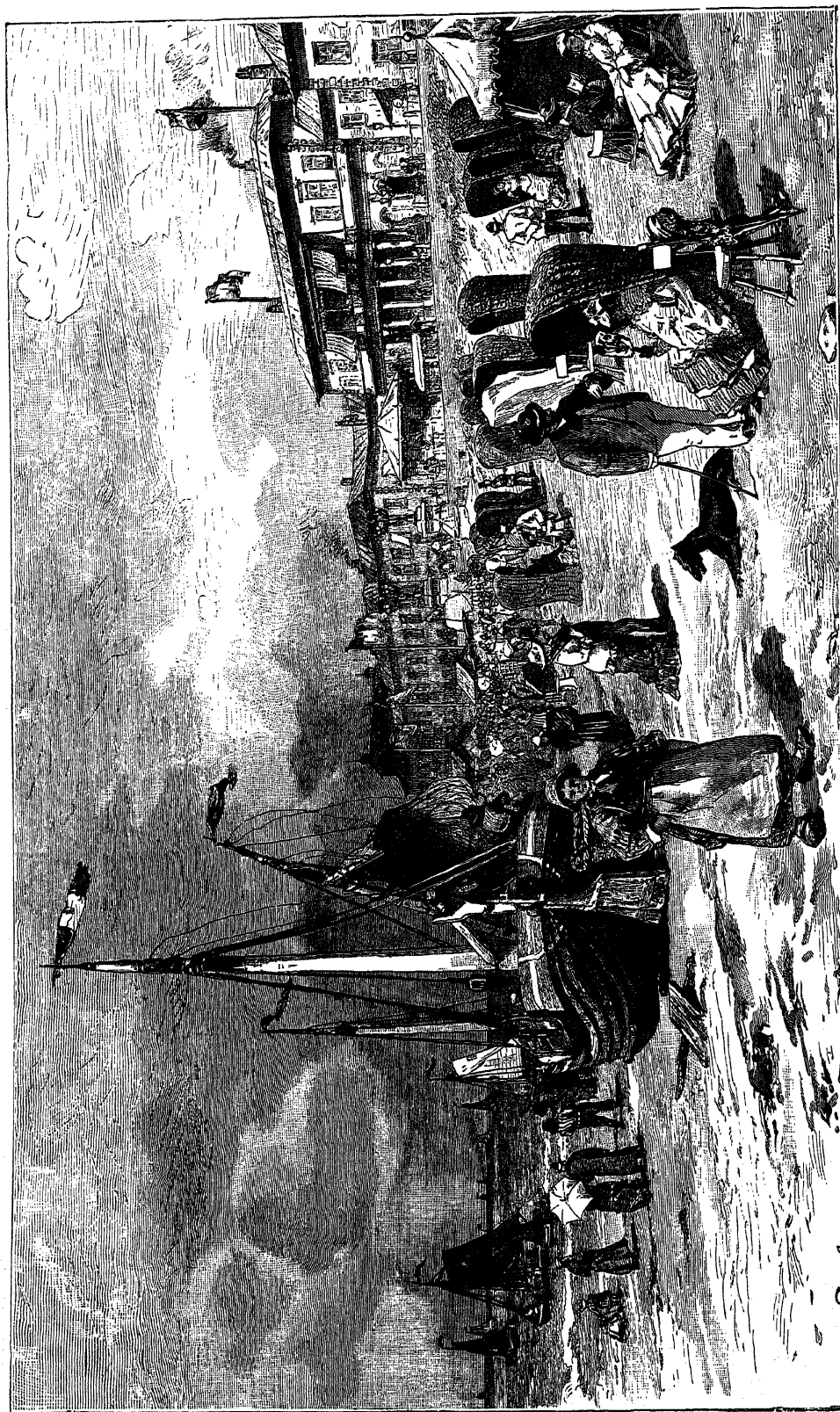
THE TOWN HALL, HAGUE.

apart from other considerations, because it is believed that Saskia, his first and well-loved wife, sat as the model; and the noted 'Presentation in the Temple.'

The collection is also rich in very fine examples of Jan Steen, Gerard Douw, Adrian Van Ostade, Paulus Potter, Jan Van der Meer, and many others, masters of *genre* painting. The painting generally known as 'The Young House-keeper,' by Gerard Douw, is a little gem.

The Hague, like many other Dutch towns, delights to keep alive the memory of the great 'Father William.' There are two statues, at least, erected to his memory, and of one we give an illustration.

The Town Hall is a considerable building. It dates from 1565, and was enlarged or restored in 1734 and in 1883. The architectural features it presents are worthy of careful



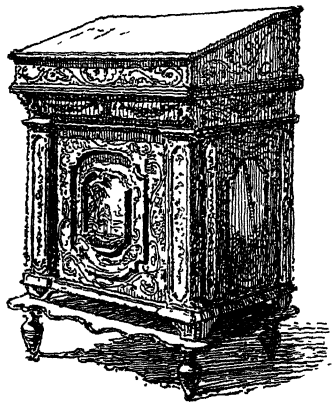
THE BEACH AT SCHEVENINGEN IN THE SEASON.

attention, although for its position it does not strike the eye so prominently as many less important buildings of the kind in other towns.

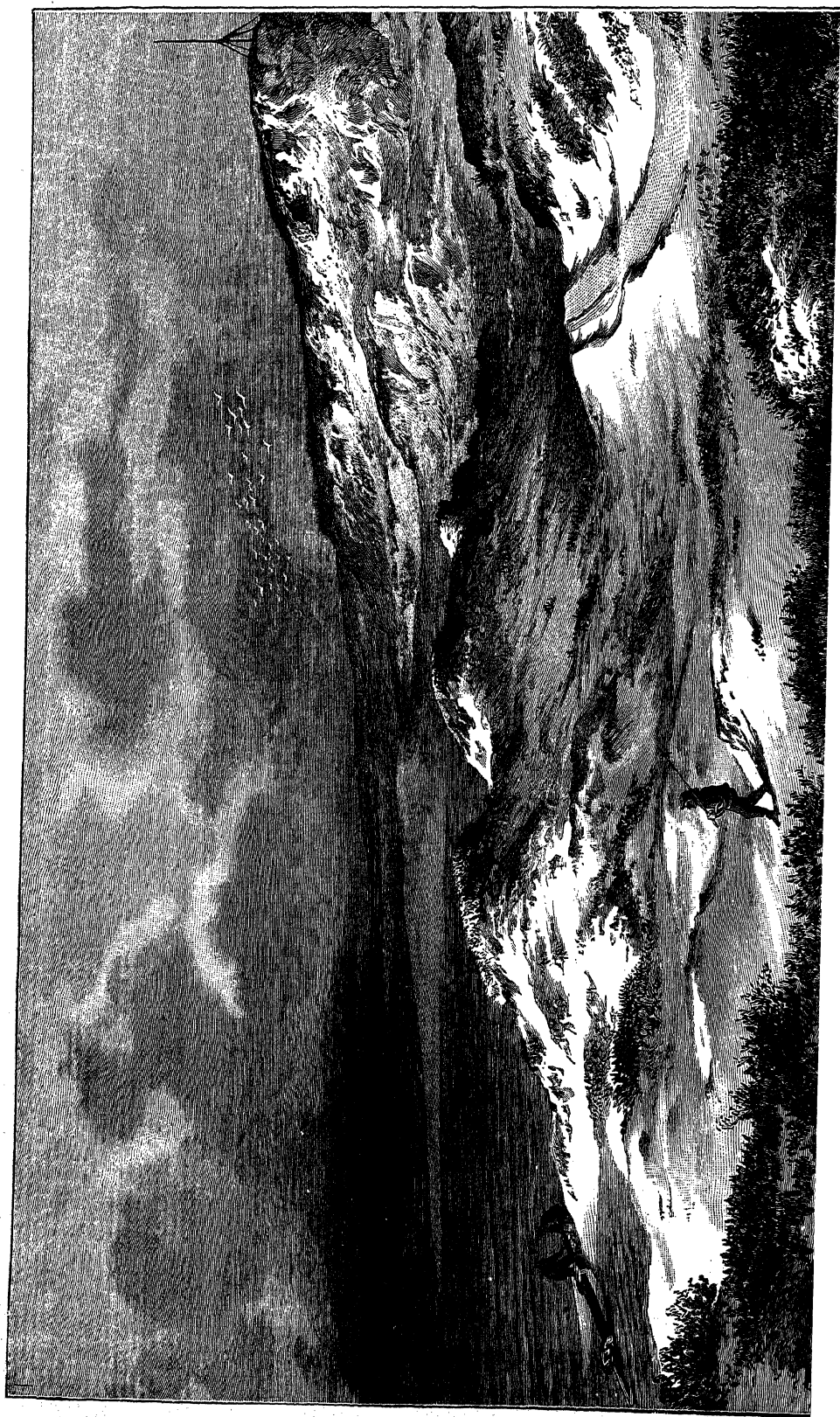
While the capital of Holland in itself is not so interesting to a foreigner as many other Dutch cities, it is by no means destitute of attractions. Every visitor is certain, before he has been long there, to hear of the Huis ten Bosch—that is, the ‘House in the Wood,’ and of Scheveningen. They are both in the immediate neighbourhood of the Hague, and are well worth visiting. A visit to them forms the readiest and pleasantest way of becoming acquainted with the pretty environs of the city. The ‘House in the Wood’ is a royal residence. It was built by the widow of Prince Frederick William of Orange, in memory of her husband, who died in 1647. As a building, it possesses no points of special note, inside or out; but the walk to it through the wood is very enjoyable, especially on a hot summer day. Sheltered from the sun, the visitor strolls along under lofty trees and along trim and well-kept roads. The walk will be all the more enjoyed if he comes to it fresh from some of the bare and treeless regions of Holland. The rooms are large, lofty, and well decorated, the chief being the Orange Saloon, a large octagon chamber with lofty walls, decorated with loud and highly-coloured pictures of the Rubens School.

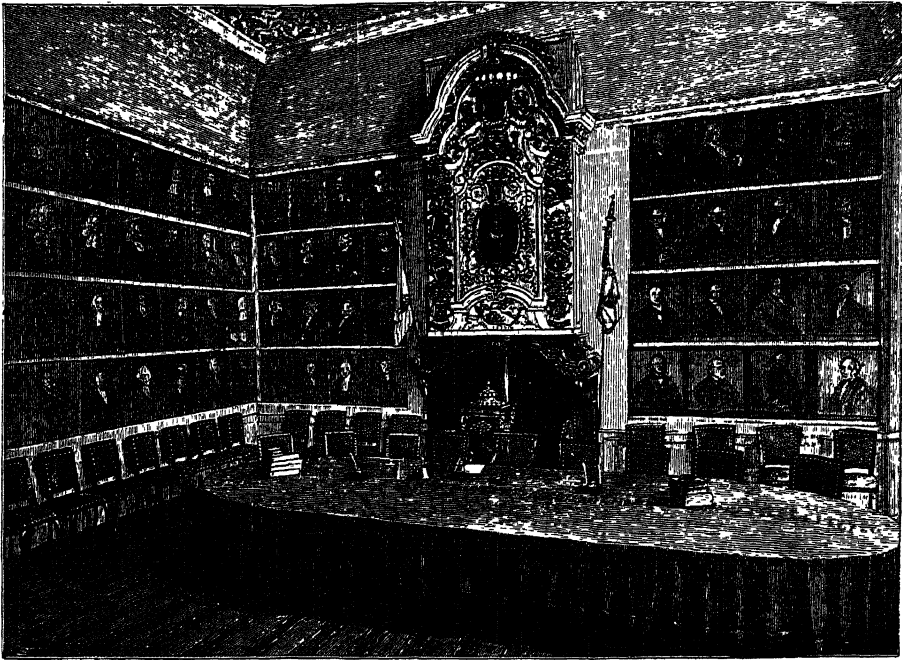
Scheveningen, a word which, as pronounced in the Hague, seems to need a specially-constructed throat, is a very fashionable watering-place. It is worth a visit at any period of the year. Formerly a little fishing village, it has now become a popular summer resort, because it possesses fine and extensive sands, and a splendid expanse of North Sea opens out before and extends along its front. Hard by are to be seen in all their peculiar beauty—a beauty not in any respect apparent to the eye, but only to the mind, as it gradually apprehends the most important part they play in the preservation of the country—the precious sand-hills or dunes. Visit Scheveningen in March, and you will at any rate breathe a bracing air. As you approach it, either by rail, or by the vastly more pleasant route, the ordinary tram-line through the three miles of trees extending from the Hague, you are sheltered by the dunes. Leaving the car, and crossing the little hill, you come at once upon the sea. In the spring you will get a clear sky, a bright sun, a wide sea-view, and a breeze usually from the east, which, if you can stand it, will whet your appetite and fill your lungs with pure and strong ozone. There will not be many persons about. You will see the large fishing-boats coming in and standing out to sea. The dust will be unpleasantly attentive, and you may at first feel disposed to wish that the dunes were conspicuous by their absence. But as the sea rolls in, and as you wander from the paved walks and tread upon these low hillocks, kept together by the tufts of coarse grass growing thickly upon them, you realise that, unattractive as they look, they are vital to the country, and that by them the violent waves of the North Sea are broken and restrained.

But go to Scheveningen in July or August, and how changed is the scene ! The huge hotels and rows of houses, most of which in March were tenantless, are now thronged by the wealth and fashion of Holland. Crowds promenade up and down the long paved footpaths, and on the sands a lively scene presents itself. Children are running about in all directions ; ladies and gentlemen are walking here and there. Dotted all over are tents and multitudes of the far-famed chairs—comfortable wicker seats, with a wickerwork back and roof, which enable the occupant to escape at will from the rays of the sun, from the wind and dust, and also to carry on comparatively private conversation or mild flirtation, even though surrounded by a moving crowd. The beach at Scheveningen in the season is one of the sights of Holland. The season is at its height from July to the middle of September, and the prices for accommodation of every kind correspondingly high during those months.

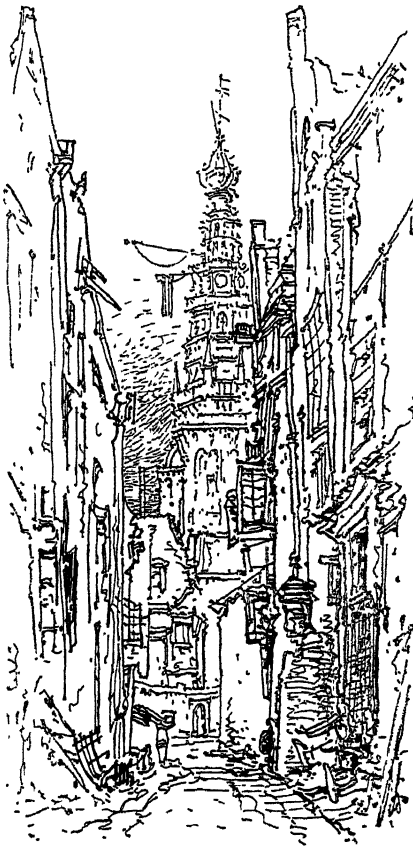


A BIT OF OLD DUTCH FURNITURE.





THE SENATE CHAMBER, UNIVERSITY OF LEYDEN.



THE BELFRY OF THE TOWN HALL, LEYDEN.

CHAPTER VII.

THE GREAT UNIVERSITY TOWN OF HOLLAND.

FROM the Hague as a centre several of the towns best worth seeing can be easily reached. It is possible to visit Leyden, Delft, Gouda, and Rotterdam in one day; it is superfluous to say that each deserves to have at least one day given to it. Leyden is only a few miles north of the Hague, and the railway runs through a fertile agricultural district. It is situated on the Rhine, the waters of that river entering the city in two branches, the Old and New Rhine, uniting near its centre, and flowing slowly through the town. It was formerly much more densely populated, once numbering 100,000 inhabitants; now it contains about 45,000.

Like Haarlem, it conveys the impression of being well-to-do. The people are well-

dressed, the houses are clean and commodious; the Breestraat, the main thoroughfare, has several handsome buildings in addition to the ancient Town Hall; and the great University has not only earned a world-wide reputation, but also brings yearly into the town hundreds of young students, drawn to a large extent from the best families in Holland.

Like Alkmaar, Leyden has the past glory of a siege successfully resisted, and a great Spanish army baffled in the struggle for independence; but her agony was more prolonged, and that feat of arms stands at the head of the wonderful roll of Dutch deeds of heroism and endurance. We will not linger over the world-known story of those terrible five months in 1573 and 1574, and of that marvellous deliverance. It stands on the page of history as one of the most striking instances of providential deliverance; the wind and the sea driving back the savage soldiery, who seemed unconquerable by any power less tremendous.

As one walks the streets of Leyden to-day there is not much in its appearance that recalls feats of arms and fitness for warlike deeds. But on every hand are evidences of what grew out of that noted siege. When, in her hour of triumph, Leyden was asked by a grateful ruler and nation to name the reward she would accept in commemoration of her heroic deeds and awful sufferings on behalf of the fatherland, those responsible for her choice chose wisely and well. They had learned, among other lessons in their struggle with the despicable bigot of the Escorial, that knowledge is power, and so out of the proffered gifts chose that a University should be founded in their midst.

On January 2nd, 1575, the letter of William the Silent, recommending the project to the States-General, was read in the Sessions at Delft; on the next day it was adopted; and on February 11th the University began its great career. The University was inaugurated with one of those elaborate allegorical celebrations so dear to the burghers of the Netherlands in that age. Leyden was intended to do for Dutch students what Louvain had hitherto accomplished. During the war with Spain, Hollanders were excluded from Louvain, and could obtain an education only at such universities as Basle, Heidelberg, and Geneva. Henceforth Leyden was to discharge all needful duties of this kind for the youth of Holland. The University was endowed with the revenues of the Abbey of Egmont, and the staff of professors chosen from the most eminent men in the land. Every official was exempted from taxation, and received, duty free, his wine, beer, salt, soap, coffee, tea, and books.

To-day, as the stranger wanders along the wide and shady canals, passes the students' club, looks in on any one of the numerous museums, or visits the University itself, he everywhere meets with abundant evidence that Leyden is essentially an academic town. Rotterdam is seafaring, Amsterdam commercial, Haarlem artistic, Leyden refined, cultured, literary.

Great care was taken in the early days to secure able professors, and most successfully was this accomplished. It was not long before the common saying spread abroad that no European university could show such a band of scholars as Leyden. The Senate Chamber, in which hang the portraits of



A STREET IN LEYDEN.

the men who, generation after generation, have sustained and extended the reputation of the University, was described by Niebuhr as 'the most memorable room in Europe in the history of learning.' The names of the most eminent men whose portraits hang there show what a power Leyden has been in the republic of letters. In 1593, Scaliger—the man who at

Paris in two years had read all the Greek authors in prose and verse, who then with equal ardour mastered Hebrew and the Oriental languages, who was called by Casaubon 'the masterpiece of nature,' whom Hallam described as 'the most extraordinary master of general erudition that ever lived'—was elected to the chair of belles-lettres. It was under Scaliger that Grotius as a lad began his studies; and when he was only seventeen years old, Henry iv. at Versailles described him as 'le miracle de la Hollande.'

Salmasius, whose name is not unknown in connection with our own Milton, succeeded Scaliger, and of him it used to be said 'that what he did not know was beyond the bounds of knowledge.'

It was within the walls of Leyden that one of the most bitter and disastrous religious controversies that have convulsed Holland began.



ARMINIUS.

Arminius and Gomarus were both members of its staff. From them the discussion spread to prince and people, high and low, cultured and ignorant. It led to political complications; it brought Olden Barneveld to the scaffold; Episcopius, the friend of Arminius, was nearly stoned to death in the streets of Leyden; the Synod of Dort condemned the famous Five Propositions, and the followers of Arminius were banished.

Arminius represents a movement in the modern Church of very great importance, consisting not merely in a less rigid view of theology, but also in a spirit of toleration in theological matters; so that although he is not the man of highest intellect, he is, perhaps, the man among the great company of famous Leyden men who has most powerfully influenced modern life. Of his theo-

logical views we shall have to speak in connection with the Synod of Dort. Here a few words about the man may not be out of place. He was born in 1560, and in 1576, the year after the founding of the University, he came to Leyden. There he studied for six years. In 1582 he went to Geneva, studied under Theodore Beza, went for a time to Basle, and then studied three years longer at Geneva, and in 1588 was ordained at Amsterdam, and there entered upon his ministry. In 1603 he became a professor of theology at Leyden. He passed through the troublous times of the beginning of the Remonstrant and Contra-Remonstrant strife, but he was taken away from the evil to come, dying in 1609, at the early age of forty-nine. His favourite motto had been, 'A good conscience in Paradise,' and in his will he wrote: 'I have studied to inculcate everything

which might contribute to the Word of God, to the propagation and increase of truth, of the Christian religion, of the true worship of God, of general piety, and a holy conversation among men, and finally to that tranquillity and peace which befit the Christian name.'

Among his recorded sayings are such as these: 'Truth, even theological truth, has been sunk in a deep well, whence it cannot be drawn forth without much effort.' 'I should be foolish were I to concede to any one so much of right in me, as that he should be able to disturb me as often as he had a mind.' The funeral oration delivered over him by his friend Peter Bertius ended thus: 'There lived a man whom it was not possible for those who knew him sufficiently to esteem; those who entertained no esteem for him are such as never knew him well enough to appreciate his merits.'

Later on Descartes, who had come to reside at Endergeest, in the immediate neighbourhood of the town, kindled a fierce controversy by his assaults upon the Aristotelian philosophy; and when the University of Paris became hopelessly Romanist, Hemsterhuis kept Greek scholarship alive, as Melanchthon before him had done in Germany. Oriental studies and medicine have also flourished at Leyden, and the statue of Boerhaave, the man to whom a Chinese mandarin successfully sent a letter, addressed simply 'To the illustrious Boerhaave, physician in Europe,' adorns the town.

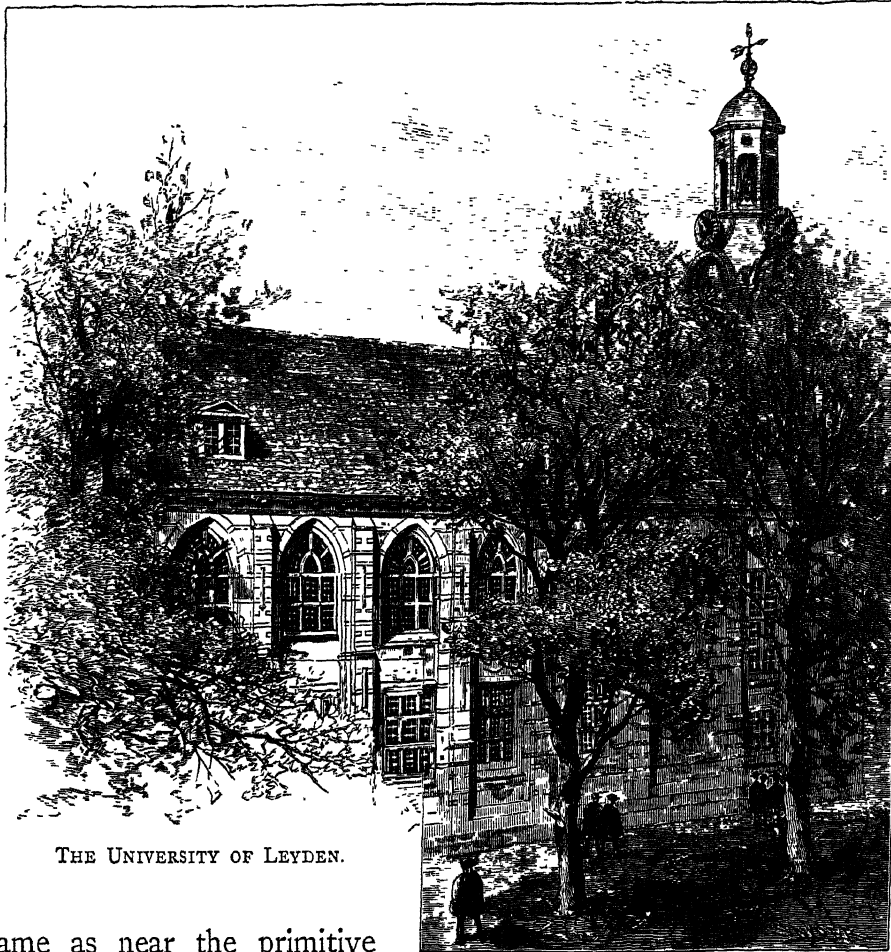
In our own days the renown of the University has been ably sustained by such men as Kern, Cobet, De Vries, Kuenen, and others. De Vries has devoted himself to the preparation of such a dictionary of his native tongue as the brothers Grimm produced for Germany, and as we shall have if Dr. Murray lives long enough to complete the 'New English Dictionary.' In De Vries's room hang portraits of Grimm and Barendz, and he is reported to have said, 'Whenever I am tempted to be discouraged, I look at these pictures; the one the emblem of unflagging industry, the other of dauntless courage. I know I cannot live to finish my work, but I must go forward, and when I am dead some one will be raised up to carry it on.'

It is interesting to note that in the course of its history more than 70,000 students have been trained at Leyden, this fact indicating the enormous influence exerted by the University upon the best life of the country.

Leyden is rich in museums of antiquities, ethnology, natural history, and the kindred sciences, and with the University Library can offer educational facilities not easily equalled.

Leyden is associated closely with the best religious life of England and America. Many of the founders of Independency—or, to use the later and more descriptive name, Congregationalism—during the reigns of Elizabeth and James I., sought in Holland the religious liberty they could not enjoy in their native land. Among others came John Robinson and William Brewster. Persecuted, robbed and imprisoned in England, it was only after many attempts

that they finally escaped to Amsterdam, whence, after a year, in 1609, they moved to Leyden, which they found to be 'a fair and beautiful city, and of a sweet situation.' Robinson became a member of the University, and enjoyed its privileges while he ministered to his flock of English exiles and residents. The church life was a curious comment on the king and ecclesiastics who did not consider them worthy to reside in England. 'Such was their single-heartedness,' we are told, 'and sincere affection one towards another, that



THE UNIVERSITY OF LEYDEN.

they came as near the primitive pattern of the first churches as any other church of these later times has done.' Their sympathies went with the Gomarists, and Robinson himself disputed with Episcopius, the friend of Arminius, on three successive occasions. At last the little English congregation turned their faces westwards, and, unable to gain the sanction of either the States-General or King James, they determined to go to the New World on their own responsibility, in simple reliance upon God. How utterly insignificant an event in the eyes of James or Maurice, or the flourishing University! Yet it cannot be questioned that the resolve and its

execution are among the mighty seed-actions of history. Robinson's farewell sermon can never be too often or too carefully pondered. It contained teaching like this: 'Brethren, we are now quickly to part from one another, and whether I may ever live to see your face on earth any more, the God of Heaven only knows. But whether the Lord hath appointed that or not, I charge you before God and His blessed angels that you follow me no further than you have seen me follow the Lord Jesus Christ. If God reveal anything to you by any other instrument of His, be as ready to receive it as ever you were to receive any truth by my ministry; for I am verily persuaded that the Lord has more truth yet to break forth out of His Holy Word. For my part, I cannot sufficiently bewail the condition of the Reformed Churches, who are come to a period in religion, and will go at present no further than the instruments of their reformation. The Lutherans cannot be drawn beyond what Luther saw. Whatever part of His will our good God has revealed to Calvin, they will rather die than embrace it. And the Calvinists, you see, stick fast where they were left by that great man of God, who yet saw not all things.

'This is a misery much to be lamented; for though they were burning and shining lights, yet they penetrated not into the whole counsel of God, but, were they now living, would be as willing to embrace farther light as that which they first received. I beseech you to remember it is an article of your Church covenant, "that you be ready to receive whatever truth shall be made known to you from the written Word of God." But I must herewithal exhort you to take heed what you receive as truth. Examine it, consider it, and compare it with other scriptures of truth before you receive it, for it is not possible that the Christian world should come so lately out of such thick anti-Christian darkness, and that perfection of knowledge should break forth at once.'

Fit words these for nineteenth as well as seventeenth century, and words that have borne fruit in the history, life, and influence of our 'Kin beyond the Sea.' And yet, what more striking illustration of the difficulty of living up to our own ideas of truth, and applying them justly to all questions, can be found than the fact that Robinson was a keen and determined opponent of Arminian doctrine? He accepted the rigid Calvinism of the Synod of Dort, and was as far as most of the men of his day from the true spirit of religious toleration. Dr. Dexter, in his work *Congregationalism as seen in its Literature*, explains this anomaly by a sifting of facts that go to show that the bearing of Robinson's words was not upon matters of faith and doctrine, but upon methods of church life and questions of this kind that were yet in the formative state, and would have to be settled in America by the little company to which he was bidding farewell. This does not dwarf Robinson's character except in the eyes of those who have interpreted his words apart from the facts of his life. It only shows that the

good Leyden pastor had not been able to let his first light fall equally upon all subjects. He was a reformer when the question was between the Pope and Calvin, between the sacrifice of the mass and the Lord's Supper; but when the supreme wisdom of the Synod of Dort had laid down the truth essential to salvation, he was as rigid in its enforcement—though by humaner methods—as the most ardent Romanist was in enforcing as authoritative over the conscience the decrees of the Roman Church.

Amid tender and tearful farewells, the little company bid their loved pastor farewell at the Delftshaven, and sailed away, carrying in that little company the true seed of the now mighty American Republic. And the sojourn in Holland had not been without great influence. This influence was aptly and eloquently described by Chauncey M. Depew, in an address he delivered at the sixth annual meeting of the New England Society of Pennsylvania, December 22nd, 1886. He said: 'The Pilgrim who went to Holland and there learned toleration, there learned to respect the rights, the opinions, and the liberties of others, there learned the principle of the common school and universal education, when he got to Plymouth Rock never burned witches, never hung Quakers, never drove out Baptists; he always fought against all this. It was the Puritan, 20,000 strong, who came years afterwards, who did those things; and, except for the Pilgrim who had been to Holland, the Puritan would not be celebrated here to-night. Four hundred of them went to Holland, every man with a creed of his own, and anxious to burn at the stake the other three hundred and ninety-nine, because they did not agree with him. But being there enlightened, they discovered the magnificence of the universe. All over Holland they saw compulsory school education sustained by the State. They found a country in which there was universal toleration of religion, in which the persecuted Jew could find an asylum, in which even the Inquisitor could be safe from the vengeance of his enemies. . . . Holland, at a time when there was no light for man anywhere in the world, preserved the principles of civil liberty. Holland, at a time when learning was crushed out, or buried in monasteries, had her asylums, her libraries, and her universities. Holland, at a time when the bigotry of the Church crushed out all expression of conscience and individual belief, had her toleration and religious liberty. For a century Holland was the safe deposit company of the rights of man.'

And she had reached this proud position because of her martyrs, her patriotic leaders, her statesmen educated in free municipal life. In Leyden, as all over Holland, the 'seed of the Church' had been freely sown. The old Dutch martyrology tells us that in 1552 three men, named Henry Dirkson, Dirk Janson, and Adriaen Cornelison, were martyred there. Dirk Janson's testimony, sealed with his blood, shows how truly Christ-like were the men and women whom emperor, cardinal, monks, and officials hounded to death by the hundred. 'Although all men despise us,' said he, 'we are not there-

fore despised by God. Remember, my lords, there is above a Judge over all. Be assured that He also will judge and condemn. This suffering is not so great. Christ had to suffer more when He poured out His blood for us. He will strengthen us, since we suffer for His Name; for we suffer for no faction or wrong that we have done. The only true faith is that which we maintain.'

Leyden is also closely associated with Dutch art. To her belongs the glory of having given birth in 1607 to the great Rembrandt, and though the house no longer stands, the site is well known. In the very interesting Municipal Museum hangs one of the very rare pictures, the 'Last Judgment,' painted by Lucas van Leyden. He was born about 1494, and died in 1533. What Albert Dürer was in and did for German art, Lucas van Leyden accomplished in Dutch art. He stands higher as an engraver than a painter, and by many good judges is ranked with Dürer in this respect. Gabriel Metz, Gerard Dow, Jan Steen, and Franz van Mieris, all claim Leyden as their birthplace. It is somewhat curious that in the case of all these artists the city should be nearly, if not quite, destitute of specimens of their skill.

There are two or three fine old churches, notably that of St. Pancras, in which is a monument to Van der Werff, the noble burgomaster who so bravely conducted the great defence in 1574. It cannot be considered in any sense adequate, and seems to have been chosen on the principle of inverse ratio, the man being as great as the memorial is insignificant.

In the main street stands the chief architectural adornment of the city,



TOWN HALL, LEYDEN.

the old seventeenth-century Town Hall. It is well able to hold its own as a picturesque and typical example of Dutch building of that day. The spire is especially fine.

In close proximity to it stands the handsome modern building, the Minerva Club, to which many of the University students belong, and which,



A DUTCH IDYLL AT KATWYK.

from its comfortable appearance, indicates that these young gentlemen not only have luxurious tastes, but know how to gratify them.

Like the Hague, Leyden possesses a pleasant watering-place hard by the city. Only six miles to the north-west, and easily reached either by steam-tram or steamer, is Katwyk-on-Sea, the sea, of course, being the German Ocean. This is an increasing place, numbering over 5000 inhabitants. It is well supplied with hotels, villas, and lodgings, and in the

season presents all the features of a miniature Scheveningen. The most interesting natural feature is that it possesses one of the many mouths of the Rhine. In the ninth century one of the numberless hurricanes which have visited Holland choked the river with sand, and until the beginning of this century the waters formed a great swamp. In connection with the formation of the Haarlem polder this was drained. In 1807 a great canal and series of gates were built to enable the river to flow into the sea. During high tide the gates are shut, as the sea-level is then much higher than the river. For a few hours at low water the gates are opened, the pent-up waters of the river then rush out, carrying before them the quantities of sand heaped by the tide. It has been computed by some lover of statistics that 100,000 cubic feet of water rush through these gates every second.

Independently of the visitors, as at Scheveningen, so at Katwyk, there is a fishing village, where honest, active, and industrious little families flourish, and where from time to time, under the attractions of feminine influence, the stalwart fishermen are brought into such unaccustomed positions, and set such unfamiliar tasks as the one depicted in our engraving. The laugh may be against him now, but the artist evidently inclines to the view that it will be on his side at no very distant future. Katwyk is often enlivened by visits from the students at Leyden, who endeavour to fit themselves for burning the midnight oil by inhaling the keen sea breezes. They are not averse to whiling away the time spent in the steam-tram by singing lustily their favourite songs.

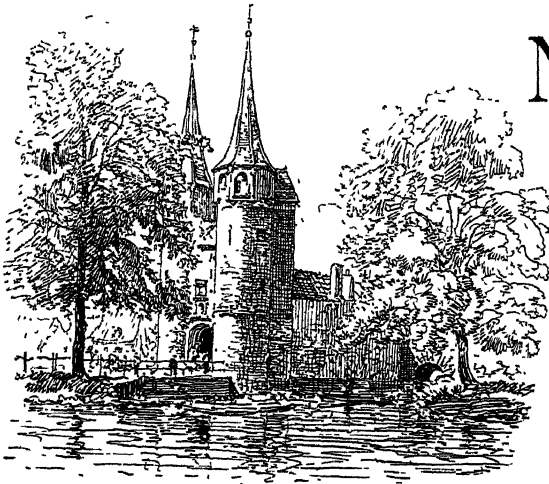
Altogether few towns in Holland present more varied features of interest. The idle traveller who merely saunters through the street sees many of the best points of a good Dutch town; the antiquarian and architect find its treasures worth careful consideration; the literary man and the student find the atmosphere very congenial, and the art student is not left destitute. Although we cannot see its streets crowded with 100,000 inhabitants, as did those who visited it in the sixteenth century, nor can we fully endorse the description of Leyden given by the old French writer in his book *Les Delices de Leide*; yet we can sympathise to some extent with him when he says, 'the most beautiful and altogether charming city of Holland is Leyden.'



WILLIAM THE SILENT.
(From the painting by Miercoelt.)

CHAPTER VIII.

DELFT, THE TOWN OF WILLIAM THE SILENT.



THE GATE OF ST. CATHERINE, DELFT.

NO town is richer than Delft in associations that appeal to many different types of mind. The traveler whose main purpose is to note characteristic national features, finds Delft quite as interesting as Leyden or Haarlem, though differing much from both. The lover of Dutch architecture finds much to note in such buildings as the Gemeenlandshuis, the Town Hall and the New Church. The compact, clean little town is rich in studies for the artist

of to-day, and full of associations connected with past story of Dutch art. No man who is even partially acquainted with the thrilling story of Dutch history, can go otherwise than as a reverent pilgrim to the town whose streets 'Father William' trod so often, to the house where he lived and where he died, to the church—the St. Denis of Holland—which witnessed the solemn ceremonials of his own funeral, and to which, one by one, his chief descendants have been brought.

Delft is a place of some importance in Holland, having about 27,000 inhabitants, and is a pleasant town to visit, because it is compact, its topography is easily mastered, and on all sides it presents signs of prosperity. Both houses and streets are so clean that the quaint views which abound on every side are veritable Dutch pictures. In the past it was a busy manufacturing town, and the famous Delft ware of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries is all the more eagerly sought after now, inasmuch as the art of colouring practised then has been lost. A modern manufacture is carried on, and bids fair to increase. In glaze and colour the old Delft still holds the palm, but the new products are much more artistic.

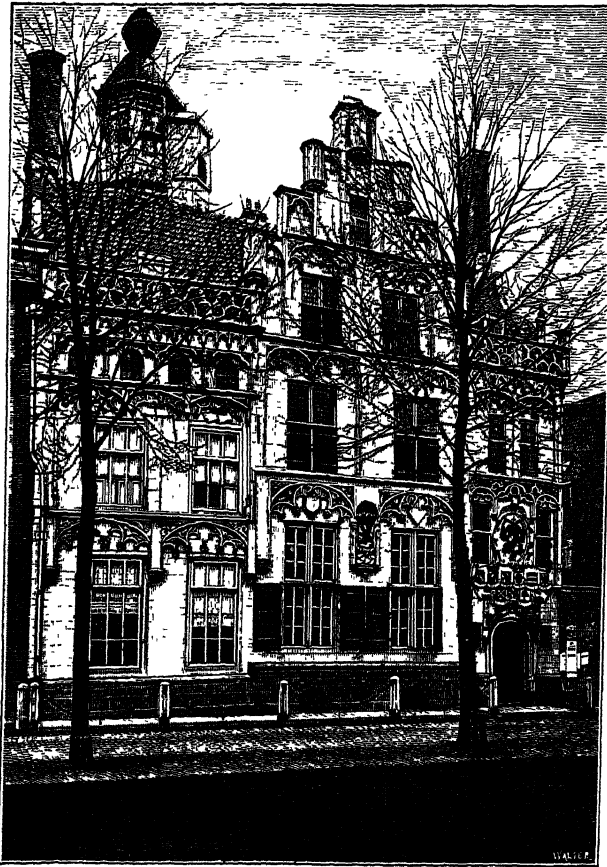
Reaching Delft by train, the road from the station crosses one or two canals, and leads to what is called Old Delft, a canal bordered on either side by a roadway and shaded by lime-trees. This is the old aristocratic street of Delft. Here, John Olden Barneveld once lived; here is the far-famed Prinsen Hof; here is the Old Church, with the leaning tower; and here is the old hall in which the first parliament of the Dutch Republic met. As this is a typical building, we give two illustrations of it, one showing the whole façade fronting the canal, the other, on a larger scale, exhibiting the elaborate architectural detail of the main entrance.

Delft was the scene of several very important transactions in the struggle that resulted in freeing the country from the yoke of Spain. In October, 1575, the Estates met there, under the presidency of William the Silent, and resolved 'that they would forsake the king (Philip II.), and seek foreign assistance.' 'Thus,' writes Motley, 'the great step was taken by which two little provinces (Zeeland and Holland) declared themselves independent of their ancient master. That declaration, although taken in the midst of doubt and darkness, was not destined to be cancelled, and the germ of a new and powerful commonwealth was planted.'

On April 25th, 1576, the Estates of Zeeland and South Holland again assembled at Delft, and there drew up the eighteen articles of union, upon which the later Dutch Constitution was built. The most suggestive feature in these articles was their treatment of religious questions. William the Silent, as head of the Republic, was 'to maintain the practice of the Reformed Evangelical religion, and to cause to surcease the exercise of all other religions contrary to the Gospel. He was, however, not to permit that inquisition should be made into any man's belief or con-

science, or that any man by cause thereof should suffer trouble, injury, or hindrance.'

At Delft William continued to live, so far as his duties to his country permitted, until his assassination. The King of Spain, unable, either by the skill and courage of his generals, or by the horrible cruelties perpetrated by his soldiers, to subdue the nation who looked up to the Prince of Orange as their 'Father William,' had recourse to the weapons of the secret murderer. Large rewards and high honours were promised in the name of the Most



THE GEMEENLANDSHUIS.

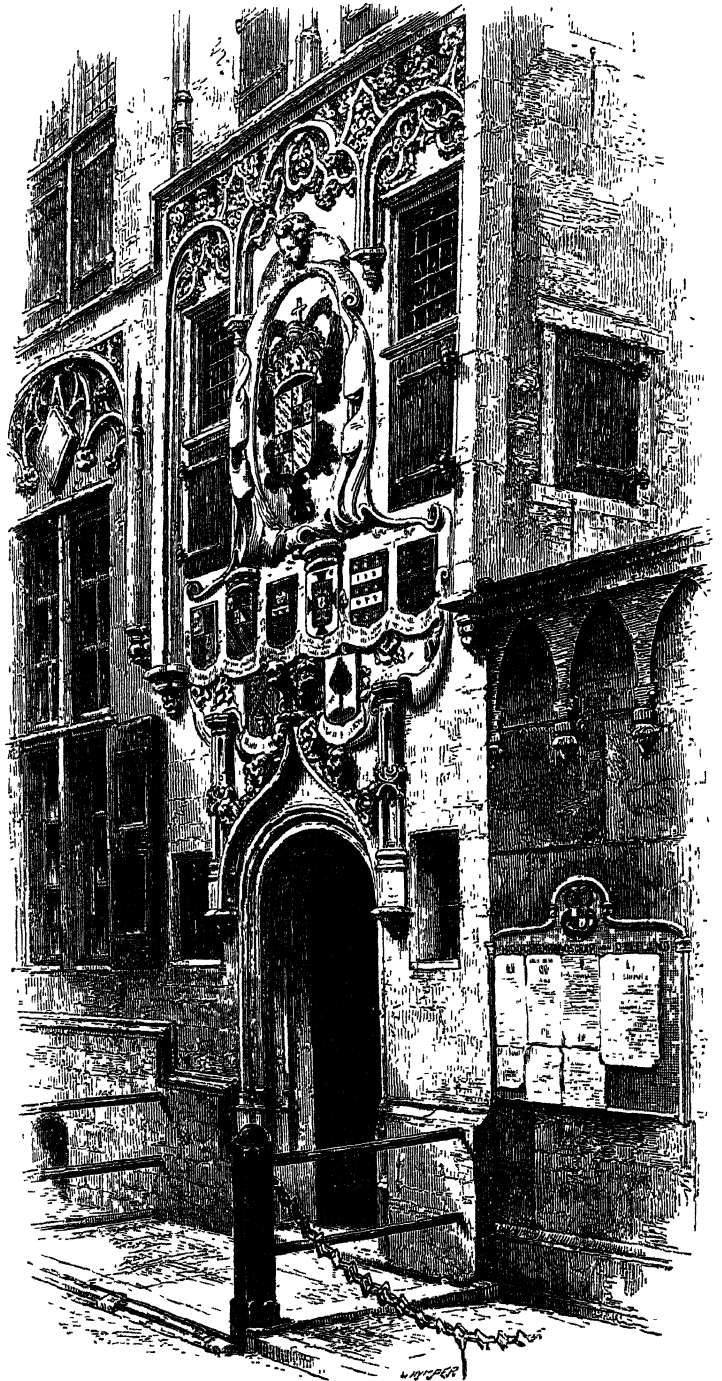
Catholic King to the scoundrel who could prove himself base enough to murder the noblest patriot of the sixteenth century. After several unsuccessful attempts the deed was done by a fanatic, named Balthasar Gérard. The spot where the tragedy occurred is still accessible to visitors. Nearly opposite the Old Church is a low arched doorway, through which you pass into a courtyard of what is now a barrack, but which in 1584 was the home of the Prince of Orange. At the further side of the courtyard, you enter a door opening upon a staircase, and in the wall at the foot of the stairs you are shown the hole made by the pistol bullet which killed Holland's greatest man. The assassin waited for him as he left the dining-room, and fired when the prince was but a foot or two distant. The prince fell,

mortally wounded, his dying words testifying to his two distinguishing qualities—sincere personal religion, and intense patriotism—*Mon Dieu, ayez pitié de mon âme, ayez pitié de ce pauvre peuple*: 'My God, have mercy upon my soul! have mercy upon this poor people!'

His life had been unselfish and ever at his country's service. By the light of his own clear reason, and by the inward illumination of the Spirit of God, he had come forth from the darkness and superstition of Romanism into the light and liberty of the Gospel. He had lived to see the early

light of his country's day, he had laid a good foundation upon which others were to build, and he died in harness, a brave soldier in the struggle of freedom against tyranny, of Evangelical liberty against Papal bondage, of right against wrong. The Spaniards, to their lasting infamy, rejoiced over his death, but his spirit lived on in the men who ultimately carried to completion the work he had so well begun.

The New Church, as we have said, is the tomb of the Orange family, the most imposing and interesting monument being that erected in 1621, to the memory of 'Father William.' It requires to be studied in remembrance of the age in which it was constructed, and although it may not commend itself to all tastes, it is nevertheless no unfitting memorial of a great man. Under a marble canopy, borne up by groups of columns and also single pillars, reclining upon a large sarcophagus, lies an effigy of the prince. The four corners are occupied by figures—Liberty, inscribed with the motto, *je maintiendrai piété et justice*; Justice, with William's favourite motto, *sævis tranquillus in undis*; Prudence; and Religion. At the head of the recumbent statue is another of the prince, fully equipped for the field of battle; and at the feet stands



ENTRANCE TO THE GEMEENLANDSHUIS.

Fame, with outspread wings, just poised for flight. The feet of the reclining figure rest upon a dog, in commemoration of the fact that William was saved from assassination, while asleep in his tent in 1572, by the timely warning of the approach of his enemies given by a favourite dog. Beneath the same stone rests the body of his son and successor, Prince Maurice. Hard by this imposing monument is one dedicated to Grotius, the great jurist, who, during his lifetime, was an exile through the bitter theological contests of the seventeenth century, but whom now his countrymen delight to honour.

Delft looks kindly at her visitors, whether you go in summer, when the trees in full leaf afford shady walks along the sides of the trim canals, or whether you see it frost-bound in winter, the canals covered with ice, upon which the children run and skate. An easy and enjoyable trip is to run down from the Hague by tram, entering the city by the Hague Gate. The visitor seems to come into a subtler sympathy with the old place and its associations when entering it after a leisurely journey through the country immediately surrounding it.

More, possibly, than in most Dutch towns, the Great Market is the centre of interest. It is very spacious, and paved with the narrow bricks so largely used in Holland. At one end rises the west front and lofty steeple of the New Church, built in the early part of the fifteenth century. Opposite this, and filling the west end of the great square, stands the Town Hall, the past focus of an active municipal life, and the present home of some interesting art treasures. In the centre of the square stands a fine statue of Hugo Grotius, whose life was full of interest. He was born in Delft the year before William of Orange was murdered, viz., in 1583. He was the intellectual prodigy of his age, and one of the ornaments of the University of Leyden. Early in life he became associated with Olden Barneveld, and when the struggle between Arminius and Gomarus broke out, he sided with the former, and exerted all his influence on the side of toleration. Having, only in a less degree than Barneveld, excited against himself the prejudice and hatred of Maurice of Nassau, he was seized, and, at the age of thirty-six, condemned to perpetual imprisonment in the Castle of Lovenstein, near Gorcum. His escape is one of the most amusing stories in Dutch history. He was not denied books, and at fixed seasons these were changed by sending a large chest to and fro. As the months passed, and the strictest search never discovered anything in the chest but books and linen, the guards grew careless. The ingenuity of his wife, who had been allowed to share his imprisonment, turned this slackness to account. She persuaded him on one occasion to occupy the place of the books. When the two soldiers whose duty it was to carry out the chest came, they said it was so heavy that 'there must be an Arminian in it.' With admirable tact, Madame Grotius replied, 'There are indeed Arminian books in it.' Ultimately, after

various narrow escapes, he crossed the frontier and reached Antwerp, when he went on to Paris, where his wife joined him. He was never allowed to return to Holland. He gave himself up to a great literary work which had been long in his mind, the *De jure belli et pacis*, a treatise which at once gave him enduring fame, but which, like *Paradise Lost* and *The Pilgrim's Progress*, did very little towards enriching the author. His other noted book was a work on the evidences of Christianity, published in 1627, and entitled *De veritate religionis Christianæ*. He died an exile in 1645. And now the town of his birth honours his memory by giving him not only a tomb in the New Church, but also by placing his statue upon the most conspicuous site within her boundaries, in the very centre of that market-place where so much of tragic and historic interest has passed.

In the Town Hall hangs a portrait of Grotius by Michiel Janszoon van Mierevelt, the first in time of the great Dutch portrait painters. Delft is also associated with other famous painters, such as Van der Meer, whose picture of his native town is one of the treasures of the Hague Gallery; Pieter



THE FISH MARKET AND TOWN HALL, DELFT.

de Hooch, one of the best painters of interiors; Paulus Potter, the great animal painter; and others.

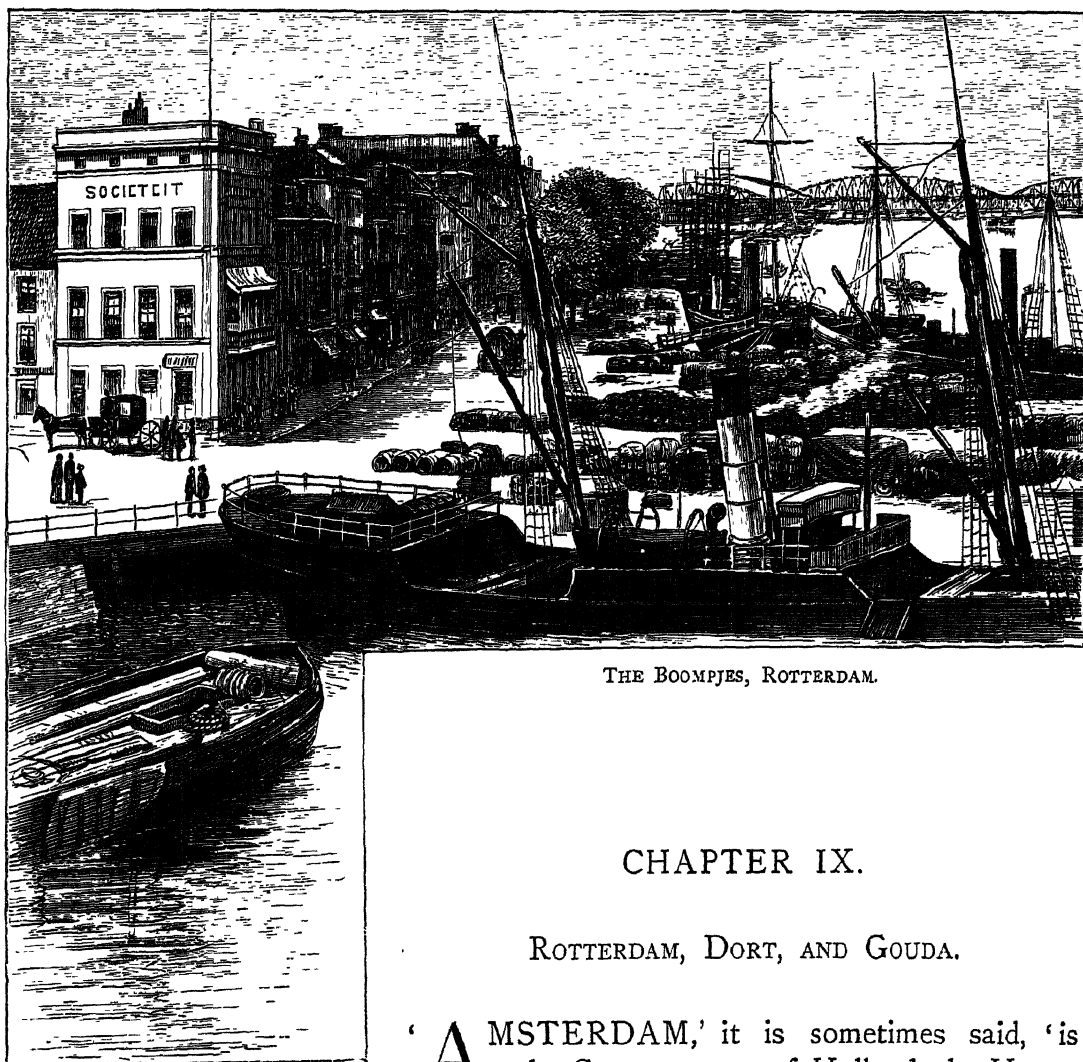
Not far from the market-place, just opposite the house of William the Silent, stands the Old Church, rich—though not to so great an extent as its neighbour—in monuments of famous men. There is commemorated old Admiral Tromp, victor in no less than thirty-two sea battles, and who, after defeating Blake, ordered the famous broom to be displayed at his masthead, as a token that he had swept his foes from the sea; Piet Hein, the man who in 1628 captured the Spanish silver fleet, obtaining booty therewith to the value of £1,000,000 sterling; and Leeuwenhoek, the man who seems

fairly entitled to the honour of having discovered the essentials of the modern microscope and of having employed it for scientific purposes.

Combining all these facts and associations, while it is probably true that nine out of ten strangers who visit Delft go there because of the way in which it is bound up with the life and deeds of William the Silent, over and above this there is much that can fairly claim attention. As exhibiting the life of to-day, it is surpassed by no other town in Holland, nor can any other exhibit a pleasanter series of links connecting the buildings and memorials of the present with the men and the deeds of the past.



A DUTCH BOATMAN.



THE BOOMPJES, ROTTERDAM.

CHAPTER IX.

ROTTERDAM, DORT, AND GOUDA.

‘AMSTERDAM,’ it is sometimes said, ‘is the German town of Holland, the Hague the French, and Rotterdam the English.’ The last is certainly the town most English people see, and it is the place that from its busy, noisy, prosperous, seafaring, and commercial life most resembles a thriving English seaport. One of the most comfortable and easy ways of reaching Holland and other parts of the Continent—for those who are not afraid of spending a few hours on the sea—is by the roomy and well-appointed steamboats belonging to the Great Eastern Railway, and plying between Harwich and Rotterdam. The sea passage up the broad and busy Maas is a good introduction to the country. As the steamer follows the windings of the river all kinds of craft pass by. Village after village comes into view with tiny, trim-looking, clean houses, above which the church spire rises high, and the ever-present windmills and lopped trees. The interest of this approach to the city is much greater than by the railway from Flushing or Antwerp.

The steamer reaches her pier at the extreme western part of Rotterdam, where the traveller can land, and at once find himself in the midst of unfamiliar sights and sounds; or he can go on by the tender past almost

the whole river frontage of the great city to the station of the Rhine Railway. A little before he reaches this point he passes what is called the Boompjes, a large, lengthy quay, on which stands the Bath Hotel, and which is considered to be one of the most distinctive sights of the town. It fronts the river, which is here a fine, wide stream. All along its extent



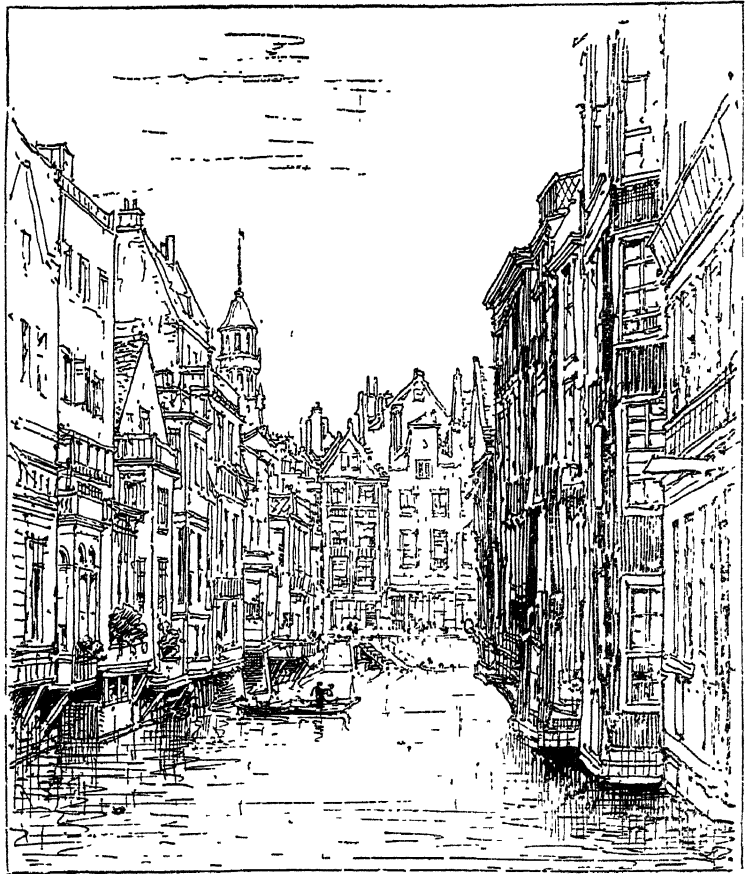
A QUAY IN ROTTERDAM.

big steamers and vessels of various kinds are unloading or taking in cargo. The centre is occupied by a wide road and side walk, shaded by trees, and on the far side from the river rise tall, substantial buildings, some used as business houses, many as residences. In a walk along the Boompjes you may hear many languages, and not a few of the frequenters are either from England or able to speak English tolerably. At the eastern end of the

Boompjes the Maas is spanned by two fine bridges, one to carry the traffic, and the other a splendid railway bridge, over which runs the line to Dort and Antwerp.

To anyone not familiar with Holland the streets of Rotterdam present an endless variety of attractive views. Wide canals, spanned by bridges, appear to run in all possible directions. There is nothing rectangular or severely geometrical in their arrangement. At first they present rather perplexing geographical problems, and to enjoy them properly it is well,

until they grow somewhat familiar, to wander along with no desire to go anywhere in particular, or to do anything but enjoy the moving panorama before one. For Rotterdam is a city whose inhabitants, apparently, have more nearly mastered the art of perpetual motion than any of their neighbours. Everywhere throngs of human beings are in view; everywhere they seem to be in energetic action. The vehicles rattle noisily over the roughly-paved streets; the big *tjalks* and barges move rapidly along the wide canals; the



THE STEIGER, ROTTERDAM.

pedestrians on the footwalks appear for the most part eager to reach a remote quarter of the town, and one feels as though he were surrounded at any given moment by a large proportion of the 175,000 people Rotterdam contains. By night, when the ten thousand lights are multiplied by their reflections in the water, the scene is still more picturesque than by day. We give a sketch of the Steiger, a street which can only be traversed by boat, and which is lined by some of the oldest and most curious houses in the city. They hang over the water at different angles,

and present the usual variety of gables. In short, the streets and canals of Rotterdam make up a scene which either by day or night can be rivalled by few cities in Europe.

Rotterdam presents all the bustle and incident of a busy port. The approaches to the town from the sea have been greatly improved in recent years, and whereas prior to 1873 about 4000 vessels cleared annually from the port, the number is now from 8000 to 9000, representing a tonnage of from four to five millions. The inland steamboat traffic, up the Rhine and to various parts of Belgium and Germany, is also very extensive.



ERASMUS.

The town is not rich in objects of interest for the antiquarian, the artist or the ordinary sight-seer. In the Boymans' Museum there are a number of interesting pictures, but the collection as a whole will not compare for a moment with those at the Hague or Amsterdam. The Laurenskerk, or Church of St. Lawrence, is a fine Gothic building of brick, dating from the fifteenth century, with a huge square tower which dominates the town, and, being visible from all parts, is the most conspicuous object from any point of view.

The interior is not quite so cheerless and cold as in many other Dutch churches, but the greater part is occupied by wooden pews which are

neither pleasant to the eye nor comfortable for the limbs. We attended a service on a Sunday afternoon there. It happened to be the occasion of a baptismal ceremony, and we were struck first by the length of the sermon—three-quarters of an hour—which seemed all the longer as we cannot profess to have understood more than a word here and there; then, by the marvellously good behaviour of the babies, who obligingly slept all through the discourse; and thirdly, by the fact that two collections were taken up. In Holland they appear to have carried the art of collecting to a high degree of perfection. There is no escape from the plate, or rather there is no possibility of your not getting the opportunity to contribute. The ‘plate’ is a bag hung at the end of a rod, which can be so managed as to dangle before the eyes and hands of the man ensconced in the seat most distant from the aisle. To see the grave vergers waving these ecclesiastical fishing-rods about, and by their means touching up the drowsiest and most distant hearers, is a sight strange to English eyes. But in the Dutch



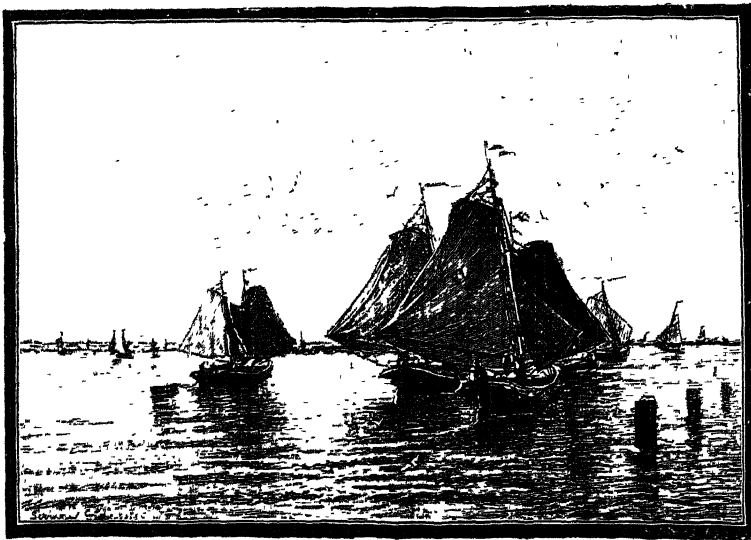
SCHIEDAM.

churches there are not a few other sights equally strange and equally curious.

Rotterdam boasts a fine Zoological Garden and many pleasant walks in the new western suburbs. The chief open space of interest in the older part is the Great Market, a large part of which is formed by a wide canal partly covered over. Here stands a statue to the most famous man upon the roll of Rotterdam. In the Wyde Kerkstraat, hard by the big Laurenskerk, Erasmus was born in 1497. The witty scholar left his mark upon his own age, and exerted no small influence upon the current of affairs in both Germany and England during the sixteenth century. We ought to be truly grateful to him for his influence on the side of the New Learning, and for his labours in connection with the Greek New Testament, and the way in which his editions brought that book within the reach of all scholars. We cannot help regretting that a man of his splendid abilities did not catch more fully the earnest spirit of the Reformation, so that, like Luther and Tyndale, he might have thought less of himself and more of how best the cause of true religious liberty could be helped forward.

Rotterdam lies in the centre of an interesting region. To the west lie Schiedam and Vlaardingen; the former is noted for its manufacture of 'Hollands' and 'Geneva,' the latter name having no connection with the Swiss town, but being derived from the Jenever or Juniper-berry used as flavouring in the production of the spirit. Over 200 distilleries are employed in this business. One could wish that the signs of decline in this traffic were more abundant than they at present appear. Vlaardingen is one of the main centres of what is known as the 'great fishery,' that is, of herring, haddock, and cod.

Nearer the mouth of the Maas and on the southern bank is the little town of Brielle or Brill, a name ever famous in Dutch history. The little fleet of twenty-four vessels, containing those noted 'Beggars of the Sea,'



VLAARDINGEN FISHING BOATS.

De la Marck, Treslong, Brand and their comrades, had been refused supplies and driven from Dover in March, 1572, by order of Elizabeth, who, after her wont, was coquetting politically with Alva. Nearly starving for want of supplies, baffled by adverse winds in their scheme for attacking Enkhuizen, on April 1st they appeared before Brill, demanded its sur-

render, and by a combination of pluck and luck not only secured the city, but held it for the States. The news reached Alva when about to hang eighteen of the tradesmen of Brussels in the doorways of their shops, because they would not pay his insane and infamous tax of a tenth of the selling price whenever an article was sold. The capture of Brill so enraged the duke that the tradesmen escaped. It exposed the duke to the Flemish wit, which if somewhat slow, was biting, and found expression in the couplet:—

'On April Fools' Day,
Duke Alva's spectacles were stolen away;'

the Flemish word *brill* meaning spectacles. It surprised alike Alva and Elizabeth, who were mutually disgusted, for very different reasons, to find that their high diplomacy had only stimulated the national movement it was

intended to suppress. 'It was at Brill,' writes Motley, that 'the weary spirit of Freedom, so long a fugitive over earth and sea, had at last found a resting-place.' From that insignificant town, by struggle after struggle, town by town the land was finally and for ever wrenched from the deadly grasp of Spain.

To the east and a few miles up the Maas lies the famous skating resort known as Slikkerveer, and brought into European notoriety of recent years by the international skating contests which have been held there. Anyone who is fond of that most exhilarating of all forms of outdoor exercise, skating, can hardly find a pleasanter trip in Holland than a journey to Slikkerveer. The boat leaves the Rhine Station pier, and sails for some miles up the Maas, which, at the season when the lake is fit for skating, is pretty sure to be covered with tolerably large and thick masses of ice floating down to the sea. With a bright sky overhead, the steamer ploughs her way through the ice, and leaves you at a wayside pier on the huge dyke which alone prevents the river on its left bank from flooding a large tract of country. A short walk along the dyke brings you to a huge enclosed expanse of ice, obtained by artificially flooding a large area, after the fashion of those countries where the frost is certain not only to come, but to linger longer than it does in England. Here a huge horse-shoe course is marked out for racing, and on either side of this stretches ice enough to afford ample room for all. It is too near Rotterdam to see much of the distinctive peasant dress of Holland. Most of the skaters are attired in costume not dissimilar to that seen in Hyde Park when the Serpentine bears. Here and there a Zeelander or a Frieslander is met with, and the dress of the great majority compares very unfavourably with the picturesque costumes, which fashion, alas! is fast beginning to drive out of Holland.

There is not much fancy skating. The great length of the runners in all Dutch skates, and the way in which, in the majority of cases, they bend back in big curves over the toe, are effectual checks to all figure-skating involving short and sudden turns. An attempt to do the outside edge backwards on most Dutch skates would lead to disaster.

But the Dutch are quite equal to teaching any competent observer useful lessons. While it is true that they do not always hold their own in the international races, it is equally true that the average Dutch skater can go at a much quicker pace than the average English skater. On smooth ice a strong Englishman would have a fair chance, but on a trip, say of fifteen miles along one of the big canals, over all kinds of ice, good, bad, or indifferent, the Hollander on his long runners would soon leave his rival hopelessly behind.

A long string of skaters with a pole under their arms can go with a pace and swing that are pleasant alike to participate in or to watch. We give in our illustration a specimen of how the wind is pressed into the



SKATING WITH THE WIND
AT SLIKKERVEER.

service of the sport. With the sail held as depicted in the engraving, not only can the skilful skater go before the wind and like the wind, but by clever manipulation of his sail he can make headway as close to the wind as a fine yacht.

The only figure that all skaters in Holland use is what is well called the Dutch roll, and it is a sight to see most of the sturdy men, and young women only a trifle less sturdy, engaged in this exercise. They indulge in none of those feeble curves ten or fifteen feet long, but they throw themselves off upon the right and left foot alternately in a curve of twenty-five or thirty feet, and go, even in this fashion, at a pace that is by no means deliberate. The Dutch roll is seen in the most picturesque way when done as shown in our illustration; and the writer's observation led him to conclude that wherever the youth of Holland of both sexes meet on the ice that is a very favourite figure.

The International meetings held under the auspices of the Dutch Skating Association took place at Slikkerveer last winter (1886-1887), and it is satisfactory to our

national pride to know that the races in both the amateur and professional contests were won by English Fen skaters.

Dordrecht, or, as it is usually called, Dort, is a pleasant journey by

boat, and a short easy trip by rail from Rotterdam. It is well situated upon an arm of the Maas, and seen from the window of the passing train presents glimpses of windmills and buildings that kindle the desire for



THE DUTCH ROLL.

closer inspection. Seen at close quarters, and with time for leisurely examination, it does not belie the distant promise. Dort is an ancient town, one of the oldest in Holland, going back to the tenth century. It

stands upon what is now an island, which was torn from the mainland by an inundation in 1421, of so formidable a character that it is said to have overwhelmed seventy-two villages and 100,000 human beings. It is a centre of the timber-trade, many of the great rafts which float down the Rhine from the German forests making their way thither. Most of the windmills which cluster so thickly around the railway bridge crossing the river are engaged in sawing up timber.



A VIEW IN DORT.

Dort is a delightful old town to stroll about. The variety of gables is quite as extensive as in any other Dutch town; the number of 'picturesque bits,' in the artistic sense, compressed into a small area, is very large; the huge ancient church tones and colours the landscape; and the river and numerous canals and waterways add to the charm.

The Great Church is a fine building, having a high square tower, a

prominent landmark for miles around ; but the interior is the most desolate and apparently ill-cared for of all the large Dutch cathedrals. There is a handsome pulpit, dating from 1756 ; but the chief treasure is some magnificent ancient oak-carving, executed in 1538-1540 by Jan Terwen, of Amsterdam. These carvings adorn a superb set of choir-stalls, and are approached only by the screen in the church at Hoorn. They are well worth a visit, but the lover of the antique will come away grieved. The carvings are fast perishing from lack of the most ordinary care. They bid fair to fall into utter wreck in a few years. There are not a few instances in Holland of splendid ancient treasures indifferently cared for. This is perhaps the worst, the next being the utter absence of anything like proper supervision and protection for the almost unique mediæval library in the chapter-house at Zutphen.

The historic associations of Dort are prominently theological, not because theology is there more zealously studied than elsewhere, but because of the great Synod of Dort, held in 1618 and 1619. What the Council of Nicæa was to the Church of the fourth century, what the Augsburg Assembly was to the Lutheran, the Synod of Dort was to the Reformed Calvinistic Church. It is neither fitting, nor is there space in the present work, for any lengthy sketch of that fateful Assembly. But we can hardly mention Dort without a glance at it.

We have already referred in the Hague chapter to Olden Barneveld, and in the Leyden chapter to Arminius, both of whom were concerned in the series of events leading up to the Synod. It was due to a combination of religious and political influences. High Calvinism had been the backbone of the Dutch Reformation movement, and it had supplied much of the zeal, endurance, and enthusiasm that had brought the Netherlands victoriously through the conflict with Spain. In 1591 it was settled that all the ecclesiastical officers should be appointed in the different municipalities by a commission, consisting of four members selected by the churches and four selected by the magistrates in each district. This plan soon fell into abeyance, and in 1612 Olden Barneveld succeeded in partially reviving it. The struggle that ensued was but a phase in the ceaseless conflict for supremacy between the civil and the sacerdotal power. The Dutch magistrates as a rule sympathised with the teaching of Arminius ; the great bulk of the preachers held with Gomarus. The controversy touched every city and village and family in the land. When, on the death of Arminius, Conrad Vorstius, a well-known advocate of his views, was appointed to his chair in the University of Leyden, the opposition was so fierce that not only was Vorstius prevented from discharging the duties of the chair, but James I. of England must needs hector the States, and order the writings of Vorstius to be burnt, both at St. Paul's and at Oxford and Cambridge. Ultimately, those preachers who held Arminius to be right met, and drew up a Remonstrance, which they addressed to the States of Holland, and

in which they repelled the charge that they were seeking change in Divine service, or that they were on the side of tumult and schism. They set forth their views under the famous Five Points.¹

I. God has from eternity resolved to choose to eternal life those who through His grace believe in Jesus Christ, and in faith and obedience so continue to the end, and to condemn the unbelieving and unconverted to eternal damnation.

II. Jesus Christ died for all; so, nevertheless, that no one actually except believers is redeemed by His death.

III. Man has not the saving belief from himself, nor out of his free will; but he needs thereto God's grace in Christ.

IV. This grace is the beginning, continuation, and completion of man's salvation; all good deeds must be ascribed to it, but it does not work irresistibly.

V. God's grace gives sufficient strength to the true believers to overcome evil; but whether they cannot lose grace should be more closely examined before it should be taught in full security.

Later on, with regard to the last point, they declared that a true believer might, through his own fault, fall away from God and lose faith.

The dominant ecclesiastical party met this statement of belief by a Contra-Remonstrance, and the two contending sections became famous for the future in ecclesiastical history as Remonstrants and Contra-Remonstrants. The latter party required Seven Points to set forth their views on the burning questions of the day. They were as follows:—

I. God has chosen from eternity certain persons out of the human race, which in and with Adam fell into sin, and has no more power to believe and convert itself than a dead man to restore himself to life, in order to make them blessed through Christ; while He passes by the rest through His righteous judgment, and leaves them lying in their sins.

II. Children of believing parents, as well as full-grown believers, are to be considered as elect so long as they with action do not prove the contrary.

III. God in His election has not looked at the belief and the repentance of the elect; but, on the contrary, in His eternal and unchangeable design, has resolved to give to the elect faith and steadfastness, and thus to make them blessed.

IV. He to this end, in the first place, presented to them His only-begotten Son, whose sufferings, although sufficient for the expiation of all men's sins, nevertheless, according to God's decree, serve alone to the reconciliation of the elect.

V. God causes the Gospel to be preached to them, making the same, through the Holy Ghost, of strength upon their minds; so that they do not

¹ This statement of the Five Points and the Seven Points is taken from Motley's *John of Barneveld*, vol. I. p. 384.

merely obtain power to repent and to believe, but also actually and voluntarily do repent and do believe.

VI. Such elect, through the same power of the Holy Ghost, through which they have once become repentant and believing, are kept in such wise that they indeed, through weakness, fall into heavy sins, but can never wholly and for always lose the true faith.

VII. True believers from this, however, draw no reason for fleshly quiet, it being impossible that they who through a true faith were planted in Christ should bring forth no fruits of thankfulness; the promises of God's help and the warnings of Scripture tending to make their salvation work in them in fear and trembling, and to cause them more earnestly to desire help from that Spirit without which they can do nothing.

The Contra-Remonstrants demanded that the points at issue between them and their opponents should be settled either by a National Synod or by securing the judgment of foreign universities, after mutual agreement to abide by that judgment. It is difficult to appreciate fully the extraordinary way in which this controversy convulsed the nation. 'In burghers' mansions,' writes Motley, 'peasants' cottages, mechanics' back-parlours, on board herring smacks, canal boats, and East Indiamen; in shops, counting-rooms, farm-yards, guard-rooms, ale-houses; on exchange, in the tennis-court, on the mall; at banquets, at burials, christenings and bridals; wherever and whenever human creatures met each other, there was ever to be found the fierce wrangle of Remonstrant and Contra-Remonstrant, the hissing of red-hot theological rhetoric, the pelting of hostile texts.'

In a sense, too, it became a war of classes; the burghers and magistrates, generally, being on the Arminian, the bulk of the people and the great majority of the preachers Calvinistic. Finally, in November, 1617, Prince Maurice called a Synod, which met at Dort in November, 1618. It was presided over by John Bogerman, 'with fierce, handsome face, beak and eye of a bird of prey, and a deluge of curly brown beard reaching to his waist.' On April 23rd, 1619, the canons were sealed by all members of the Synod. By these, all who held Arminian views were branded as heretics, schismatics, and teachers of false doctrines; they were declared incapable of filling any religious or academical post. The Arminians were further condemned to banishment unless prepared to sign the canons of the Synod. Some measure of the slow degrees with which men moved towards full religious toleration is shown by the fact that a generation which had only just been delivered from the iniquities of the Spanish Inquisition could, almost in the first exercise of its freedom, submit to the sway of religious bigotry and the persecuting spirit to the extent manifested in the discussion leading up to the Synod, the treatment of the Arminian party in the course of its sessions, and the canons to which it finally set its seal.

Nowadays Dort looks so peaceful and so far removed from all the

strong currents of religious and political thought, that only by a strong exercise of the imagination one can picture it as the scene and centre of a great theological strife. It is certainly much more restful to eye and heart and mind to wander through the quaint streets, or by the beautiful canals of the Dort of to-day, than to attempt to follow in any fulness the history of that great event in Church History with which the ancient town is associated for all time.



AN OLD DOORWAY IN DORT.

Connected as Dort thus is by many links with the ancient history, the natural convulsions, the feudal privileges, and the theological controversies of Holland, the town has also a part in the story of the nation's art. Here were born, and here for the most part lived and worked, Jacob Cuyp and his greater son, Albert, whose landscapes, as any Londoner may see by a visit to the Dulwich or National Gallery, exhibit a glorious power of painting light ; Ferdinand Bol, one of the chief of Rembrandt's pupils, and

one of Holland's best portrait painters ; Nicholas Maes, whose picture of the Dutch housewife is one of the treasures of the National Gallery, and Gottfried Schalken, who delighted in painting faces lit up by candles and artificial light.

The main line from Rotterdam to Flushing and Antwerp runs through Dort, and, about twelve miles to the south of the town, necessitated one of the great engineering feats of the country. The inundation which in 1421 made the site of Dort an island, formed at this point a great arm of the

sea, now called Hollandsch Diep. It is over a mile and a half wide, but comparatively shallow. In May, 1868, a bridge over this waterway was begun, and in November, 1871, completed. By building out piers on either side the actual length of the bridge was reduced to a little under a mile. This stretch of water is crossed by fourteen arches, each with a span of 110 yards, and fifteen feet above the water at high tide. The bridge cost nearly £500,000, and required 1170 tons of iron and steel. And yet, while this is larger than most, it is only one of a multitude of similar works in this—from the point of view of a civil engineer—wonderful little country. Crossing this bridge by train combines the advantages of a land journey with the impression of being out at sea; inasmuch as when the train is about the centre the nearest land is three-quarters of a mile away.

All trains from Rotterdam to either the Hague or Amsterdam on the Rhine Railway pass through Gouda. It is a town of nearly 20,000 inhabitants, and a place of some importance. Very few travellers stop there except those who go on business; but those who do have no reason to regret it. Like its neighbours, Gouda possesses canals lined with trees, a fish market, and a market-place. The most conspicuous building in the latter is a clean and attractive Town Hall. But the chief glory of the place is the old painted glass in the Great Church. The building was destroyed by fire in 1552, and on reconstruction it became fashionable for princes, and towns, and people of wealth to present stained-glass windows for its adornment. It is rich in having twenty-nine large and thirteen small windows of this kind. Many of them are fine examples of this branch of art. One window—a Last Supper—presented by Philip II., contains a portrait of the man who would rather have tortured all his subjects to death than have allowed them to worship God in the full liberty and light of New Testament teaching. His features are a strange adornment of a church. His life was a strange contrast to that desired by Him to whose glory the church was dedicated, and whose law of life is, 'Do unto others as ye would that they should do to you.'



SOUTH BEVELAND COSTUMES.

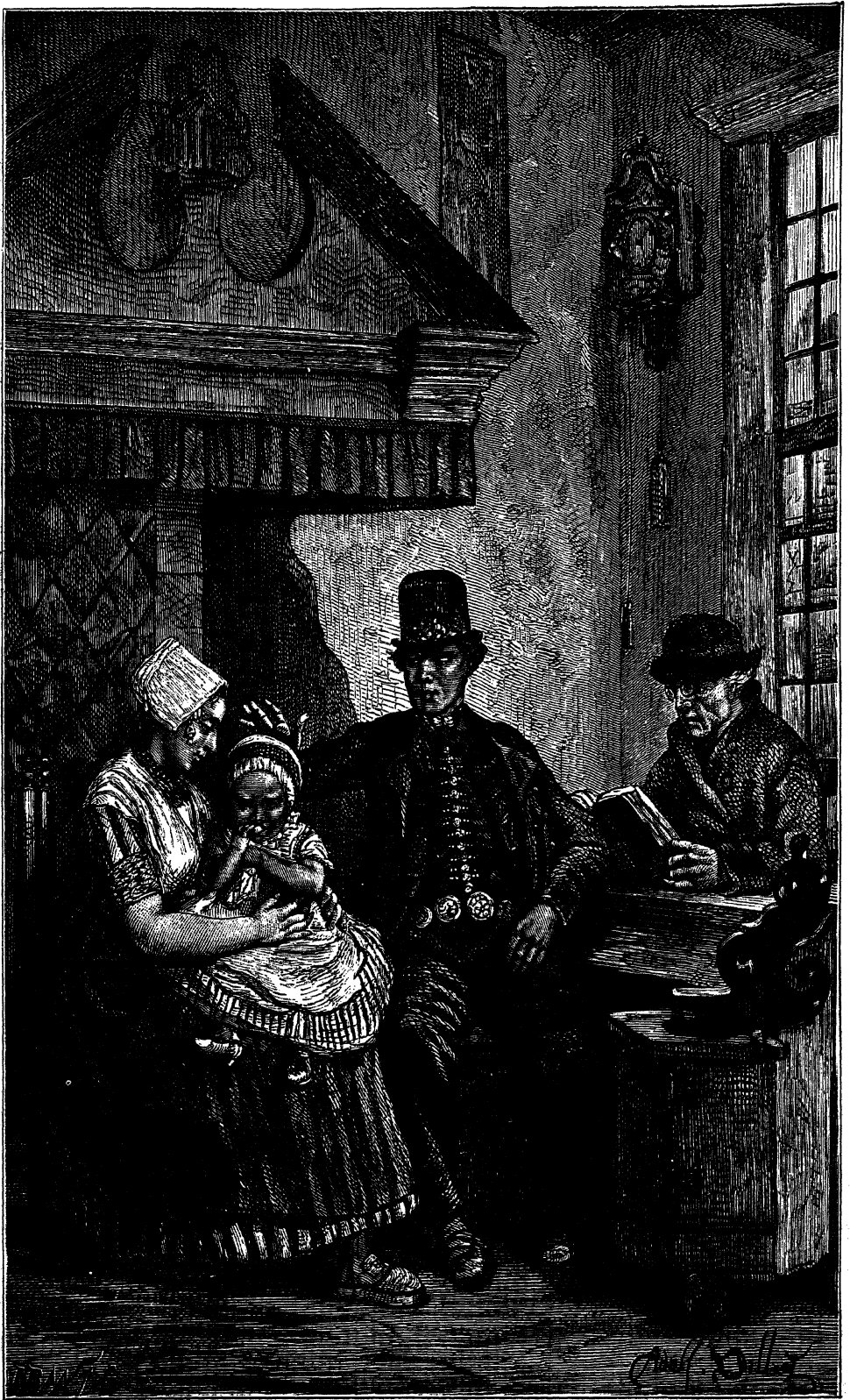
CHAPTER X.

ZEELAND.



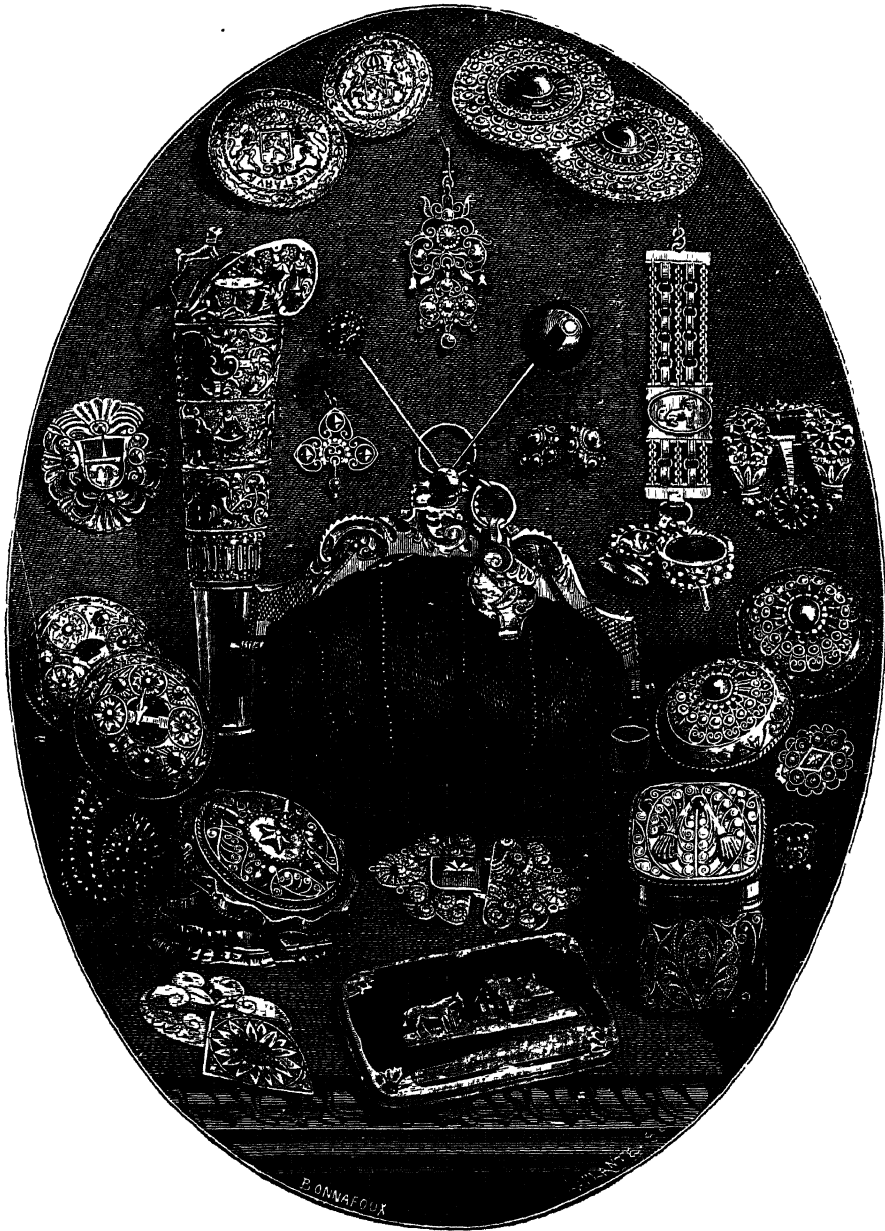
GOING TO CHURCH IN ZEELAND.

ZEELAND is a province comprising nine islands occupying the south-west corner of Holland, the most important being Walcheren, Schouwen, North and South Beveland and Tholen. The ancient heraldic symbol of a swimming lion, and the motto *Luctor et Emergo*, aptly describe the province. More than most districts of Holland is it exposed to the subtle power and devastating force of the sea; more fiercely than other regions did it fight in the great war of independence. The pro-



AN INTERIOR, ISLAND OF WALCHEREN.

vince owes its origin in all probability to the alluvial deposits of the Scheldt, which here makes its way into the North Sea. The greater part of such land as there is lies considerably below the sea-level, and is protected from



ZEELAND JEWELLERY.

the ocean by some 300 miles of dykes. The land thus protected is very fertile, very well cultivated, yielding large crops of wheat and other grains.

And yet the struggle between human defensive skill and the destructive power of the sea is ever going forward. 'Penelope's web,' writes Havard,

'is unceasingly woven here. The green fields, the meadows, the cities and villages, the villas and the rustic dwellings are all built upon a bottomless gulf, an abyss, which some day or other will yawn and close again, after it has swallowed trees and houses, peasants and cattle, and substituted blank desolation for these Fortunate Isles. The terrible *val*,¹ that mysterious canker which eats away the life of this country, is awful to think of. One day the traveller may pass by a green expanse with a flourishing farmhouse; horses are neighing, children playing, the trees are bending beneath their weight of fruit, and the sweet-smelling hay has been made into round stacks. On the following day everything will have disappeared without leaving a trace. The soil has sunk away; the sea-green water gurgles tranquilly in its place.'

It is, of course, not maintained that this is an every-day occurrence; but it is a risk more or less present in almost every part of the province. During a fierce tempest in 1530, in what is now the broad estuary of the Scheldt, in one night an island containing *twenty* villages disappeared for ever. In 1873 the polder of Borselen, covering an area of thirty-one acres, suddenly sank into the waters. Notwithstanding all the labour and skill and wealth expended upon the maintenance of Zeeland at certain points, such as North Beveland and in the Veere district, the sea is constantly working mischief.

Zeeland contains some splendid old towns, like Middelburg, Veere, and Zierikzee; the peasants dress in costumes which appear very curious to an English eye, but which—seen in their natural surroundings—strike one as appropriate and harmonious; the face of the country also is unlike anything else in Europe. At first, like the Spaniards of old, we may be inclined to wonder what the Zeelanders can see in their land to make it worth the enormous sums spent on its preservation. But as we become more familiar with it, our respect will grow for those who have turned such barren wastes into fertile lands, and whose love for their country bears some proportion to the sacrifices their fathers have made for it in the past.

Flushing, now, as in the sixteenth century, is one of the chief ports for English traffic with the Continent. It is by no means the town in Zeeland best worth visiting, but it deserves more attention than it gets. It is difficult to understand why it has never become a great port. It seems, if anything, more favourably situated than either Antwerp or Rotterdam, and yet it has, on the whole, never been so prosperous as its nearest neighbour, Middelburg. In the sixteenth century it was the port of embarkation for Spain; and here, when Philip II. left the Netherlands never to return, the famous parting took place between him and William the Silent. The king attacked William for opposing his policy, and when Orange replied that it was the action of the States, who were defending their ancient rights, the baffled despot cried: 'No! no! not the States, but you, you!' With true

¹ The word *val* is derived from *vallen*, to sink, and is used to denote this sudden destruction by water.

prescience he recognised in the man to whom he spoke the most dangerous force in opposition to his will.

Flushing naturally from its position has produced an illustrious band of seamen, foremost among whom is the great De Ruyter, who was born here in 1607. A statue of him stands near the harbour. It owes little gratitude to England, for in the wars of the early part of this century it was bombarded and captured by the English fleet under Lord Chatham. One hundred houses, two churches, and the fine Town Hall were destroyed, this being the solitary and utterly useless achievement of one of the costly expeditions against the Isle of Walcheren.

Four miles from Flushing, and easily reached either by train, canal, or sail, is Middelburg, a beautifully clean, well-situated, and interesting old town. From early in the Middle Ages, it has been an important commercial town, and at one time the trade with Scotch merchants was very considerable. In 1572, after Flushing declared for the States, Middelburg, wealthy and prosperous, naturally preferred things as they were, and remained loyal to Spain. The Zeelanders laid siege to it, but it was not until 1574 that it yielded.

The Abbey is a group of ancient buildings, dating from various periods between the twelfth and fifteenth centuries. They have long since ceased to be used for ecclesiastical functions, and are now used for provincial business. The streets are irregular and exhibit a tendency to run in circles. Here and there you come upon fine old houses that have looked down upon Middelburg people and affairs for the last three or four hundred years. The people look good-tempered and prosperous, and many interesting Zeeland costumes are to be seen in the crowds passing along the streets, especially on a Sunday or a holiday.

By far the most imposing structure in the town is the Town Hall. For grace and elegance this building can hold its own against any similar structure in Europe. It stands well, occupying one side of the market-place, and a complete and fine view of its handsome façade is obtained from the opposite side of the place. It dates from 1468 to 1488, and is a fine example of Burgundian architecture. We give a good engraving of the building, which is worthy of careful attention as a good specimen of Dutch architecture at one of the best periods. In the façade there are no less than twenty-two doors and windows, ten on the ground-floor, ten on the first-floor, and two in the great gable on the left-hand side. All are decorated with carvings, and the first story windows are separated from each other by double niches, each containing two statues. There are in all five-and-twenty statues, representing the Counts of Holland and Zeeland. Between the first-floor windows and the roof is a mass of very rich panel ornamentation. In the roof are twenty-four small dormer windows, which give a very bright appearance to the structure. The great gable is handsomely adorned with pinnacles and niches, and from the right-hand corner of the façade rises a small tower with a balcony and a pinnacle. The whole façade is in wonderful preservation, and

is one of the most fascinating architectural sights in Holland. Towering aloft, and completing the structure, is the huge belfry, at first massive and square, and then in the higher portion octagonal in shape. This upper course is pierced and flanked by four lofty and slender turrets. The one feature open to criticism is the roof, which was added later, and may be thought in some measure out of harmony with the rest of the tower. In the belfry still hangs the old bell that used to summon the citizens either for counsel or to arms, which used to ring out the alarm when the reddened sky in the far distance denoted the approach of an enemy, or when smoke and

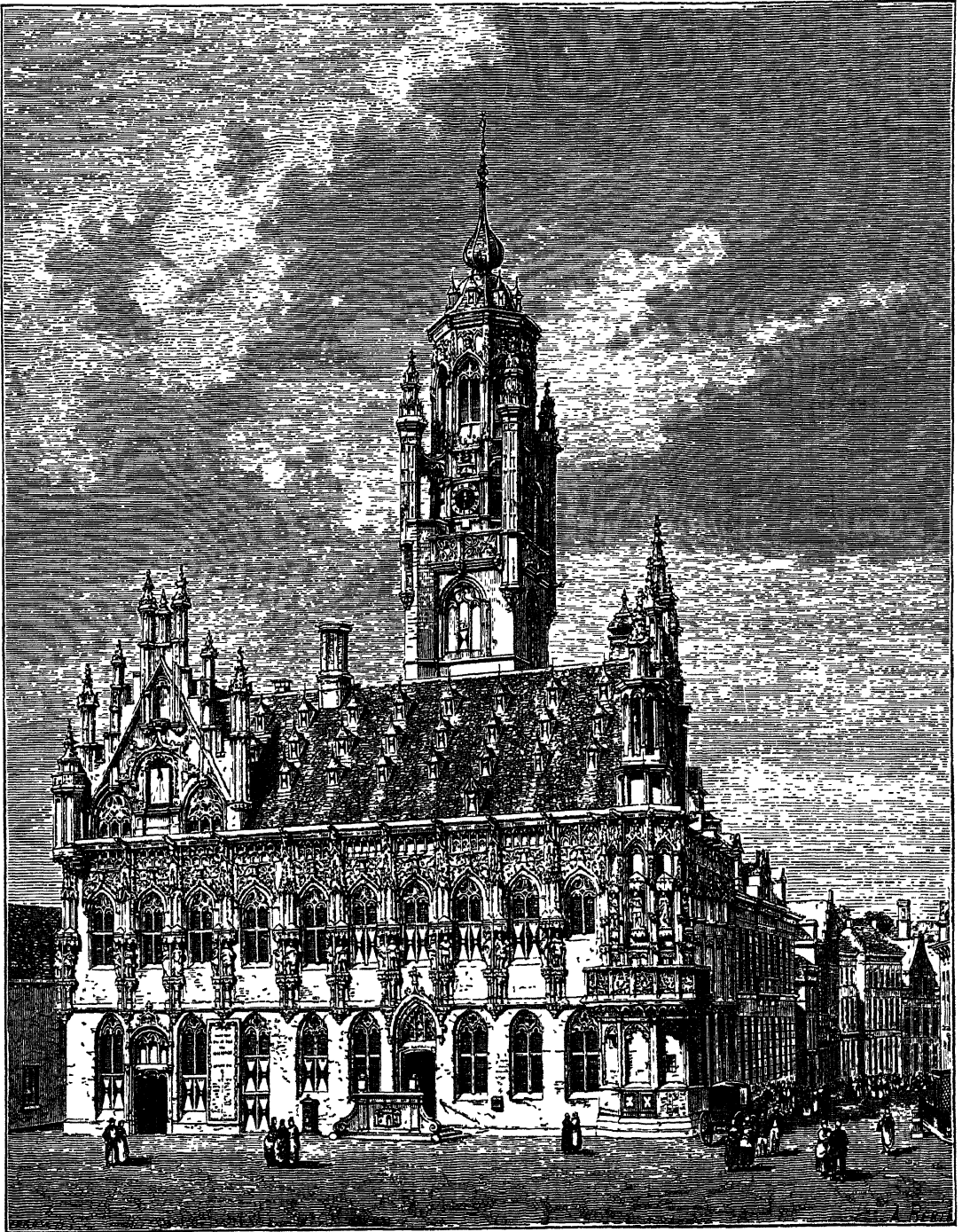
flame nearer home indicated the presence of fire—one of the deadliest of foes in the old Dutch towns. The Town Hall contains some fine old rooms and a Museum filled with antiquities of Middelburg. Here are portraits of fourteenth and fifteenth-century merchants, naval heroes, such as Jan and Cornelius Evertsen, ancient goblets, furniture, carvings and archives, among the latter being the charter granted to Middelburg in 1253, said to be the most ancient existing deed in the Dutch language.



THE DOME, MIDDELBURG.

No better point of view for the study of Zeeland life can be found than the square in front of the great Stadhuis. On ordinary days, the trains are bringing peasants in from distant parts; during fair time the square is crowded with stands, merry-go-rounds, throngs of men and women, boys and girls exhibiting perhaps not an over pleasant but yet characteristic phase of Dutch life. On Sunday throngs of people pass going to and from church—many of the women dressed in the black and blue skirts, the plaid shawl over the bosom, the extraordinary high sugar-loaf bonnet, curved over the nape of the neck, and over this curve, and hanging down the back, two

broad bands of blue ribbon ; many of the men dressed in hats that look



THE TOWN HALL, MIDDELBURG.

absurdly high because of the narrowness of their brims, and in jackets so short that they look as if full-grown men had adopted the coat peculiar to



THE TOWN HALL, VEERE.

the public schoolboy—or walk out for an afternoon or evening stroll; and even on days which are neither fairs, nor Sundays, nor market days, there are always enough people about to keep one in touch with the nineteenth century, although the splendid architectural pile looking down on us as it did on old Mondragon, or William of Orange, seems to carry us back to the far-off times and experiences of the sixteenth century.

As you journey in the train from Middelburg towards Goes, away on the left rises the lofty spire of the great church in Veere. The name means 'a ferry,' and for ages Veere was known as Kampenveer, or the passage to Kampen. But one day Kampen, which is found figured on a manuscript map of as late date as

the fifteenth century, suddenly disappeared beneath the waters, and Kampenveer became simply Veere, with a wide arm of the sea instead of a narrow strait stretched out before it. In former days it was a centre of busy trade, but most of this has long since departed, and Veere, though in one of the busiest parts of Holland, is not unlike the sleepy towns on the western coast of the Zuyder Zee. The church is an enormous building in the best style of Gothic architecture; but it ceased long

since to serve the purposes for which it was built. It has been successively a church, a hospital, and a barrack.

The Town Hall can hold its own with the finest buildings of the kind in the Netherlands. It is in the best architectural style of this class of building, and has been well kept, notwithstanding the steady decay of the town. It was the work of a Burgundian architect, and was completed in 1474. It looks out over the now deserted streets of Veere, just as it looked over the busy and thriving streets when it was bright in all its newness. The four centuries have only added richness to its colouring and grace to its lines. The elaborate and curiously-compounded belfry was added in 1599. The statues in the niches on the façade are those of ancient marquises of Veere. The interior has some fine old rooms, and the great treasure preserved in it is the noted Cup of Veere, a goblet presented to the town in 1551 by the first marquis of Veere, Maximilian of Burgundy. It is said that in 1867, when this cup was exhibited in Paris, no less than £4000 was offered for it, but patriotically the burgomaster and aldermen refused to part with it.

In the register of marriages for July 2nd, 1608, the following interesting entry occurs:—‘Mr. Hugo Grotius, advocate-fiscal of Holland, Zeeland, and West Friesland, bachelor, of Delft, dwelling at the Hague, with Miss Maria Reygersburgh, spinster, of Veere.’ So it was in this ancient Zeeland city that Grotius wooed and won the wife whose readiness years later was to serve him in such good stead in his escape from Loevenstein.

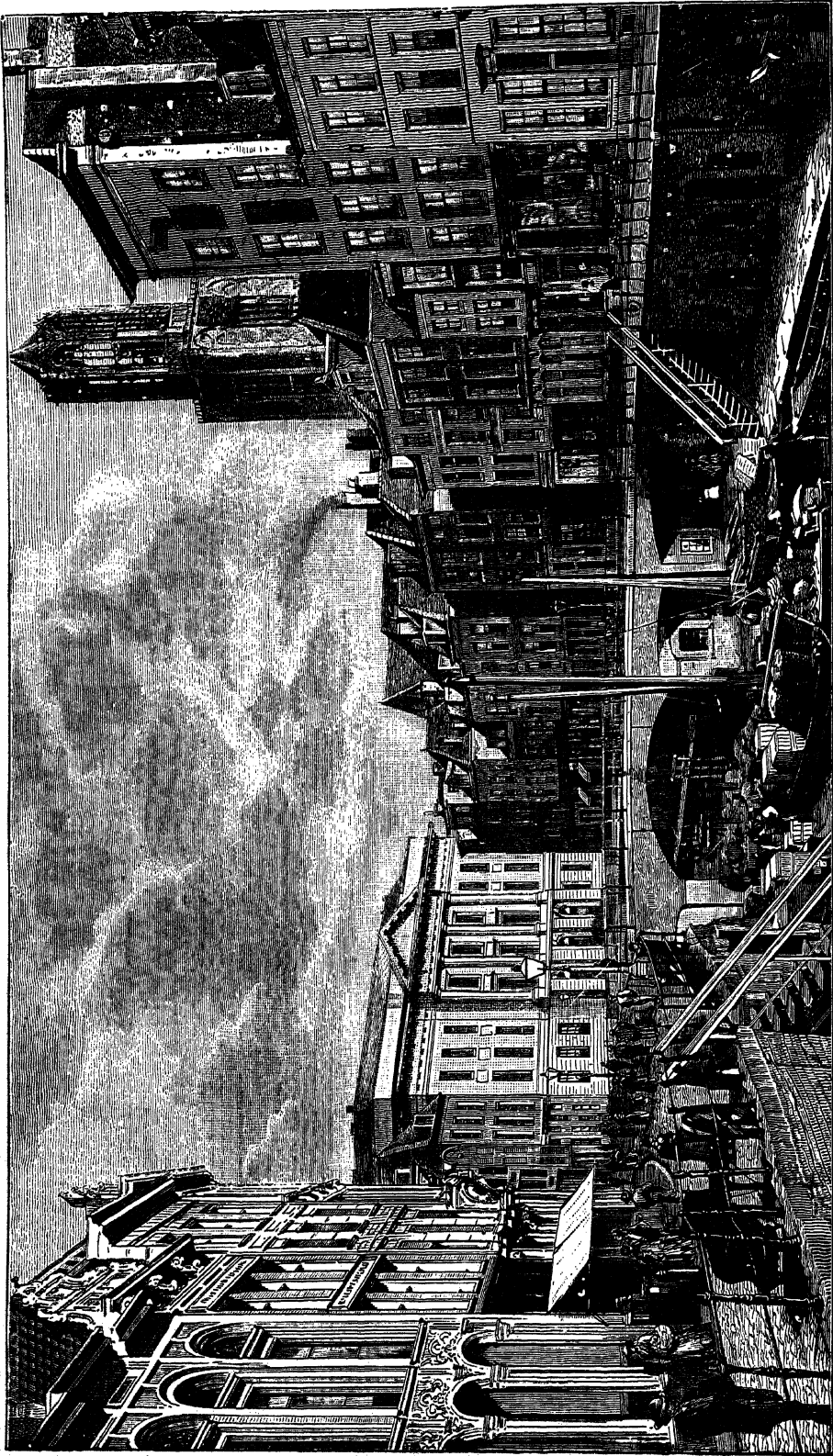
Zeeland was the scene of some of the most sanguinary fighting and daring exploits during the war resulting in Dutch freedom. Some of the finest feats of the ‘Beggars of the Sea’ were performed in this province, and some of the most indomitable and brilliant Spanish military enterprises were accomplished here. In 1575, the Spaniards resolved to capture Zierickzee, on the island of Schouwen. To do this it was necessary to cross one of these broad arms of the sea. As the Dutch commanded the waterway, the Spaniards, under two of their most famous leaders, Mondragon and Osorio d’Ulloa, planned an expedition to cross on foot at low water. Traitors had informed them that between Philipsland, an uninhabited island hard by Tholen, where the Spaniards were camped, and the island of Duiveland, a tongue of land stretched which could be waded during an ebb-tide. Once upon Duiveland, the creek separating that island from Schouwen could easily be crossed. Under the eye of the grand commander Requesens himself, the expedition set out upon one of the most dangerous marches ever undertaken by an army. It was the night of September 27th, 1575, and it was low water between four and five o’clock in the morning. Each man carried in a bag hung round his neck three days’ rations, two pounds of powder, and a pair of shoes. Don Osorio d’Ulloa followed the guides, and after him came, two by two, his little army. It was stormy,

and lightning flashed incessantly. The moon rose about twelve, and as it shone fitfully through the clouds, revealed the Zeeland fleet, through which they had to march, and also revealed their presence to the enemy. As they drew near the fleet, the cannon of the ships and the musketry of the crews opened upon them. 'At times,' writes Motley, 'they halted for breath, or to engage in fierce skirmishes with their nearest assailants. Standing breast-high in the waves, and surrounded at intervals by total darkness, they were yet able to pour an occasional well-directed volley into the hostile ranks. The Zeelanders, however, did not assail them with fire-arms alone. They transfixed some with their fatal harpoons; they dragged others from the path with boat-hooks; they beat out the brains of others with heavy flails. Many were the mortal duels thus fought in the darkness, and, as it were, in the bottom of the sea; many were the deeds of audacity which no eye was to mark save those by whom they were achieved.' Still, in spite of all impediments and losses, the Spaniards steadily advanced.

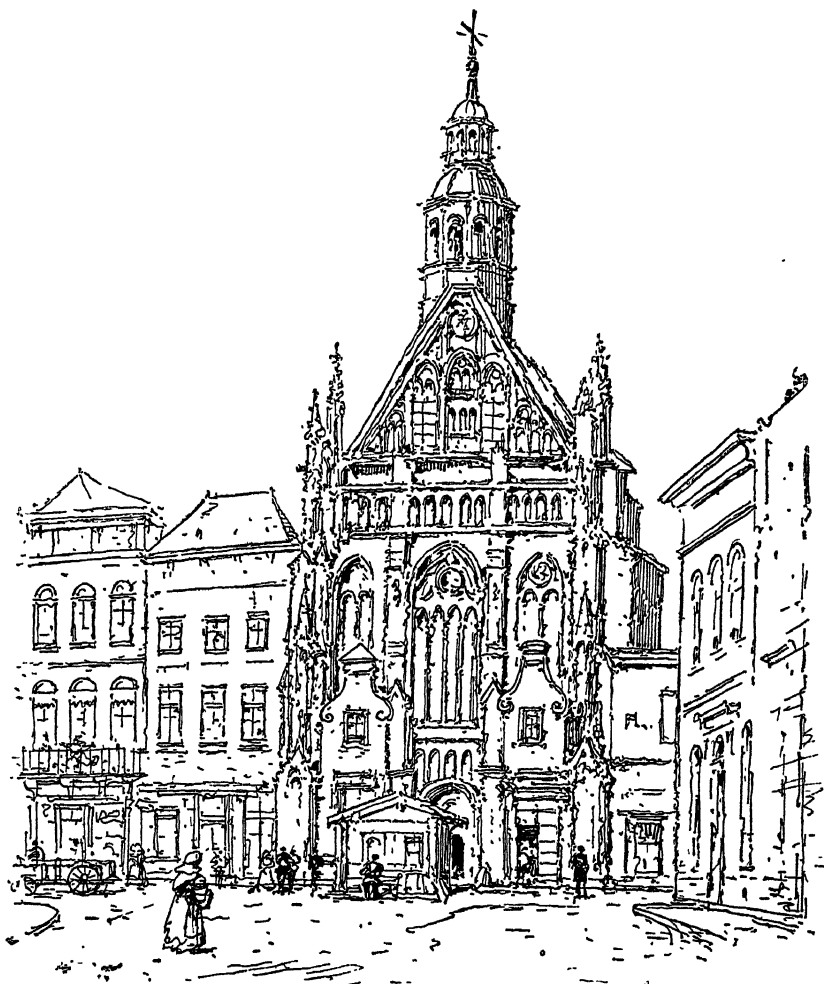
'The night wore on, and the adventurers still fought it out manfully, but very slowly, the main body soon after daylight reaching the opposite shore, having sustained considerable losses, but in perfect order. The following corps of pioneers were not so fortunate. The tide rose over them before they could effect their passage, and swept nearly every one away.'

Don Osorio pressed on, and effected a landing upon Schouwen, and after a lengthened siege, in June, 1576, Zierickzee surrendered upon honourable terms.

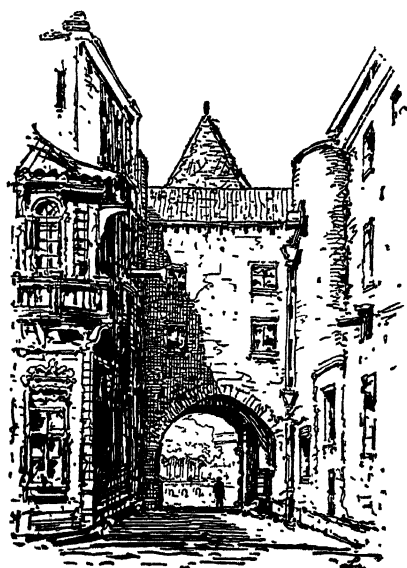
Zierickzee, according to a local legend, was founded in A.D. 849. It was a favourite residence of the Counts of Holland; and a noble church, of which now only the tower is standing, survived till 1832, when it was destroyed by fire. One of the most imposing buildings now to be seen is the Zuidhaven Poort, a large rectangular building, with a pointed gateway. Three centuries ago the town had a large fishing industry; now hardly a vessel leaves its port.



THE OUDE GRACHT, UTRECHT.



ST. ANTHONY'S CHURCH, s' HERTOGENBOSCH.



THE SABELSPOORT, ARNHEM.

CHAPTER XI.

UTRECHT AND THE SOUTHERN PROVINCES.

THE ancient episcopal city of Utrecht, which has given its name to one of the most ancient and historical provinces of Holland, possesses many features of interest. One cannot walk along the streets without being reminded of that long past into which its history stretches. The old cathedral tower, which dominates the curious and busy fish market, has stood there for over five centuries. The town in which it is so conspicuous

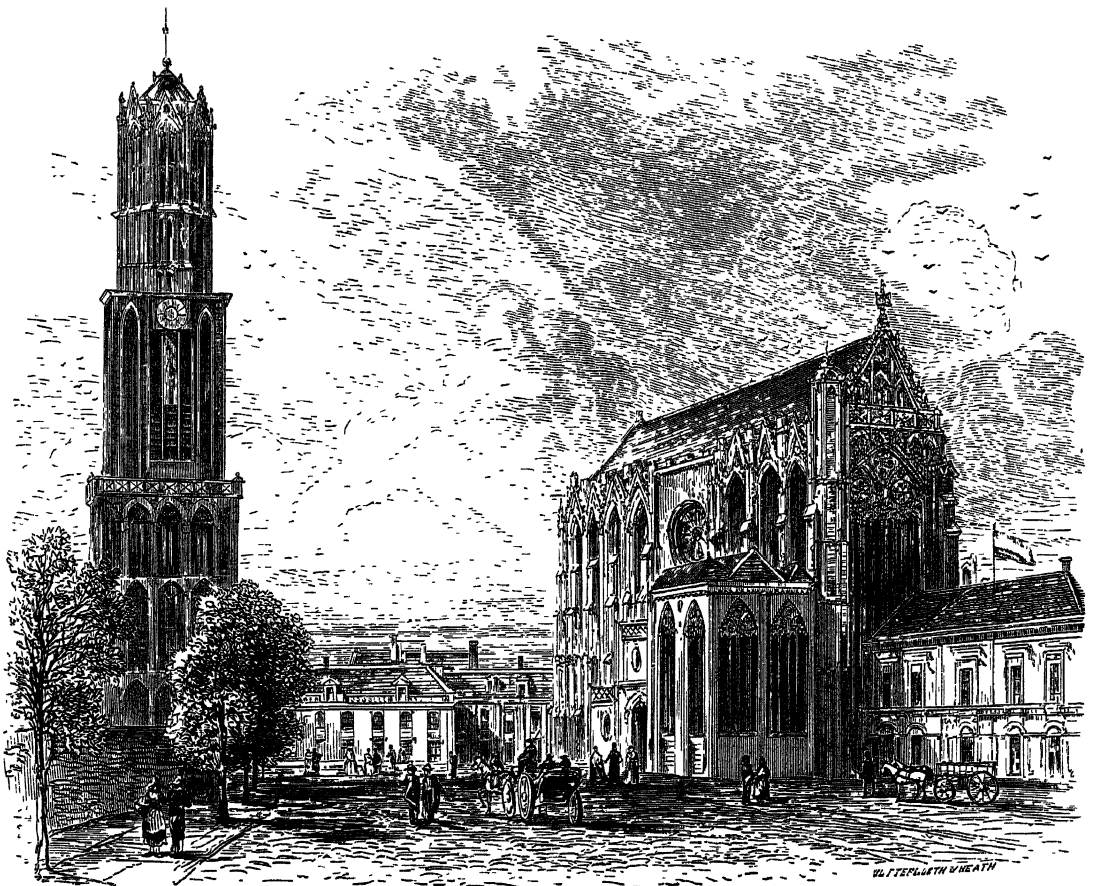
a landmark had been the seat of a bishopric for over six hundred years before that tower was built. In the early dawn of Netherland history, in the days when Roman legions were gradually bending the country beneath the yoke of the mighty empire, Utrecht is one of the few known and frequented spots now to be recognised. For centuries prior to the historic life of many Dutch towns, Utrecht took a prominent part in the political and religious life of the nation.

Utrecht was the site of the first Christian church in Friesland, and from the town destined in later days to be so famous, Christianity spread far and wide. The ecclesiastical associations which cluster so thickly around Utrecht date from the latter half of the eighth century, when Charles Martel, having in 750 defeated Poppo, the son of Radbod, the Frank, insisted upon the introduction of Christianity into that region. Radbod is the hero of the famous story connected with the conversion of the Frisians from paganism. He was just stepping into the water to be baptized, when it inopportunately occurred to him to ask, 'Where are my dead forefathers at present?' Bishop Wulfran, who was standing near, more ready than apt in his reply, said, 'In hell with all other unbelievers.' 'Then,' rejoined Radbod, promptly stepping out of the water, 'I will rather feast with my ancestors in the halls of Woden than dwell with your little starveling band of Christians in heaven.' Hence the need for force later on in the introduction of the Gospel. Prior to this, missionaries from Britain had begun the good work, and the monks Wilfrid and Willibrod had founded churches in Zeeland and North Holland. Charles Martel appointed Willibrod Bishop of all the Frisians, his episcopal home being at Utrecht. Around the bishopric wealth and political power gradually accumulated, until for centuries the Counts of Holland and the Bishops of Utrecht ranked as the greatest and most powerful nobles of this part of Europe.

Utrecht exerted an influence commensurate with her wealth and importance in the War of Independence. She suffered spoliation at the hands of Alva rather than submit to his arbitrary taxation. In 1579, the document known as the Union of Utrecht was signed there by representatives of the seven provinces, Holland, Zeeland, Utrecht, Gelderland, Overijssel, Friesland, and Groningen. These provinces bound themselves to offer a united resistance to foreign tyranny, and to develop as far as possible full civil and religious liberty in the Netherlands. Although not intended consciously and with deliberate forethought by the parties to this contract, the treaty nevertheless led directly to the formation of the Dutch Republic as a new, vigorous Power among the States of Europe. The States-General assembled at Utrecht until 1593, when the seat of government was transferred to the Hague.

In addition to possessing many buildings that testify to her great antiquity, Utrecht also exhibits many signs of a rich and prosperous life.

Evidences of wealth are not unfrequent, such as fine streets, well-built houses, and well-stocked, attractive shops. The two main thoroughfares are the Oude Gracht and the Nieuwe Gracht, that is, the Old and the New Canal. These canal-streets possess one very curious and not altogether attractive feature. They run through the town at a much lower level than usual, and have two roadways, one much below the level of the other. The upper one is lined with handsome buildings and fine shops. The lower one with cellars, and stores, and, in not a few cases, dwelling-houses. At



THE CATHEDRAL, UTRECHT.

intervals flights of steps descend from the higher to the lower roadway. On the whole, the effect is very picturesque; but the thought that a number of the inhabitants live so near to the uninviting waters of the canal is not pleasing.

Near the central part of the town, the Old Canal forms the fish market, and hard by is a narrow street turning out of it abruptly closed by the huge cathedral tower. Busy as the scene in the market generally is, and varied as are the faces and costumes to be seen there, the attractions

of the episcopal building prevail, and the visitor soon finds himself in the cathedral precincts. Here again, as in her canals, Utrecht possesses a speciality. The tower and the church at first seem to have no connection with each other. They stand apart on opposite sides of a large square. The puzzle is explained only when we learn that in 1674 a hurricane destroyed the nave, and the town has never since been wealthy or public-spirited enough to rebuild it. The tower and the east end of the cathedral survive; the nave has for ever gone. The cathedral was built about 1255, and was when complete one of the finest churches in Holland. The tower, originally 384 feet high, but now only 338 feet, was built in the latter part of the fourteenth century; it possesses a chime of forty-two bells, and affords from the summit, on a clear day, the most extensive view in Holland. 'Of what strange, surprising, terrible events,' writes Havard, 'has that tall stone giant been the witness! It has seen princes and bishops, emperors and kings, pass by its base. A hundred yards away from it a pope was born, and yet it has witnessed the destruction of the emblems of the old faith. After having summoned Romanists to the Mass, its bells have summoned Protestants to their services. Often has it looked down upon Olden Barneveld, as he came to rekindle the flagging ardour of his partisans; and not only does it cast its shadow over the tomb of the Princess Solms, the wife of the Stadtholder Frederick Henry, but at its feet Louis xiv., drunk with his greatness, in a day of madness there caused the Calvinistic Bible to be burnt. French bullets respected its arches; but in a night of tempest the nave was swept away. What a romance might be written with the title "The Souvenirs of a Cathedral Tower"!'

In the estrangement between Prince Maurice and Olden Barneveld, Utrecht sided with the latter, and there was for a time a probability that the province would support the Grand Pensionary by force of arms. The promptness and personal presence of Maurice turned the scale finally in his favour. Motley, in *John of Barnveld*, photographs for us the Utrecht of that day, that is, in 1618: 'There were few towns more elegant and imposing than Utrecht. Situate on the slender and feeble channel of the ancient Rhine as it falters languidly to the sea, surrounded by trim gardens and orchards, and embowered in groves of beeches and lime-trees, with busy canals fringed with poplars, lined with solid quays, and crossed by innumerable bridges; with the stately brick tower of St. Martin's rising to a daring height above one of the most magnificent Gothic cathedrals in the Netherlands; this seat of the Anglo-Saxon Willibrod, who 800 years before had preached Christianity to the Frisians, and had founded that long line of hard-fighting, indomitable bishops, obstinately contesting for centuries the possession of the swamps and pastures about them with counts, kings and emperors, was still worthy of its history and position.'

With a strong hand Maurice arrested all opposition. At 3 A.M. on the

morning of July 31st, 1618, 1000 infantry marched into the open space situated nearly in the centre of the city and known as the Neude Square. The municipal officials who supported Barneveld were ejected from office, and in less than a month the great statesman was in that prison which he left only for the scaffold.

In later days Utrecht became the head-quarters in Holland of the section within the Church of Rome who are known variously as the Jansenists, the Old Catholics and the Church of Utrecht. The founder of the sect was Cornelius Jansen, who was born, in 1585, at Leerdam in Holland, educated at Utrecht and Louvain, and finally became Bishop of Ypres in Belgium. He held his see for only six months, being carried off by the plague in 1636. He left in manuscript at his death a work called *Augustinus*, which was afterwards published and condemned by a bull of Alexander VII., in 1656, for the views expressed in it on the necessity for Divine grace in salvation. In 1713, Clement XI., by the bull *Unigenitus*, suppressed the Jansenists in France. The bull had no power over the Church in Holland which appointed a new Bishop of Utrecht, and since that time the Jansenist Church has formed a separate communion in Holland, with its headquarters at Utrecht. They claim to be the true Roman Catholics, holding the faith and following the discipline of the Church as these were before the later Jesuit corruptions in both were introduced. They repudiate the bulls of Alexander VII. and Clement XI.; they adhere to the Augustinian doctrine of grace; and, what is probably a much more serious matter in the judgment of the Vatican, they hold that chapters can elect their own bishops, and bishops consecrate others, without the confirmation of the Pope. Their adherents at the present day number about 6000.

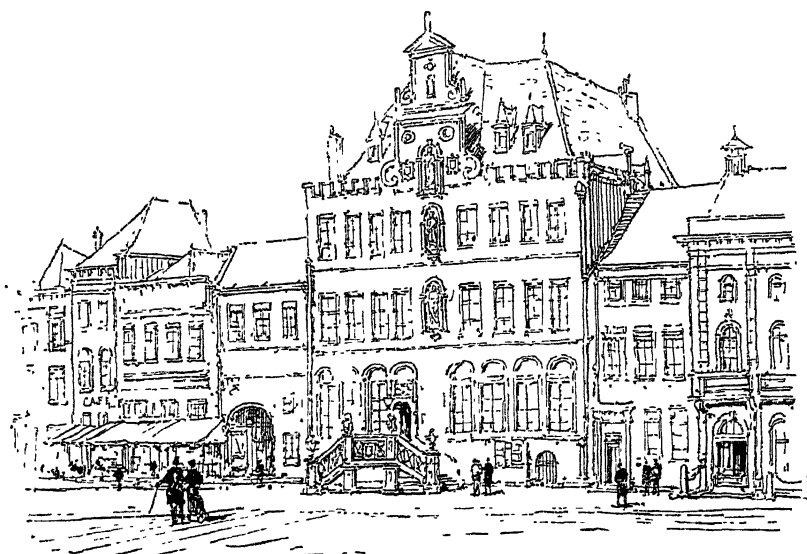
In the Archiepiscopal Museum a fine collection of illustrations of different branches of ancient ecclesiastical art has been brought together; the Town Hall also possesses a museum which is rich in Utrecht antiquities.

Our space does not permit us to dwell at any length upon the other southern provinces. To any one who has journeyed through North Holland and Friesland they present a strange appearance. Here the Roman Catholics are in the great majority, and the affinities are much stronger with Belgium than the other parts of Holland. The country is more picturesque and undulating, especially at parts along the Rhine Valley. Our pictures will consist of a few hasty glances at Bergen-op-Zoom, Breda, s' Hertogenbosch, Nymegen, and Arnhem.

Bergen-op-Zoom, or, as the name means, 'the hill by the Zoom,' is an ancient town, inhabited now by about 10,000 people. It was for centuries the capital of a little province not finally absorbed into Holland till 1801. Like so many of its neighbours, Bergen witnessed some of the doughty deeds of the Spanish War. It was in the Scheldt, just opposite the town, that in 1574 the Grand Commander, Requesens, collected the fleet with which

he hoped to relieve Middelburg, then being besieged by the States. But his fleet had hardly cleared the port when the Dutch fleet met it, and after a fierce struggle captured fifteen ships, slew 1200 Spaniards, and drove the rest of the Armada back to Bergen. The famous Spanish chieftain, Julian Romero, threw himself into the sea, swam to the dyke where Requesens was standing—with what feelings can be well imagined—and coolly said: 'You knew that I was not a seaman, but only a land soldier; it is not surprising that we have lost this fleet, for if they gave us a hundred we should lose them all.' Requesens replied in a strain that may be thought to savour rather of superstition than common sense: 'Let us thank God. The fault of this disaster rests neither with you nor with these brave men; it is to be imputed only to our sins.'

The Prince of Parma, in 1588, lost 1500 men in an abortive attempt to seize the town. In 1747 the French captured it, accomplishing by that deed what was considered to be a very brilliant feat of arms.



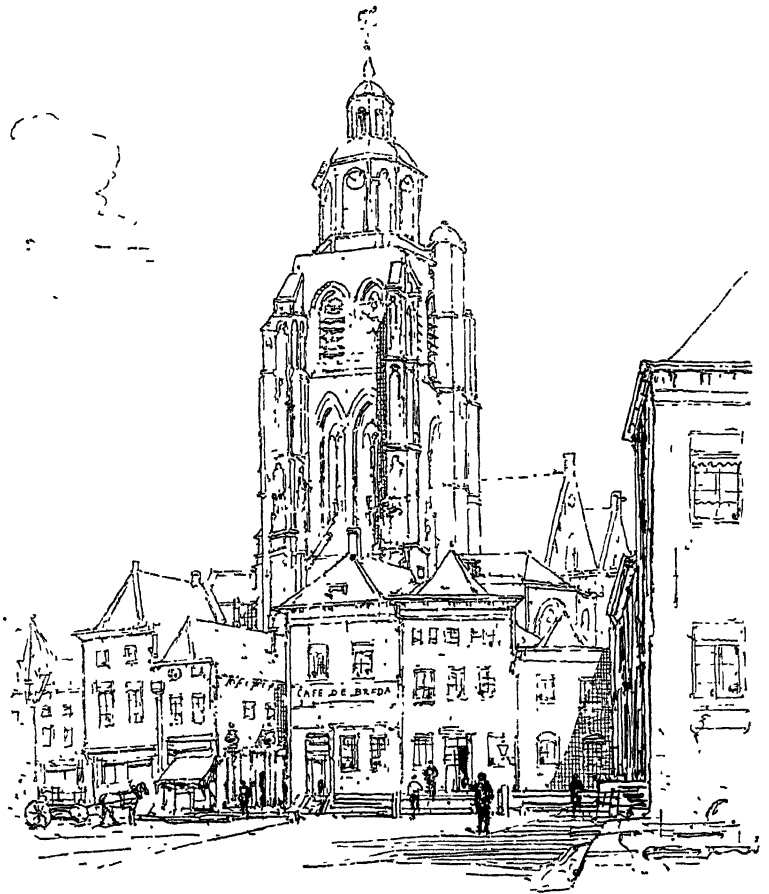
FAÇADE OF TOWN HALL, BERGEN-OP-ZOOM.

The military vicissitudes to which Bergen has been exposed have left their mark upon its buildings. The great square is adorned by the old church, dating from the fifteenth century, but which has long been in a ruined condition. In 1587 it was used as a barrack. Restored to religious uses, during the siege of 1747 the greater part of it was burnt. On another part of the square fronts the Town Hall, a modest building, not to be compared with many of its neighbours, but with the proud inscription, justified by history, *Mille periculis supersum*.

Breda, like Bergen-op-Zoom, is noted for the military exploits associated with it. One of the bravest, most successful, and most characteristic of Dutch warlike enterprises, was the recapture of Breda in 1590. A boatman, who was in the habit of supplying the Castle with turf, suggested that by means of his boat enough men might be smuggled in to capture the town. Seventy men, commanded by Captain Heraugiere, were packed into the hold of a canal boat one cold February night. The wind was adverse, and

from Monday night till Thursday morning they lay packed in like herrings. It being absolutely necessary to recuperate, they went ashore at a lonely spot, obtained refreshment, and embarked again. On Saturday afternoon they were admitted through the booms, and then success or death must be their fate. An officer came on board, chatted with the two boatmen, entered the cabin, those in the hold being able to see him through the partition and hardly daring to breathe. To add to their misfortunes, as the boat made her way to the harbour she began to leak, and the pumps had to be kept going lest she should sink.

It had been bitterly cold, and as soon as she was moored crowds came for the fuel. The coughs which sitting in the cold water had brought on were drowned by opportune use of the pumps. The skipper was quite at his ease, joking his acquaintances, chaffing the buyers, and keenly on the watch to keep enough of his turf to cover the conspirators. At last he gave the workmen some money, bade them go and spend it and finish the work the next morning. The servant of the captain of the guard



THE GREAT CHURCH, BERGEN-OP-ZOOM.

lingered, complaining that the turf was not so good as usual. 'Ah!' said the skipper, 'the best part is underneath. This is expressly reserved for the captain. He is sure to get enough of it to-morrow.'

At midnight Heraugiere with his men crept out of the boat and divided into two bands. He led one to attack the guard-house; the other went to seize the arsenal. Both were entirely successful. Seized with panic, the 350 Spaniards fled before the 70 Hollanders. In the morning the Dutch troops were admitted, and Breda at once surrendered. Thus completely successful

was one of the boldest feats of enterprise and endurance of the sixteenth century. Though greatly changed from its sixteenth-century appearance, the Castle, which was thus cleverly captured, still stands.

Breda is a pleasant little town, possessing only one architectural treasure of any magnitude, namely, the Cathedral. The Reformers and the French Republican troops stripped the church of most of its ornaments. There remains, however, one noted monument, that erected to Engelbert II., of Nassau, one of Charles v.'s favourites, and his wife, Maria of Baden. It is a fine example of Renaissance art. Above the sarcophagus, four kneeling figures in Italian alabaster, representing Cæsar, Hannibal, Regulus, and Philip of Macedon, support a slab on which is placed the armour of the count. The church is rich in other tombs, and in the choir are to be seen carvings devoted to the not uncommon object of satirising the monks. Breda has been the scene of several important diplomatic gatherings. In 1575 the ambassadors of Spain and the States met there, and in 1667 the treaty between France, England, Holland, and Denmark was signed there.

S' Hertogenbosch, or, as it is more generally called by its French name, Bois-le-Duc, is the capital of North Brabant, a somewhat sleepy, but yet interesting town to look in on for a few hours. The great Church of St. John is a very ancient and very interesting Gothic building, and ranks with the finest in the Netherlands. The town is almost wholly Roman Catholic. St. Anthony's Church is another interesting edifice, but will not compare with the great cathedral.

When chatting over travelling in Holland, the Dutch people almost unanimously say, 'You must see Arnhem. Go to Arnhem.' One gets the idea that Arnhem is a kind of earthly Paradise. And so it is in a sense. But to the English eye, although there is much of beauty in the landscape, it represents exactly what one does not go to Holland to see—a region that in many respects resembles some of the prettiest English scenery in Surrey or Sussex. It is undulating, well-wooded, watered by the Rhine, a land of hills and valleys, and hence presents many and marked contrasts to such districts as Alkmaar or Zeeland, Haarlem or Groningen. One can readily understand why the wealthy Dutch merchants like to retire and take their ease at Arnhem, and why Dutch people seeking holiday, rest, and change, love to go there. But, save that beautiful country is always delightful to look upon, we should be disposed to say to all who visit Holland in search of what is characteristic—Leave Arnhem until the last!

That it is beautiful none after seeing it will be hardy enough to deny. How could a town built along the sloping bank of a great river, and that river the Rhine, with a wide expanse of fertile land stretching away for miles beyond the other bank of the river, with a view down the valley for miles, along which the course of the great stream can be traced, as a broad silver band gleaming in the sunlight, be other than lovely? Few experiences

are pleasanter than to sit in the grounds of the Musical Society, on the high land overlooking the Rhine, listening to beautiful music, and gazing out over a seemingly limitless landscape, flooded in the warm glowing light of a summer sunset.

Arnhem presents at every turn signs of wealth and culture. The streets are lined in some parts with good shops, whose windows are filled with costly and attractive articles, and in others by houses presenting to the passer-by many evidences of comfort and often of luxury. Good carriages roll through the streets, and many of the pedestrians in appearance and dress show that they belong to the leisured class of society.

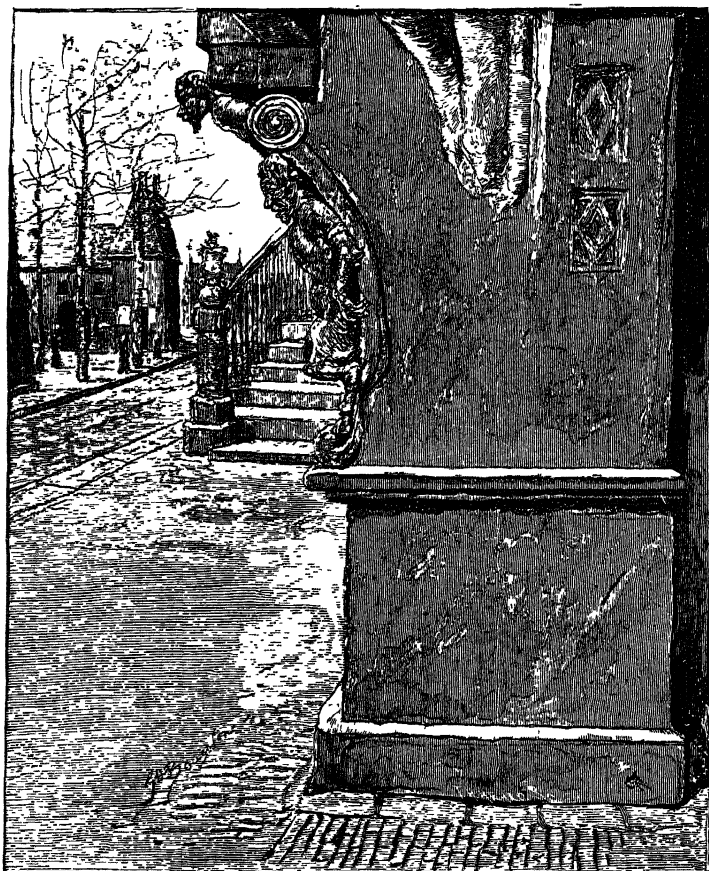
The town is not rich in buildings, nor are the historical associations connected with it of any great moment. It impresses one as a thriving nineteenth-century town, far more intent upon ministering to the needs and pleasures of this generation than in commemorating the deeds of the past. And yet it is one of the oldest towns in the Netherlands. It is supposed by many to be the *Arenacum* of the Romans. It is the ancient capital of Gelderland, and in the Great Church is to be seen the fine monument of Egmont, the last Duke of Gelders, who died three centuries and a half ago. This building stands in the Great Market, and has stood there ever since the year 1452. Young as it is compared with not a few sister churches, it has seen fourteen generations come and pass away. The interior of the church has suffered at the hands of time. The chief object of interest is the monument already referred to. Here, weary with the strife of life, humiliated and defeated, the duke found his lasting rest. The memorial to him is finely executed. Upon a black marble sarcophagus his effigy, fully armed, reclines. Lions and statues adorn the sarcophagus, and the effect of the whole is very fine. Suspended in the choir is another figure of the duke, kneeling, though why placed where it is and in such fashion no one seems to know.

Close to the church is the Town Hall, a building of very sinister aspect. The façade is adorned with a set of sculptures that readily convey through the eye a reason for the common name by which it is known, namely, the Devil's House. Originally it was the residence of a certain Maarten van Rossum, a soldier under the Charles van Egmont, who sleeps in the church, and a determined enemy of Charles v. It long remained uninhabited, and such unpleasing associations clustered around it, that no private inhabitant of Arnhem would face its terrors. But in process of time the old Town Hall was demolished, and the municipality did what no private citizen cared to risk, made the Devil's House its home. While examining the façade, the writer suddenly, on one occasion, found himself in the centre of a wedding cavalcade. The bride and bridegroom dashed up in their carriages to complete that part of the ceremony which, after Dutch custom, takes place before the burgomaster. It was a curious scene. A little crowd

of gazers, chiefly girls and women, had gathered. The bride and bridegroom, looking radiant and happy, came forth to begin the journey of life together from the building and doorway, over which grinning demons seemed to be keeping watch, and from which they appeared eager to ward off all comers. Fronting the building rises the great pile of the church, completing the cycle of association. If it be true that the powers of evil are not far from us even in the holiest and happiest relations of life, it is also true that God is 'not far from anyone of us,' and that the present sympathy and aid of the loving Saviour is the power by which we can overcome all evil with good.

Arnhem is rich in pleasant walks, and one of the most attractive is beyond the Great Market running along the banks of the Rhine. In all directions around the city are fine drives and gentlemen's country seats, many of them combining the splendours of the old château with the luxury of the modern country house of the best class.

A railway journey of about ten miles from Arnhem brings us to Nymegen, the *Castellum Noviamagum* of Cæsar. Like Arnhem, it owes much to the natural beauties of its site, lying



THE TOWN HALL, ARNHEM.

along a steep ridge upon the left bank of the Waal. Any one standing in the grounds of the Valkenhof, where to this day are to be seen some scanty remains of Charlemagne's church, looks over a beautiful landscape and sees spread out before him the famous island now known as Betuwe, or 'good meadow,' formerly familiar to Julius Cæsar as the home of the Batavian legions. Nymegen was a favourite residence of the Carolingian emperors. Strong by natural situation, and strongly fortified, it has stood many a siege, and has been often taken and retaken. But in the last few years the land formerly covered by its massive fortifications has been laid

out as public gardens and promenades, and as sites for streets of comfortable modern villas.

On the crown of the hill and in the centre of the town stands the market-place, where, as usual, the most prominent building is the Town Hall. Close by is the Great Church, dedicated to St. Stephen, and entered from the market by an ancient covered gateway. The building was begun so far back as 1272, but not finished till the fifteenth century. The tower is a most conspicuous object, especially when seen from the low ground on the opposite bank of the Waal. Indeed, it is from the other side of the river that Nymegen should be studied in order to appreciate fully the beauty of its situation. There is a convenient ferry, and near the landing-stage on the further side a very pretty tea-garden. Few experiences are pleasanter than to stroll down from the market-place by the narrow steep streets descending to the river, cross the ferry, take a comfortable seat in the gardens, and while sipping the fragrant cup, delight the eye with one of the fairest sights Holland can show. To the right is the fine railway bridge spanning the Waal in three great arches, immediately in front the irregular masses of brightly-coloured houses, roofs, and spires, the most prominent being the Great Church, although that is hardly pressed by its very modern neighbour, the new Roman Catholic Church; and then away to the left are the well-wooded grounds of the Valkhof, while running between with swift current are the broad yellow waters of the Waal.

In summer the gardens are well attended, and many pleasant family groups gather round the tables, showing that the charms of the situation are known and appreciated. It is also a little startling to find your request for a cup of tea answered by the appearance of a brass vessel with a fire smouldering in it, upon which a kettle is supposed to be boiling. Teapot, cup, and saucer, and tea are provided, and you can moderate the strength so as to meet fully personal desires. It is easier to do this, it may be noted in passing, than to be quite successful in getting the kettle to boil.

The Valkhof is associated with the great Charlemagne, and is now prettily laid out as a park and promenade. The view looking out over the Waal and the island Betuwe is very fine. The surrounding country is also very picturesque, and no more attractive hotel can be found in Holland than the Berg en Dal, about three-and-a-half miles from Nymegen, situated in the midst of very lovely country, with fine views of the Lower Rhine.

Holland, as already noted, has long been celebrated for its benevolent and philanthropic institutions. Nearly every town of any importance throughout the little kingdom contains a home for old men or old women, an orphanage, an institution for the blind or the crippled. On the elaborately adorned façades of the houses, in many cases, the decorative group that most readily attracts the eye is one showing that it adorns the

refuge for the respectable and aged poor, or for the lonely and helpless orphan. Among the many interesting and abiding impressions produced by a journey through Holland, none is more constantly deepened than this—that the people of Holland recognise fully the claims of the afflicted and needy, and do much in the way of meeting these responsibilities.

Some of these institutions are the result of the benefactions of past ages; but the philanthropic spirit is alive no less in the Holland of to-day. One of the most interesting of the recent benevolent enterprises is the orphanage at Neerbosch, near Nymegen, and a few lines devoted to a visit

there may serve to illustrate this phase of Dutch life and goodness.

From one side of the market-place in Nymegen the ground slopes abruptly to the river, and is occupied by a number of narrow, winding, unprepossessing streets. One of the dingiest of these is called Brouwerstraat. In this street twenty-four years ago stood a large roomy house, silent and unoc-



THE GREAT MARKET, NYMEGEN.

cupied, enjoying the reputation of being haunted. Mr. Van t' Lindenhout, an evangelist and colporteur, during his journeyings through Holland had been painfully impressed by the sight of the sufferings of many orphans, whom none of the existing organisations seemed able to reach, and the desire to do something for them gradually passed into resolution and action. He saw this old haunted house; he took it entirely by faith and in reliance upon God's help; he determined to fill its empty rooms and replace its imaginary occupants by very real and very needy Dutch boys and girls. On November 1st, 1863, two orphans entered into possession. Although

the way was sometimes rough, and faith was sorely tried, the work has gone steadily onwards since that day. In four years the number of orphans increased to sixty-five, and the old house in Brouwerstraat was filled to overflowing. In 1866 Mr. Van t' Lindenhout received a letter from a friend stating that he and his brothers and sisters had bought a farm at a village called Neerbosch, about three miles from Nymegen, and wished to give part of the land for the use of the orphans. It was resolved to begin at once the erection of suitable premises. Many were the difficulties and the prophecies of failure; but the work went forward, and on May 6th, 1867, a house capable of receiving thirty-four orphan girls was opened.

In the summer of 1886, that is, seventeen years after the first building was opened at Neerbosch, it was the writer's good fortune to visit the orphanage in the company of a Dutch pastor who has for many years been one of the warmest friends of the institution. It was a beautiful July day, and as we drove out of Nymegen, we caught glimpses of the Rhine, spanned by the great railway bridge, and we looked out from time to time over a wide expanse of fertile country. The winding road passed by many trim villas, where bright shining windows, spotlessly clean appearance, and well-kept gardens, spoke of abundance, comfort, and refinement. At length, leaving the main road, we passed along a narrow country lane, flanked on either side by flat fertile fields. Unlike many parts of Holland, there is in this district an abundance of wood, and the foliage looked very pleasant in the full light of the summer sun. The carriage stopped at last near the door of a quiet, unpretending house, which turned out to be the home of Mr. Van t' Lindenhout, the founder and director of the orphanage. Large in build, with a kindly face and pleasant smile, he strikes a stranger at once as a man of heart, and one has only to see him among the children to recognise instantly that those shrewd judges of character regard him as a loving friend.

In a few minutes we set out upon our tour of inspection. The thirty-four orphans of 1867, had increased in 1886 to over eight hundred, and the one small house into the colony of buildings which now cover a large area. The children come very young, not unfrequently even when they are babies, and they stay until as young men and women they are ready to enter upon the battle of life; and as each boy and girl is taught some trade or occupation by which they can support themselves, a great variety of buildings is required. We began by visiting the workshops. We first entered a printing establishment, and saw all the processes of a large printing business going energetically forward. Here various kinds of work are undertaken, and they have even successfully printed a Sanscrit New Testament. The foremen and leading workmen in all the shops in nearly every case had entered the place as helpless orphans, and hence they have a fellow-feeling and true sympathy for the boys and girls who come under

their training. We passed on to the bookbinders' building, and then to watch the processes of an employment that appears strange to an English eye, the manufacture of *sabots*, that is, the cutting of blocks of wood into wooden shoes, which, if they cannot be described as elegant, are most certainly useful. More than 5000 pairs are turned out annually. We looked in upon the young cabinet makers and carpenters and blacksmiths; upon the tailors busily making the orphans' clothing; upon the laundry, where bright rosy-cheeked girls were washing and ironing the vast quantities of garments forming the weekly wash of the institution; and then we looked over the large farm with its barns and sheds and dairies.

The girls for the most part are trained as domestic servants, and before they leave they have a thorough knowledge of the different parts of household work. The boys are allowed to select their own trade, and in those cases only where the boy cannot make up his mind does the director decide for him. Not only do the orphans thus learn useful trades and become fitted to take their place in life as good citizens, but their labour, while at Neerbosch, in addition to supplying all the requirements of the institution, is a source of considerable revenue.

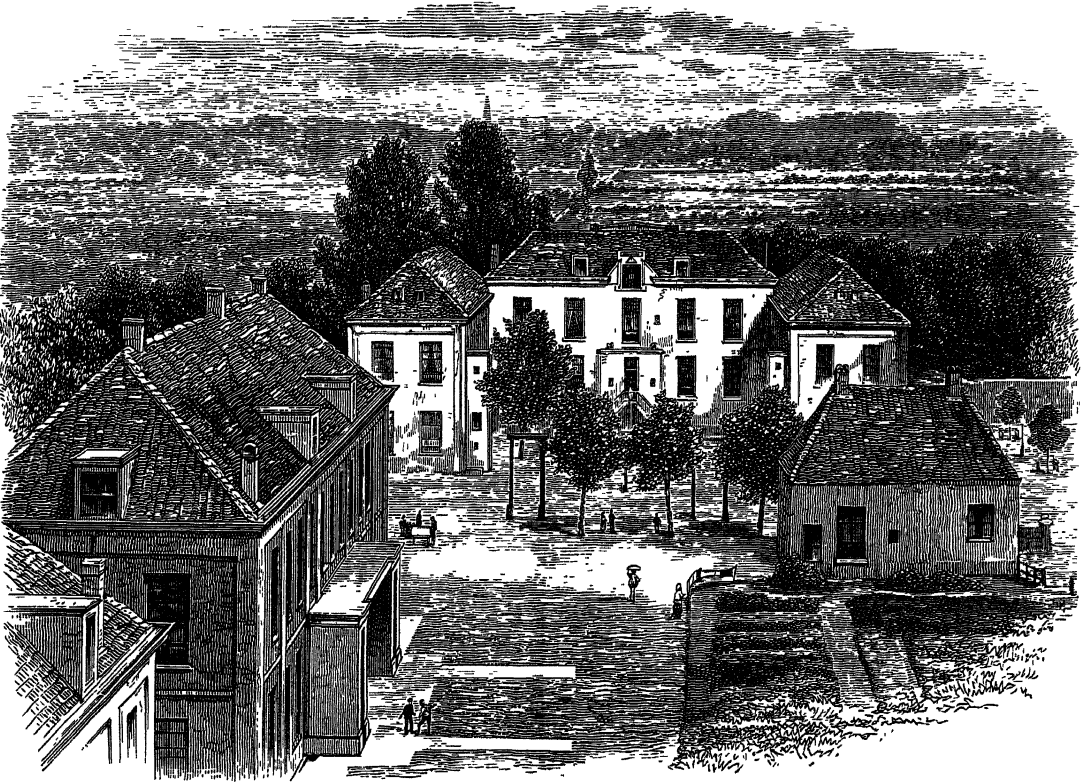
Side by side with the work, education is going on. Most of those in the workshops pass part of the day in school, and hundreds of the children are wholly occupied with lessons. So, after looking at the work departments, we made a round of the schoolroom. We visited first the nursery, and saw several babies flourishing under the care of nurses trained in the orphanage. It was pleasant also to see four or five white-headed plump youngsters, three or four years old, come running up to Mr. Van t' Lindenhout as to an old friend. In turn, we saw the junior schoolrooms. There were many of them, and were all bright, airy, and very well appointed. It was a pleasure indeed to look upon row after row of rosy, healthy-looking faces. In fact, it must be hard for children to get ill at Neerbosch, and one felt that it was not wholly a misfortune to be left an orphan when it led to an entrance into and claim upon such a home. Compared with the lives of multitudes of the poor who live with their parents, both in Holland and England, these children were in luxury. Not that there are any signs of luxury and indulgence about the various buildings and schools. Everything is as plain as it well can be. There is nothing to pamper the children; but, on the other hand, all things seem adapted to meet the wants of healthy childhood and to develop the education, self-control, and fitness for the duties and responsibilities of life.

At a sign from the teacher in one or two of the rooms the children rose and sang some hymns and national airs, and recited. As this took place in the Dutch language, the enjoyment to an English visitor consisted in watching the bright faces, noting the careful drill and accurate combined execution, and marvelling that a language which looks in its printed form

so repulsively unharmonious could ever be made, even by children-voices, to sound so pleasant.

A visit to the dormitories showed us room after room full of tiny cots, all spotlessly clean and airy and comfortable. Land being plentiful, there has been no effort to erect large and imposing buildings. Instead of one or two huge erections, there is a large number of two-storied buildings—school-rooms on the ground-floor and dormitories above.

In one part of the establishment there is a fine large wooden church, built and finished entirely by the orphans. It will seat more than one



THE ORPHANAGE AT NEERBOSCH.

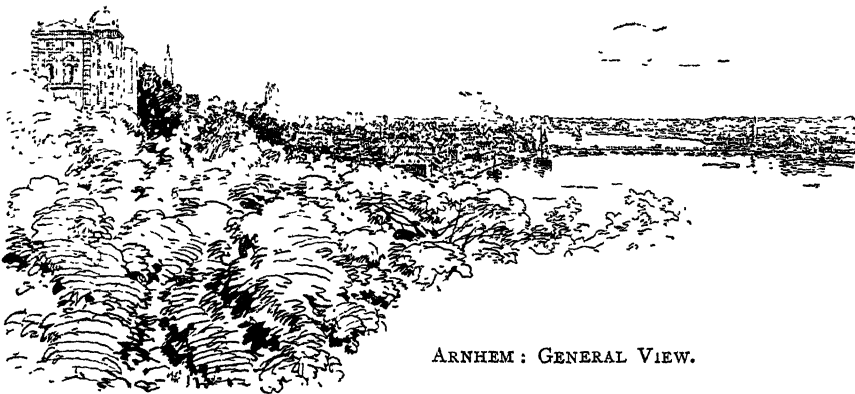
thousand persons. While inspecting this, a portion of the choir entered and sang sweetly some of the hymns used in their ordinary services.

Wandering from farm to laundry, from workshop to schoolroom, from the large and handsome church to the unpretending home of the director, almost losing oneself in the variety and number of the buildings, it was hard to realise that only twenty years ago this was open fields, yielding little, if anything, to the culture of man. Now the whole establishment stands as evidence of what, under the blessing of God, may be done on behalf of the needy and helpless by the faith and zeal and enthusiasm of

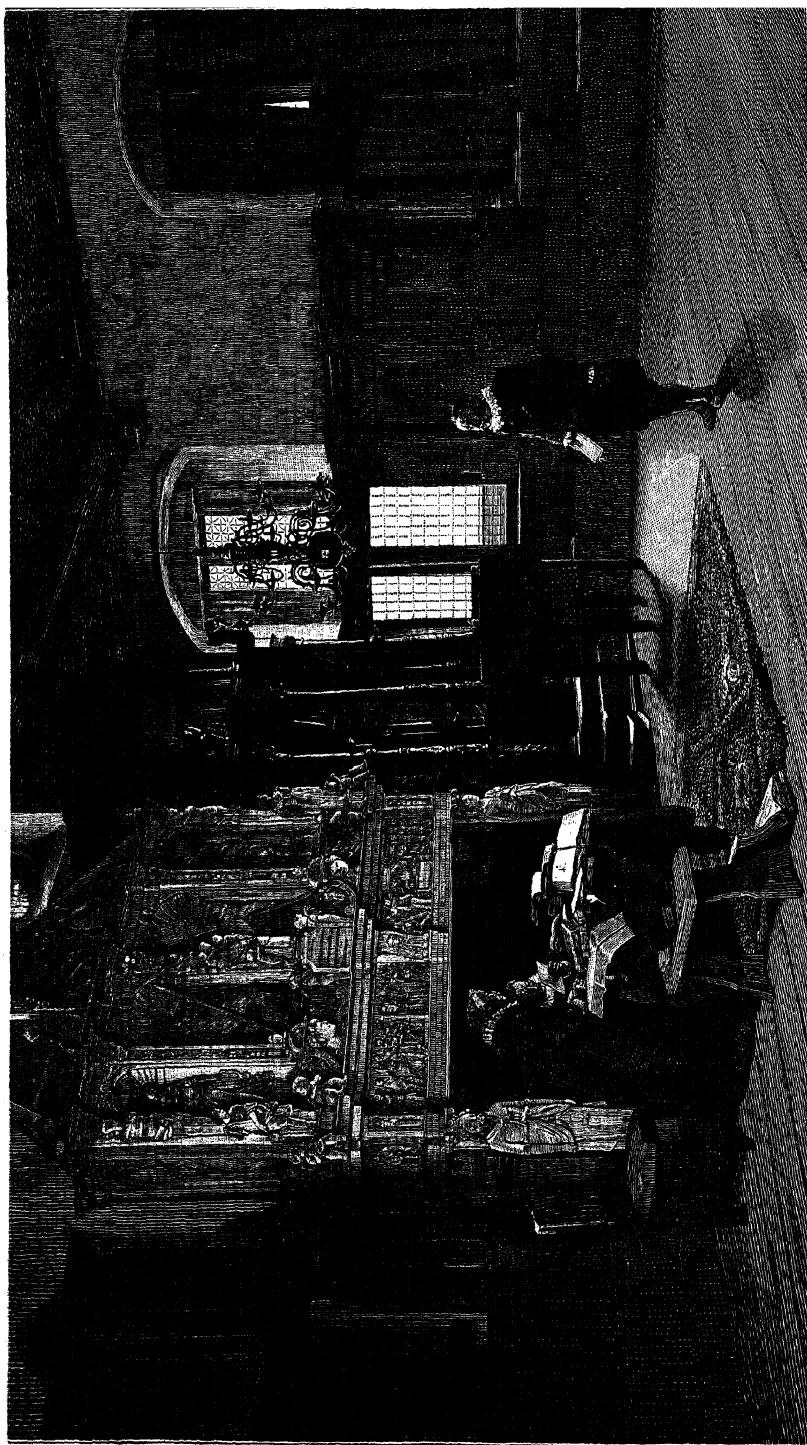
one devoted Christian man. It is true that he has had helpers and sympathisers and fellow-workers. Circles of friends hold working meetings on behalf of the orphans in all parts of Holland. Places as remote as the islands of Marken and Urk do their share. In 1886 Mr. Van t' Lindenhout visited America, to stir up among the many Dutch emigrants in the United States interest in, and sympathy and aid for, his work. But, making all allowances for the support thus given, one cannot but feel in the presence of the founder and director that it has been all largely the work of his heart, and that the children judge by a true instinct when they show by their manner that they look upon him more as a father than as a master.

Ties are kept up as far as possible with those who go out from the institution. If misfortune, or illness, or any of the chances of life throw any boy or girl who has once belonged to Neerbosch upon the uncertain mercies of the world, there is always a welcome, and such help as they may need, waiting for them at the old home.

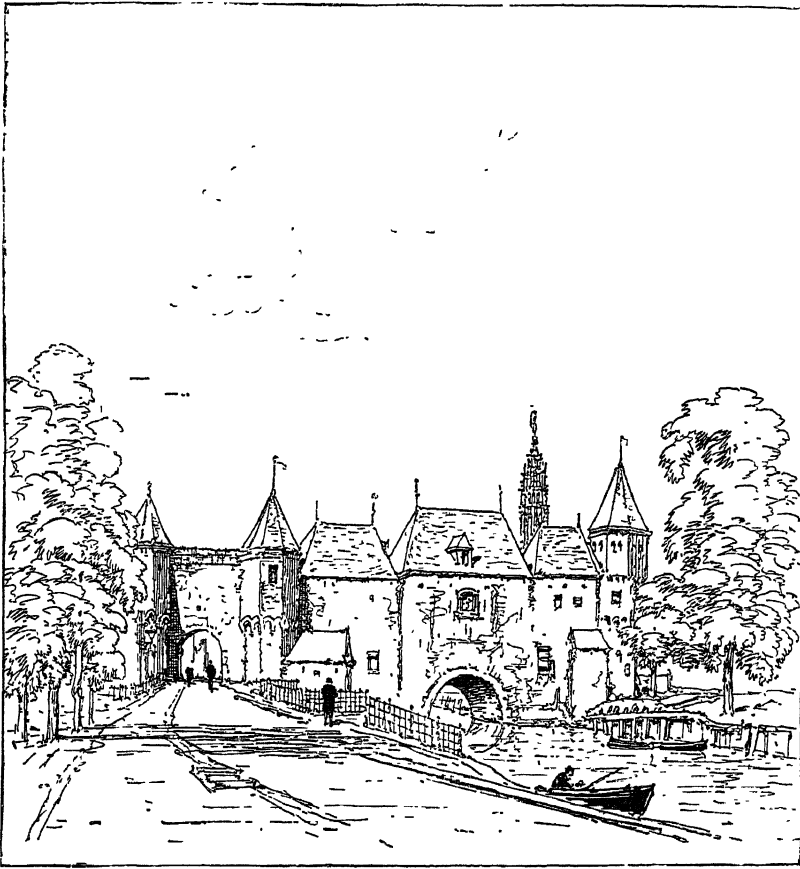
And the work is still going forward. Any one who may be inclined to think that practical Christianity is losing its power would do well to visit Neerbosch; remembering also, that, successful as the work is, it is after all only one out of the myriad enterprises which the Christianity of Europe is carrying on for the help of the suffering and friendless. Such a visit should tend to remove doubts, to strengthen faith, and to quicken a desire to take part in works that bear such fruit.



ARNHEM: GENERAL VIEW.



THE BURGOMASTER'S ROOM, KAMPEN.



THE KOPPEL GATE, AMERSFOORT.

CHAPTER XII.

TO THE EAST OF THE ZUYDER ZEE.



A FRIESLAND HEADDRESS.

THE voyage across the Zuyder Zee from Enkhuizen to Stavoren does not take long, and does not carry you into a foreign country; yet towns like Leeuwarden and Kampen are very different from Alkmaar and Middelburg; the Frisian men and women also possess strong individualities, and the face of nature has a beauty peculiar to this region.

To reach this district the traveller has a choice of routes. The pleasanter way for those who cannot afford time to travel leisurely is to cross from Enkhuizen to Stavoren, and then journey by easy stages through

Friesland, Groningen, and Drenthe. The main railway goes from Amsterdam around the southern shores of the Zuyder Zee, and then north-east through Overijssel and Drenthe. But this journey, if undertaken in summer, is hot, dusty, and tedious. It is rendered tolerable only by breaking it at convenient stopping-places, like Amersfoort, Zwolle, and Kampen.

In attempting to reproduce with pen and pencil a few pictures from this part of Holland, we are independent of train and boat and time, and hence will make the journey at our ease. Leaving Amsterdam behind us, we pass Naarden, the little town ever famous in history as the spot where the Spaniards in 1572 perpetrated one of their atrocious deeds of perfidy and massacre. In the Gasthuis Church, used then as a Town Hall, five hundred of the citizens, who had been summoned on the pretence of a meeting, were all slaughtered, after assurances had been given that the lives and property of all in the town should be respected. It was thus that the Spaniards kept faith with the men whose crime was a determination to enjoy liberty of conscience.

Following the course of the railway we come to Amersfoort, the town which had the honour of giving birth in 1547 to John Olden Barneveld, the friend of William the Silent. The traveller who looks upon Amersfoort, even if it be with only hurried glances from the train in passing, can hardly help connecting the spot with the great man who there entered upon his seventy years of varied, useful, troubled life. The whole region is pleasant and prosperous. The railway has opened up the country. Business is increasing. Amid the green fields and the quiet rural delights of the district many well-to-do people have built and are building houses. The colonial and oriental associations of Holland come into play here, and it is not uncommon amid the fine trees to catch sight of houses built after Chinese and Japanese designs, or looking more like Indian pagodas than average Dutch habitations.

The most conspicuous object in the town is the lofty church tower. Once there was attached to it a church. Six times was it burnt, and six times the piety of Amersfoort rebuilt it. An explosion in 1787 ruined the church, but spared the tower, and since that date no effort has been made to reconstruct it. In ancient days a double fosse surrounded the town, and on this stood a double row of walls and gates. As in many other places, time and the exigencies of modern life have swept most of them away. One only survives to show us how they were built, and to preserve their fine lines and well-grouped masses. It is known as the Koppel Gate. From it in imagination we can reconstruct the others, and picture the appearance of the town when Olden Barneveld ran about its streets and sailed on its canals.

Not far from Amersfoort is the town inseparably associated with one of the noblest of our own countrymen. In English literature and in the annals of English heroism, Sir Philip Sidney has undying fame. It was in the Netherlands, at the siege of Zutphen, that his brilliant and beautiful life was

brought to an untimely close. The small English army, under the command of Leicester, which had been sent to aid the States, beleaguered Zutphen in 1586. The Prince of Parma sent a convoy to victual the town. A small body of English troops, under Sir William Stanley, laid an ambuscade for the convoy. They were ignorant of the fact that the convoy was very strongly guarded, and a thick fog suddenly clearing away, brought some 500 Englishmen face to face with 3000 Spaniards. With characteristic pluck they rushed at the foe, performed deeds of valour that resounded through Europe, slew many of the Spanish officers, but could not stay the onward progress of the convoy.

In the last charge Sir Philip Sidney, who had rashly left off part of his armour, was shot in the leg three inches above the knee. He was carried first to the camp and then to Arnhem. He gradually sank, and although all that skill and affection could prompt was done for him, his case soon proved hopeless. 'His demeanour during his sickness,' writes Motley, 'and upon his death-bed, was as beautiful as his life. He discoursed with his friends concerning the immortality of the soul, comparing the doctrines of Plato and of other ancient philosophers, whose writings were so familiar to him, with the revelations of Scripture, and with the dictates of natural religion. He made his will with minute and elaborate provisions, leaving bequests, remembrances, and rings to all his friends. Then he indulged himself with music, and listened particularly to a strange song which he had himself composed during his illness, and which he had entitled *La Cuisse rompue*. He took leave of the friends around him with perfect calmness, saying to his brother Robert, "Love my memory. Cherish my friends. Above all, govern your will and affections by the will and word of your Creator; in me beholding the end of this world with all her vanities." And thus this gentle and heroic spirit took its flight.'



CHURCH OF ST. WALBURGUS, ZUTPHEN.

concerning the immortality of the soul, comparing the doctrines of Plato and of other ancient philosophers, whose writings were so familiar to him, with the revelations of Scripture, and with the dictates of natural religion. He made his will with minute and elaborate provisions, leaving bequests, remembrances, and rings to all his friends. Then he indulged himself with music, and listened particularly to a strange song which he had himself composed during his illness, and which he had entitled *La Cuisse rompue*. He took leave of the friends around him with perfect calmness, saying to his brother Robert, "Love my memory. Cherish my friends. Above all, govern your will and affections by the will and word of your Creator; in me beholding the end of this world with all her vanities." And thus this gentle and heroic spirit took its flight.'

Zutphen stands in the midst of a fertile country on the banks of the Yssel, a stream flowing from the Rhine into the Zuyder Zee. The chief open space is, as usual, the market; but in shape it is long and narrow. The lofty tower of a building, originally the Weigh House, but now known as the Wine House, stands well at the upper end of the market, on approaching it from the railway. This was formerly the place where duties on wine were levied; but this privilege has long since ceased, and it is now a police-office. It contains a collection of antiquities connected with the history of the town.

But for the lover of architecture and of literature, the chief building in Zutphen is the Church of St. Walburgus. This has been the ecclesiastical centre of the town for over six hundred years. The huge mass dwarfs all the surrounding buildings, but the dull red brick of the exterior, and the somewhat neglected appearance of the structure, mar its effectiveness.

Pews of the plainest description fill the interior, and seem so unsuitable to the fine architecture, that the feeling of unfitness could only be appeased by the assurance that they are crowded, whenever service is held, by hearers who receive true Gospel teaching, and who in their worship realise that a cathedral has been erected, not simply to gratify the æsthetic tastes and sympathies of man, but for the glory of God and for the help of His children. A visit to Holland—by the shocks which the large masses of pews in the big churches, the cold and bare interiors, and the evident subordination in most of them of effect to use give one—is useful in showing how easily we may forget the invisible Presence in whose honour these noble buildings are erected, and look upon them merely as examples of super-eminent skill in design and construction. Yet with all the bareness and blunt subordination of the æsthetic to the useful, it is much more helpful to visit the churches of Holland than the incense-laden, gaudily bedecked churches of Belgium, with their chapels full of pictures and images and statues. In the former, with all that jars upon one's sense of the fitness of things, there is an air of freedom, and the assurance that worship needs no priestly caste and no mystical ceremonialism. In the latter there is an atmosphere of superstition and of sensuousness. They seem to require submission to priestly domination, and adherence to an elaborate and formal ritualism. If a choice has to be made, there can be but little question that such churches as Alkmaar and Zutphen are preferable to such as the cathedral at Bruges, or St. Bavon at Ghent.

Be this as it may, it is certain that Holland would make no sacrifice of Protestant principle in taking better care of her churches. It is not essential to evangelical religion that stained glass, paintings, and ornamentation should be banished from the churches. Nor is there any reason why a splendid building, which has come down as an heirloom from the past,

should not be kept in the best possible condition. And at Zutphen, in this respect, there is room for improvement.

The interior of the church has been deprived, in the course of ages, of all its treasures but two. One is a very fine chandelier—or ‘crown,’ as they used to be called from their form—of beautiful ancient worked iron. It was presented to the church by Otho II. in the thirteenth century. The other is an enormous bronze font, twelve or fifteen feet high, cast in 1527, shaped like a cup, and having a cover beautifully adorned with statuettes and pinnacles, and crowned by the figure of a pelican.

In what was formerly the chapter-house, stands now, as it did three hundred years ago, a veritable monastic library. The books are not numerous, but they are of the highest interest. They are all chained to the old cases and desks, and enable us to reproduce exactly the details of a good fifteenth-century library. The chamber is long and narrow, with a low ceiling, badly lighted, and impresses one as being much in need of fresh air. But what a collection of books! They are enough to fill a poor student with covetousness, and to make the bibliophile meditate some desperate deed. Many of the volumes are in manuscript; the great bulk of the printed books are folios, bearing such imprints as Petrus Schoiffer, Froben, Johannes Alemanus, Henri Estienne, etc. The apartment is unique, the treasures nearly so; and yet no attempt is made to take proper care of either. The quiet, civil *Koster* who shows you over, evidently has but shadowy notions of the value of his treasures; the damp and dust and careless handling are doing their deadly work on the books, and the visitor goes sadly away, his pleasure at a most unexpected and enjoyable sight considerably modified by his regret that the municipality of Zutphen cannot be induced to take better care of the precious relics of the past entrusted to it.

Passing Deventer on our journey north, we come to Zwolle. The approach from the station is very good. The broad Buiten Singel, once the ancient fosse, surrounds the town, the ramparts having become promenades, and the towers transformed into windmills. One gate only survives, the Sassenpoort, a huge quadrangular brick structure, which towers aloft, and now serves the purpose of a clock tower. Zwolle also possesses a fine old church, dedicated to St. Michael; but the noteworthy absence of ancient buildings is conspicuous, and is due to the many fires from which the town has suffered. Moreover, between 1398 and 1661, Zwolle was visited no less than ten times by the plague. But she has survived the evil reputation this was calculated to give her, she has replaced her burnt houses by new ones, and is at the present time one of the busiest and brightest of the smaller Dutch towns.

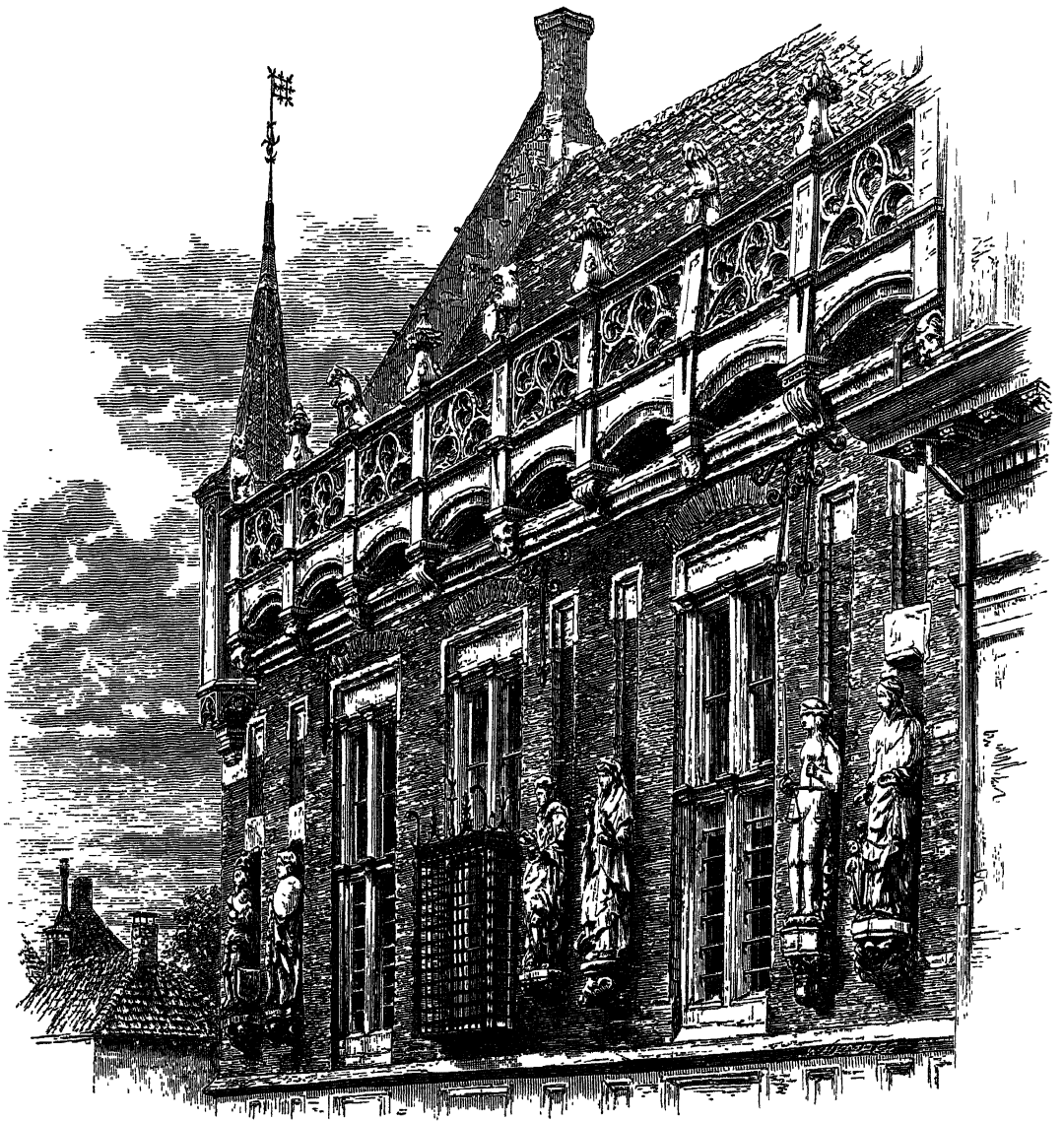
Gerard Terburg was born here in 1608, yet the town seems to have preserved no specimen of the master's style. In the neighbourhood of

Zwolle Thomas à Kempis lived for over seventy years. He was born at Kempen, a town in the neighbourhood of Düsseldorf, and, after the custom of those days, although his real name was Thomas Hummerken, he was known as Thomas from Kempen, or à Kempis. Educated at Deventer, in 1399 he went to the Augustinian Convent of Mount St. Agnes, near Zwolle, took the vows in 1407, received priest's orders in 1413, became sub-prior in 1426, and died in 1471. He spent much of his time in copying MSS., and was the author of many small treatises, and here wrote his immortal work, the *Imitation of Christ*. Although the controversy as to the authorship of this masterpiece has raged since the seventeenth century, the balance of evidence is now certainly in favour of the traditional view. If this be correct, then it was in the old monastery hard by Zwolle that the book was penned which, next to the Bible and the *Pilgrim's Progress*, has been translated into most of the languages of the world.

Only six miles from Zwolle, on the banks of the Yssel, stands Kampen. It is said that the inhabitants have the reputation of being somewhat stolid and matter-of-fact. It does not appear to be a fashionable place to visit, and more is the pity, for no pleasanter town exists east of the Zuyder Zee. If the dwellers in Kampen are duller than their neighbours, they greatly belie their appearance. Such anecdotes as the following are told: On one occasion a beautifully painted and gilded sundial was put up against the wall of the Town Hall. But, it was urged, the sun and the damp will surely ruin the gilt and the paint, and so, lest this should happen, the councillors ordered a niche to be built, in which the dial might be sheltered from sun and rain!

Kampen is not a very ancient town, but was once surrounded with a moat and a wall broken by towers and gates. Four of the original seven gates survive, and are among the most interesting objects the town can show. The Church of St. Nicholas is a fine structure, but the architectural gem is the Town Hall. In some respects it surpasses in interest most of the numerous rivals the country can show. The façade is worth close study. It fronts upon a narrow street, and hence is not so effective as it might be, yet the building, as a whole, stands well. The accompanying engraving exhibits the beautiful detail. The statues stand just as they came from the sculptor's chisel, worn and discoloured and rounded of course by weathering three centuries. The exterior is a fitting foretaste of the interior. The municipal apartments are in a wing constructed about the middle of the eighteenth century. They contain some fine portraits of the Stadtholders. But in the ancient wing are two unique rooms. They are large apartments, decorated with magnificent ancient oak wainscoting, and separated from each other by a superb oak balustrade. The inner room or council chamber is the finest apartment of the kind in Europe. Around the walls are richly carved oaken stalls, separated by jutting pillars, and

crowned by a splendid carved entablature. Here, each in his own stall, the ancient burghers discussed the affairs of Kampen when Margaret of Parma was Regent of the Netherlands, and when Piet Hein captured the Spanish fleet.



FAÇADE OF THE TOWN HALL, KAMPEN.

The chimney-piece, executed in 1543, is a marvel of cunning workmanship. The carvings represent such scenes as the Judgment of Solomon, Mucius Scævola burning his hand, and Justice punishing Crime. By the side of the chimney, between it and the window, is the old burgomaster's chair. It has two seats, enclosed by three columns, and reached by a flight

of steps. Like the chimney, this splendid old chair of state is richly and appropriately decorated.

The ceiling of both rooms is of wood, and the effect of the whole, seen by the somewhat insufficient light let in by the small windows, is very beautiful. The imagination is active amid such surroundings, and can easily picture the assemblies of the city fathers, while deeds of heroism, calls of patriotism, burning local questions, tales of humour and pathos, deeds of endurance and cowardice, of probity and crime, have been here discussed in the days gone for ever.

Leaving Kampen and retracing our steps to Zwolle, we journey to Groningen, the most north-easterly province of Holland, having for its chief city the large and lively town of the same name, containing over 50,000 inhabitants. It is one of the most ancient Dutch towns, and has all through its long history been one of the busiest and most prosperous. The dwellers in Groningen are fond of music, and at the club known as the 'Harmonie,' very fine concerts are given. Visitors staying at any of the good hotels are always welcomed, and a pleasant hour may be spent, sitting under the trees, listening to fine orchestral music. The members are very social, and bring their wives and daughters and friends, so that a concert affords a glimpse of Groningen society.

The churches are conspicuous objects. The Aa Kerk, or Church of Our Lady of Aa, is very ancient, but has suffered much in the process of time, having been struck by lightning in the fifteenth century, burnt in the seventeenth, and partly rebuilt in the eighteenth. St. Martin's Church stands superbly at the upper end of the great market-place. The enormous tower, over 400 feet high, is a most imposing structure, and is a landmark for miles around. It is pierced at the base by an arched passage way. The large Town Hall, built at the close of the last century, will not compare with scores of similar structures we have already glanced at. The University was founded in 1614, but never attained anything like the prosperity of Leyden.

In Friesland, the last province we can visit, the land is fertile, the pasturage is rich, the people are prosperous, and the towns full of interest to the stranger. Canals are much less numerous than to the west of the Zuyder Zee, and there is more foliage and more variety in the landscape. The people are a fine race physically. The women are attractive in appearance, fond of active exercise and the open air. The distinctive costume of the province is, alas! fast disappearing before modern fashions. The women have retained only one very striking feature, the gold head-dress. It certainly surprises and interests an English observer to visit such a town as Leeuwarden, and see the streets thronged with women walking about with a great gold skull cap on their heads, sometimes covered with a cap or with lace, but more frequently uncovered and glittering brilliantly in the sunshine.



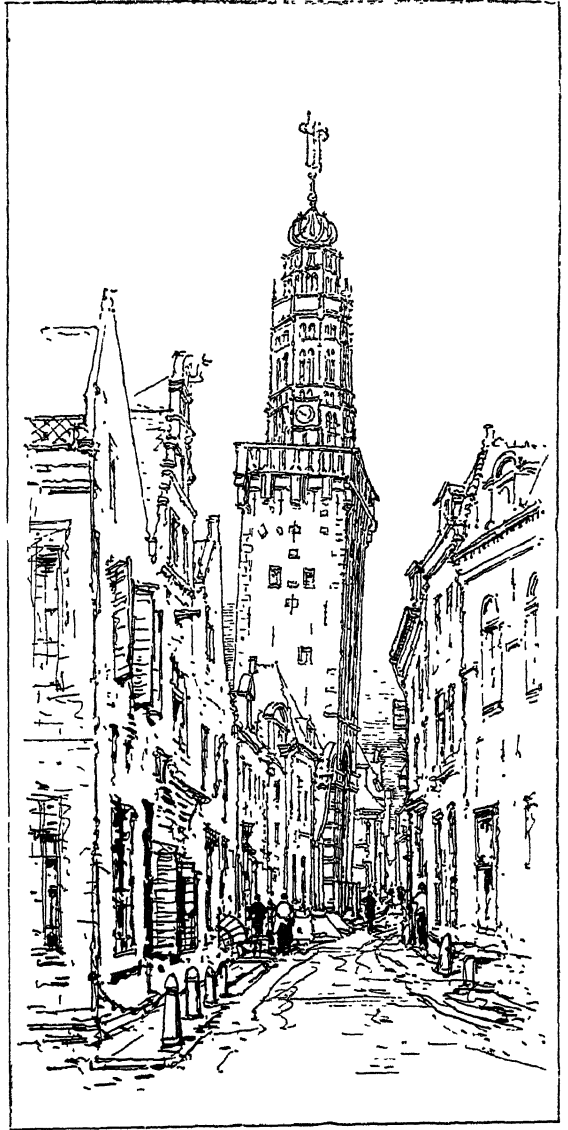
A FRIESLAND LADY.

Frieslanders are noted skaters. They are fond of racing, and can hold their own, as a rule, against all but English fenmen, and very often against them also. Men and women, boys and girls, all indulge in the exercise, and you can never see a number of Friesland skaters together without seeing such pictures as that shown in our engraving. A good deal of rollicking fun and a good deal of tender sentiment may find expression during an afternoon's skating.

The capital of Friesland is Leeuwarden. The streets are well peopled, the glittering gold and silver headdresses are resplendent, the shops are well stocked, and on all sides are evidences that the Frisians of to-day are worthy representatives of their forefathers. The Romans found them a strong, brave, independent race. The charm of Leeuwarden is the combination of place and people. There are no buildings of exceptional note, there are no sights of European reputation; and yet, the streets, the shops, the buildings, and the throngs of people everywhere to be seen, on a market day, or a Saturday or Sunday, combine to catch attention and arouse interest in a very high degree.

The old Weigh House stands near the centre of the town, in the midst of the market, a large square bordering one of the main canals. The buildings of most interest are the tower of St. Jacques, and the Chancellerie, and the Museum. A short exploration of the

main streets of Leeuwarden brings one sooner or later face to face with the curious steeple shown in the engraving. It is the leaning tower of St. Jacques. Controversy has arisen over this and similar structures, as to whether they were designedly built out of the perpendicular, or have suffered from a yielding foundation. However it may be with the tower at Pisa, buildings



THE TOWER OF ST. JACQUES, LEEUWARDEN.

out of the straight are so common in Holland, and so shifty is the subsoil, that the reasonable explanation is subsidence, not deliberate purpose. Whether it be only a slight slant, as in the steeple of the old church at Delft, or



THE CHANCELLERIE, LEEUWARDEN.

whether it be a decided inclination, as in the St. Jacques' Tower, opinions can hardly differ as to the unpleasing effect. It is a pretty conceit to imagine the old pile leaning over to catch the accents of the passers-by;

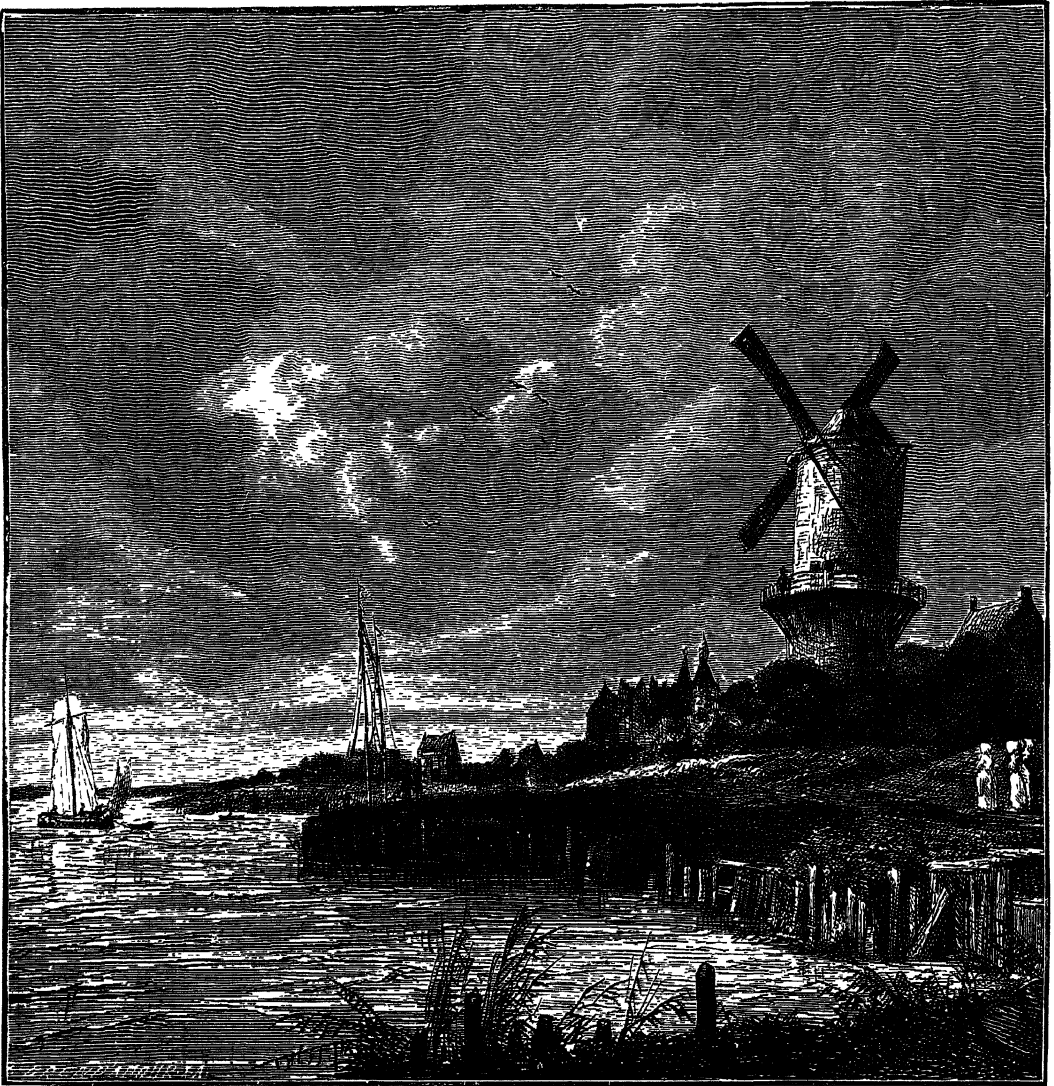
but the visitor who sees it for the first time is apt to give it a wide berth, lest, disliking his accent, it might do at that instant what it seems to be perpetually threatening, namely, descend and crush him.

The Chancellerie dates from the time of Charles v., 1502, and was originally used as the residence of the Chancellor or Governor of the Province. It soon became the official house of the State Deputies. From 1571 to 1811 it was the Court of Justice and the Parliament House of Friesland, but now is a prison for civil and military offenders. No special interest attaches to the interior, but it takes high rank as exhibiting the architectural style of the close of the fifteenth century. It is built of red brick, based upon a yellowish stone. It is two storeys high, with a large sloping roof, from which springs, over the entrance, a handsome gable. The whole façade is very beautiful in design, and very well executed.

One of the largest modern prisons in Holland has recently been built at Leeuwarden, capable of containing upwards of 500 prisoners. It is well worth the inspection of those who are interested in this special department of government.

The Museum at Leeuwarden possesses a very extensive and instructive collection of antiquities connected with the province. Some rooms are devoted to the representation of an old Hindeloopen house. The furniture is, of course, genuine, and the tile decorations on the walls and all the details are composed of the objects that have done duty in an actual house. Lay figures add to the realism, inasmuch as they are dressed in the complicated, richly-coloured costumes of the old inhabitants of that little Zuyder Zee port.

Although not quite so easy of access as the towns and villages of North Holland, there are many little ports and villages along the eastern coasts of the Zuyder Zee that very fairly come under the classification of picturesque Holland. We cannot do more than name such places as Hindeloopen, Harlingen, Stavoren, and Sneek. The ancient costumes still linger in these places. Away from the beaten track the traveller, who has time and inclination, finds much to reward him, and to illustrate the character and history of Friesland.



VIEW OF A RIVER.

(From the painting by Jacob van Ruysdael in the Rijks Museum, Amsteraam.)

CHAPTER XIII.

A GLANCE AT SOME DUTCH PAINTERS.

IN a book of this kind, anything like a full sketch of the art of Holland is impossible. The reader who has perused the preceding pages has noted incidental references to some of the leading pictures of the Dutch school. As an appropriate close to our series of pen and pencil sketches, we devote a few pages to some famous works of that considerable band of



PETER DENIES HIS LORD.

(From the painting by Rembrandt in the Hermitage, St. Petersburg.)

men who excelled in the domain of art, as did their brethren on the battle-field, in the council chamber, and upon the stormy waves of the ocean. We cannot even glance at the vast majority of figure, portrait, *genre*, landscape, and marine painters who form the school. We select a few of the greatest, and give engravings of some of the most representative works. Our object will be served, if these arouse afresh the interest of the reader in the fine specimens of this school to be seen in England, and lead him to observe, while studying the splendid examples which crowd the galleries of England and Holland, how these pictures reflect the past life and history of the nation.

The Dutch school of painting was inseparably linked to, and necessarily developed from, the marvellous national progress of Holland in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. At the head of this school, not simply *primus inter pares*, but raised far above all others by the magnificence of his genius, stands Rembrandt. As we have noted, he was born in 1607, at Leyden. He studied art, first in his native town, and then for a few months in the studio of Pieter Lastman at Amsterdam. He began his marvellous series of works at Leyden in 1627, and he died at Amsterdam in 1669. His life was one of hard work. He passed through the joyous experiences of a happy married life. He fell upon dark days, and had to steer his bark over stormy seas. But all through the forty years of his working life he sent forth portraits and pictures and etchings in most wonderful profusion. Any one who wishes to see what manner of man he was in his early prime, when the world was before him, when, happy in his home and in his labour, the skies smiled upon him, and the path of life was smooth and flowery, has only to go to the National Gallery and study the portrait, painted in 1640 by his own hand with all the skill and marvellous light and shade of which he was so consummate a master. Close beside it, and hung so that the eye can readily pass from the one to the other, hangs another portrait of himself by himself, executed in 1657. Many years have passed since the earlier one was painted. The wife of his love, Saskia, has long since passed away; he has known what it is to be in need; he has tried the world, and found it very different from what he expected in the days of his prosperity, and in the contrast between the seamed, worn, older yet courageous face, and the fresh, bright, younger countenance, is written the story of his life. Bold, independent of tradition and of what others thought about him; not a man to go out of his way to court the world's smile; living for his art, working it out according to the conceptions of his genius, and untrammelled by bondage to any school, Rembrandt went steadily through life, achieving—little as many of his contemporaries dreamed it—not only the headship of the Dutch school, but a permanent place among the greatest artists of the world.

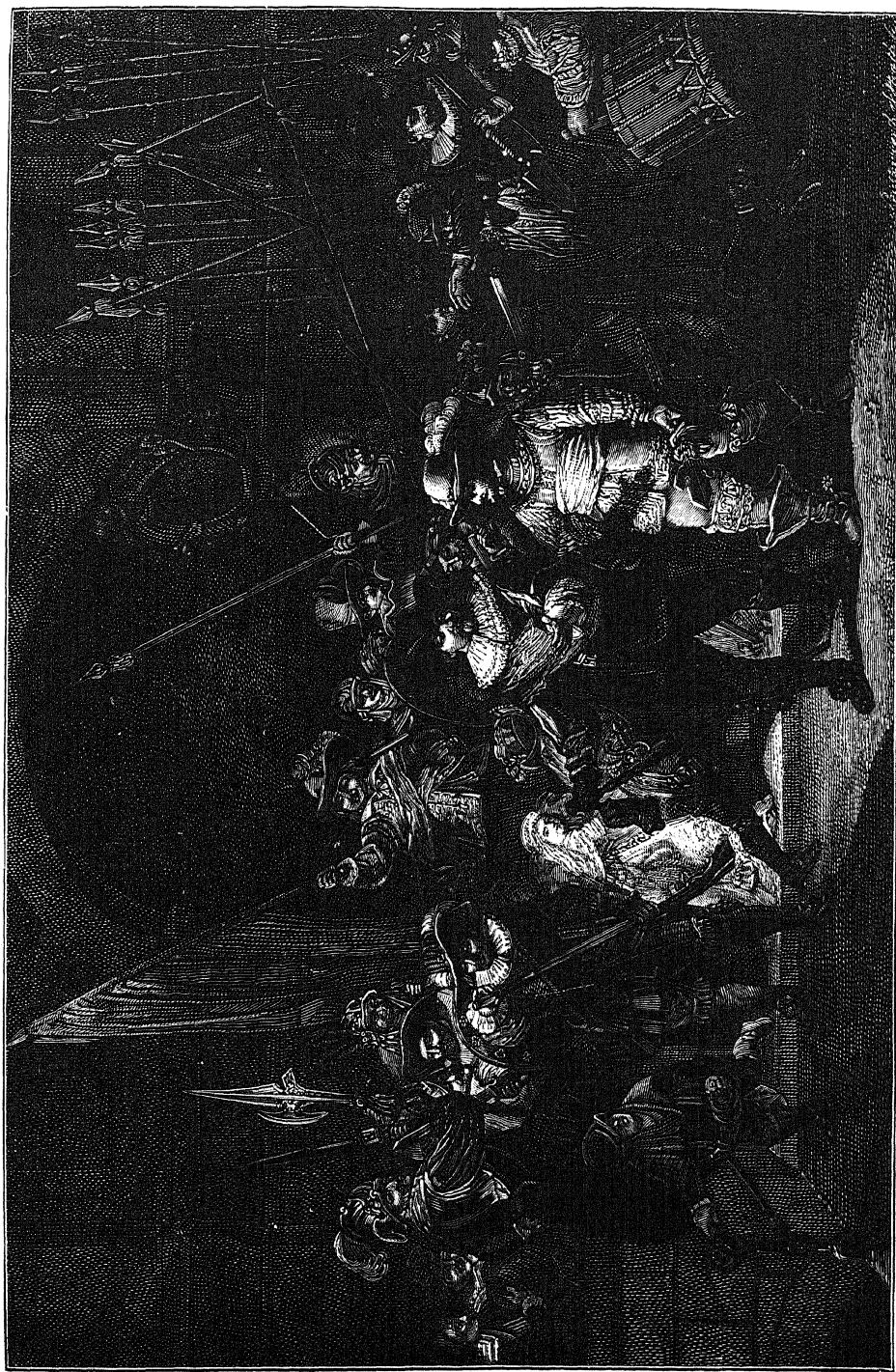
In confirmation of this view, we may quote the words of one of the

latest and best English exponents of Rembrandt's power: 'The glory of Dutch art, in which Rembrandt will for ever stand the master, lies in its naturalness. It was the art of a people who had gained their freedom. The struggle for independence through which they had passed, the resolute character which rendered independence possible, the new political and social conditions on which they had entered, the faith which had rebelled against the ornate, and clung to the Puritan form, and the isolation which was the natural outcome of all this, had shattered all earlier traditions of art and created a new influence. Art formed itself into a new school; nay, a new school became inevitable, and those who would lead this art were compelled to originality; they were, so to speak, driven to Nature as their teacher, and they set themselves to learn her lessons. . . . And of this style Rembrandt was the leader and the chief; and that which he so earnestly strove after is seen in all the Dutch school, however little at first sight they appear to have been led by his influence. We see his teaching in the interiors of Ostade, the woodland glades of Hobbema, the cattle of Potter, the courtyards of de Hooch, the seas of Bakhuysen and Van der Velde—the same love of reality pervades them all.' ¹

The breadth of his power was so remarkable. As portrait painter, in figure pictures of the highest class, and in smaller subjects, both sacred and secular, he is unrivalled. We have already referred on page 119 to the 'School of Anatomy.' We give engravings of three of his famous works.

The 'Sortie of Banning Cock's Company' is one of those works that defies reproduction. To be appreciated it must be seen, and even such reproductions as the recent etching by Waltner fall far short, in the opinion of many judges, of an adequate rendering. Our engraving is given simply to help in indicating the skill with which the figures are grouped, the light painted, and the *picture*, as distinct from a group of portraits, designed. For many years the painting was known as the 'Night Watch,' a more than usually absurd popular name, inasmuch as the scene is in the sunlight. A commission was undertaken by Rembrandt in 1642 to paint Captain Frans Banning Cock and his company of arquebusiers. They ordered and expected to receive a group of portraits in which each man should have full share of light and prominence. Rembrandt painted a picture for all time. The central object is the captain, cane in right hand, left hand extended, engaged in active converse with his lieutenant, Van Ruijtenburg. He is in dark costume, his companion in light. The strong sunlight is shown by the shadow of his hand as it falls upon his comrade. To his right a man loads a gun. In the background are ensigns and pike-men, coming forth from the guard-house, and on the right is a drummer. But how full the painting is of action! Every figure is instinct with life, and you almost expect to see the captain and his comrade take their next step forward. Seen, as it

¹ Middleton's *The Etched Work of Rembrandt*, Introduction, p. xxxiv.



THE SORTIE OF BANNING COCK'S COMPANY OF ARQUEBUSIERS.

(From the painting by Rembrandt in the Rijks Museum.)

hangs in a superb position in the Rijks Museum, in the full glory of its marvellously rich colouring and mysterious light and shade, the picture is one of the most fascinating that eye can look upon.

'The difference between this picture,' writes Vosmaer,¹ the great biographer of Rembrandt, 'and all other pictures of this kind that had been seen in Holland,

greatly struck Rembrandt's contemporaries. The old painters generally arranged their characters in two or three lines in such a way as to give each head equal distinction, often without picturesque effect and without action. Ravenstein and Hals only had made use of much action. The former had even conceived the idea of making his guards come forth from their guard-house. Rembrandt gave life to his characters, placed them in the midst, full of life and of movement, sacrificed details to obtain effect, subordinated his subject to his art, and finally plunged that scene of reality into the luminous sea of his own imagination,

and created a dramatic story instead of giving a cold chronicle. This is one of the secrets of the immense and lasting effect of his work; it is also the secret of every work of high art, be it Greek, or Italian, or modern.'

The painting of this picture represents the zenith of Rembrandt's art



REMBRANDT'S FIRST WIFE, SASKIA VAN ULENBURGH.

(From the painting by Rembrandt in the Cassel Gallery.)

¹ *Rembrandt, Sa Vie et Ses Œuvres*, p. 225. (Seconde édition.)

and the turning-point of his life. That curious coincidence of great sorrow with great success, so common in this changeful life, occurred to him, and the clouds began to gather. His bitterest grief came in his year of triumph; his wife died at the early age of thirty. Only eight years had



THE BURGOMASTER JAN SIX.

(From the etching by Rembrandt.)

elapsed since their wedding, only eight years had she been the joy of his home, an inspiration in his work. He painted her portrait many times, and she also appears in several of his pictures. We give an engraving of one of the most famous portraits, now preserved in the Gallery at Cassel. It was painted, probably in 1633, just before their marriage. She was of a good Leeuwarden family, of higher social status than Rembrandt, and seems to have been fascinated by his genius: Their courtship and happy married life form the brightest epoch of Rembrandt's sixty years. In her prime, and in his moment of success, she fades away. 'On June 19th, 1642, Rembrandt accompanied the funeral

cortège to the old church, and returned a widower to his home, where there remained to him an infant a few months old, but whence the light of the sun had fled.'

Rembrandt was a careful reader of the Bible, and his Scriptural pictures

¹ Vosmaer, p. 247.

will bear the closest scrutiny. The dress and the physiognomies are no more Oriental in the case of Rembrandt than of the other great masters. But in careful study of the Bible and keen insight into the spirit of the scene depicted, they are second to none. The engraving on page 205 is from a splendid picture now in the Hermitage Collection at St. Petersburg, the 'Peter denies his Lord.' Here again the power of the artist is conspicuous. To represent such a man at such a moment none but the greatest or the shallowest would attempt. Rembrandt concentrates all the light upon and centres all the interest in the face of the man who denies his Master and yet loves Him, who, even as the light falls upon him and he meets the curious gaze of soldier and servant, though hardening his heart to deny, will yet in a moment be melted to repentance as he catches the look of the Master fixed in sorrowful sympathising love upon him.

Before passing to other famous names we must glance for a moment at Rembrandt's etchings. Although he never seems to have been a popular man during his lifetime, yet he had the faculty of making warm friends. Among the warmest and best of these was Jan Six, who, after Rembrandt's death, became Burgomaster of Amsterdam. The famous etching of this man was made in 1647, and of its first state only two impressions are known. At Amsterdam the author was shown one of the two as a sample of the great treasures of the Rijks collection of etchings and engravings. The power and beauty of this plate are unique. Six is leaning against an open window with his back to the light, which is falling upon a book he is reading. Middleton, in describing a fine impression in the second state, says, 'It is not possible to conceive a more beautiful and a more perfect triumph of the etcher's art. The shadows even in their very deepest are transparent; the effects of direct and reflected light on the face, on the hands, and on the folio are quite beyond description. But not only does the finished beauty of the plate win our admiration, the astonishing amount of work excites our surprise; how could Rembrandt ever have found time to execute it! He was busily employed during these years on other subjects, yet here is work which must, we think, have occupied perhaps many weeks in its execution.'¹

Vosmaer suggests that the skill and care bestowed upon this portrait are a measure of the painter's friendship for the man of letters.

Some measure of his enormous industry and fertility is afforded by the fact that nearly 400 of his paintings are known, and Middleton's catalogue of his etchings extends to 302 numbers.

The artist who in some respects stands nearest to Rembrandt was his contemporary, Frans Hals. In the chapter on Haarlem, reference has necessarily been made to him and his work. Although the stories of his drunkenness and dissolute conduct are exaggerated, there can be no doubt

¹ *The Etched Work of Rembrandt*, p. 138.

that his character was open to considerable improvement. He was of Dutch ancestry, though born at Malines or Antwerp, and he lived the greater part of his life at Haarlem. His great works are still to be seen in the Town Hall Museum there. Hals was Rembrandt's senior by twenty-three years, and had begun to impress his individuality powerfully upon the Dutch school whilst the latter was a child. Like Rembrandt, he never visited Italy, and his surprising force and colouring were original and natural. To be appreciated, Hals has to be carefully studied in the grand series of

canvases, crowded with figures, at Haarlem. His power seems to extend to rapidity and boldness of execution, rich colouring, and the painting of flesh tints and light, splendid grouping of the companies of figures, so as to make a harmonious whole.

'He truly deserves,' says Vosmaer,¹ 'to be considered the most brilliant precursor of Rembrandt, by the life and style of his figures, by his broad and bold execution, by his truthfulness to nature. Hals is the brilliant introduction, the *allegro vivace con brio*, of the majestic symphony of Rembrandt. The themes developed in their fulness in the latter are indicated in the work of Hals.'



FRANS HALS.

(From an etching by himself.)

In portraiture especially he excelled, and we give two examples, one, the portrait of an officer, now in the collection of Sir Richard Wallace, and the other a portrait of himself, from one of his own etchings.

Rembrandt and Hals both had numerous pupils, and, in a sense, developed schools of painting. It is only natural that Rembrandt should have exerted the more permanent influence. Out of the many artists in whose works his teaching and style can be traced, among the most instructive are Gerard Douw, Gabriel Metz, Govert Flinck, and Pieter de Hooch.

¹ Rembrandt, *Sa Vie et Ses Œuvres*, p. 51.

Gerard Douw, a fellow-townsmen of Rembrandt, born at Leyden in 1613, was also his first pupil, and remained in his studio for three years. He seems originally to have purposed devoting himself to portrait painting; but his love of excessive and minute finish led him ultimately to give himself to *genre* painting. Here he stands at the head of a class of characteristic Dutch artists. Many stories are told illustrative of his extreme care. He kept a noted beauty for as long a time each sitting as she could give him, no less than five days, while he was painting one hand. When in his ordinary portrait work, his model entered the studio and was posed, both waited till the dust had settled before work began. Some artists visiting him greatly admired, as finished work, a broom-handle, which Douw himself said would take three days' labour before it satisfied him.

One of the gems of the Hague collection is a painting by Douw, sometimes called 'The Young

Housekeeper.' In the centre is a baby in a cradle, over which a young girl is bending. Between the cradle and the window the mother of the child is sitting, having suspended her needlework for a moment to look towards the infant. Through the open window a beautiful light streams into the room, flooding it with a rich golden colour. In the background the kitchen is seen with the servants busily at work. The influence of the picture is soothing. Its harmonious colouring and exquisite finish are



PORTRAIT OF AN OFFICER.

(From a painting by Frans Hals in the possession of Sir Richard Wallace.)

delightful to the eye ; its atmosphere is so peaceful and homelike that we can readily understand its fame. It was painted in 1658, bought by the Directors of the East India Company as a present to Charles II. for 4000 florins, a sum representing several thousands of pounds to-day. It was presented to Holland by William III., and placed in the Château of Loo, carried by the French to the Louvre, but restored in 1815, and is now

one of the most popular pictures at the Hague.

Two noted *genre* painters were Gerard Douw's pupils — Gabriel Metz and Frans Mieris. It is said that careful study of the paintings by Metz, Terburg, and Mieris would reveal more of the habits, dress, faces, and way of life of the Dutch burghers than can possibly be obtained from books of travel or description. Equal to these artists in detail, and greatly superior in power and expression, was Jan Steen, in whose works the galleries at the Hague and Amsterdam are very rich. His subjects are sometimes coarse, but many of his pictures are exquisite in character and unequalled in *technique*. It is in this class of painter that the Dutch school is so rich, and the private galleries of England and the public



GERARD DOUW.

galleries of Europe exhibit many superb works of such men as Adriaen van Ostade, Cornelius Dusart, and a host of others, whose ambition it was to represent the strong active life of their day in all its vigorous reality.

Another pupil of Rembrandt, whose work attained very high rank, Govert Flinck, was born at Clèves in 1615, and died at Amsterdam in 1660.



ISAAC BLESSING JACOB.

(From the painting by Govert Flinck in the Rijks Museum, Amsterdam.)

It is a sign of Rembrandt's power that so early in his life he attracted to his studio such men as Douw, Flinck, and, perhaps the ablest of them all, Ferdinand Bol. The subject of 'Isaac blessing Jacob' seems to have been a favourite with Rembrandt. He not only painted it himself, but he set it as a study to all his early pupils. But Flinck's picture was painted in 1638, after he had left the studio. It now hangs in the Rijks Museum, and is considered one of the notable works in that great collection.

It is curious to notice how by a certain constraint, as it were, men were compelled to yield to Rembrandt's power. Flinck in later life changed his style and forsook the tenets and style of his master. Houbraken writes thus of Flinck's relation to Rembrandt: 'It took place when the style of Rembrandt was generally praised, so that it was necessary, in order to meet the popular taste, to follow his example. But Flinck has since given much labour and study to the correction of his style, and even before the death of Rembrandt his eyes were opened, especially by the Italian pictures which those who are *truly* connoisseurs buy, and then the true style of painting obtained sway over him. The art of Rembrandt had the success of novelty; it was a fashion; in order to sell their works artists had to accustom themselves to his style of painting, even when their own style was much better.'



GABRIEL METZU.

Vosmaer points out that whilst this is partly true, yet it ignores the fact that Rembrandt's superiority influenced even those who were unwilling to come under its spell.

Rembrandt's influence can be distinctly traced in the generation of painters subsequent to that of Bol and Flinck. And in none is it more marked than in the case of Pieter de Hooch, who was born at Rotterdam about the time when Rembrandt was painting the 'School of Anatomy.' Through Karel Fabritius, most probably, who had been trained in the master's studio, the influence was transmitted to de Hooch. He has a strongly-marked style, and to appreciate it one has only to go to the National Gallery and study the three superb examples of his style to be found there. As a colourist he stands in the front rank. His pictures

exhibit a brilliant light. He is fond of the sun. Havard calls him 'the painter *par excellence* of interiors.' And, in fact, it would be difficult to find a nobler picture of its class than either the 'Interior of a Dutch House,' No. 834, or the 'Courtyard of a Dutch House,' No. 836, in the National Gallery. Our engraving is from a painting in the Rijks Museum, and is a good specimen of his style.

Although he now ranks as one of the most original and powerful Dutch artists, like Hobbema, de Hooch does not seem to have been appreciated in his lifetime. A hundred years ago dealers used to erase the names of de Hooch and other artists from their own work, and substitute the signatures of better-known men. It is to our credit that the English were the first to recognise adequately de Hooch's merits.

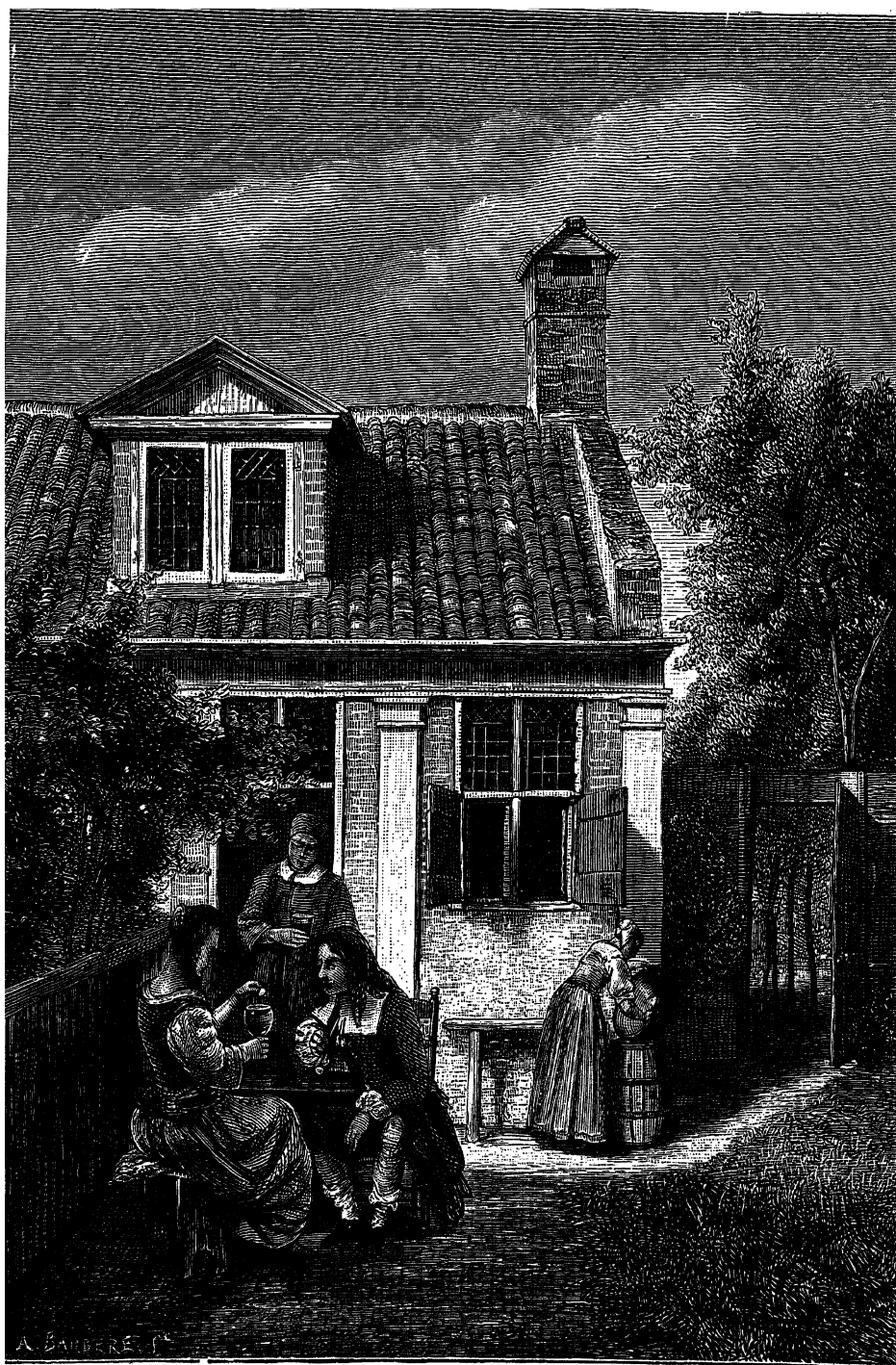
'In looking "at this artist's works," writes Lord Ronald Gower,¹ 'one feels certain that he who painted these sunny, happy, innocent pictures must have been a refined and gentle man, a man fond of children and flowers, of music and of sunshine, and who could see and also convey to others, by his rare talent, the happy truth that to a pure mind and a good heart nothing under God's heaven need be unsightly or useless, and that in all things that He made something of beauty is to be found, to those who look for it with reverent and thankful eyes.'

And now our final word must be devoted to the great landscape painters. We have indicated elsewhere how absurd it is to seek for recondite explanations of the marvellous pictures of Ruysdael and Cuyp, Wijnants and Hobbema. Go and look upon the landscapes of Holland, and the explanation is plain. With the boldness of Rembrandt, with the minute and careful insight of Douw, these men studied the face of Nature as it lay open before them. They caught her more sombre features, and transferred to their canvas her stormy moods; but they also revelled in the sky effects, in the wide expanse of level country, rich in colour under the summer sun, and with skill of the highest kind they reproduced with the brush what their keenly-trained eyes saw before them.

It has been said that landscape painting in Holland had three fathers: Jan van Goyen, Jan Wijnants, and Pieter Molyn. Next to nothing is known of the life of Wijnants; it extended over the first three quarters of the seventeenth century. Judged by his works, he is seen to have had ability of a very high order. 'It is evident,' writes Havard,² 'in looking at his pictures, that he was absolute master of the subject which he had taken in hand. The manner in which he finishes his foregrounds in itself shows astonishing ability, while the details of trees and plants, and the differences in soil, are rendered with a precision and accuracy unknown before him.' The National Gallery possesses five specimens of this master.

¹ *Figure Painters of Holland*, p. 72.

² *The Dutch School of Painting*, p. 198 (English translation).



THE EXTERIOR OF A HOUSE.

(From the painting by Pieter de Hooch in the Rijks Museum, Amsterdam.)

In the number of his works extant Wijnants is greatly inferior to his contemporary, Jacob van Ruysdael, the head of the Dutch landscape school. Smith enumerates over 400 of his pictures. There are twelve in the National Gallery and three in the Dulwich Collection. The engraving on page 204 is from a very noted work now in the Rijks Museum.

'It may be said of him,' says Havard,¹ 'that he was the greatest landscape painter that modern art has ever produced. No other painter has ever been able to express with greater power the poetry of Northern lands. A draughtsman of the first order, he was also a finished harmonist. His colour, warm and soft, exhibits in the half-tints of light and shade variations of exquisite sweetness. Never did artist succeed as Ruysdael in concentrating in his skies, filled with sombre and threatening clouds, so melancholy and tender a poetical feeling. Never did the simple and rustic nature of his native country find an interpreter at once so skilful and so decided; never did any one depict with greater skill the savage majesty of the mountains, the wastes, the frothing cascades of Norway.'

Dr. Richter expresses similar views: 'No landscape painter knew so well as Jacob van Ruysdael how to render the character of the scenery of the northern provinces of the Netherlands in all its solemnity, quietude, and monotony. The high artistic importance of his pictures lies in the conception and in the solemn earnestness of the prevailing tone, founded upon deep study of Nature, and upon reflection.'

One naturally expects to learn that Ruysdael was both famous and wealthy. It was not always so in those days, and though times went hardly with the artist, the art was often of much higher quality than in these days. He worked out of love for his art, and not for the wealth it brought him. Ruysdael died in 1682 obscure, ignored, and in need.

The great period of Dutch art lasted little more than one century. It received the impulse and inspiration from the sixteenth century; it flourished with marvellous brilliance during the seventeenth; it passed away in the eighteenth. The seventeenth century set the Dutch mind free from the sensuous and superstitious in religion, and from all tyranny in civil life. An immediate result of the healthy vigorous life of those days was the creation of one class who could desire and purchase, and another who could produce the splendid portraits, the exquisite interiors, the noble landscapes, the glorious sea-pieces composing the Dutch school, and preserving for succeeding generations the aspect of the land—and the faces and fashions of the men and women who lived in it—which led the van in the march of civil and religious freedom, which won great victories in behalf of human rights, from the tyrants who sought to chain the conscience and to curtail the inborn privilege of men to govern themselves.

¹ *Dutch School of Painting*, p. 202.

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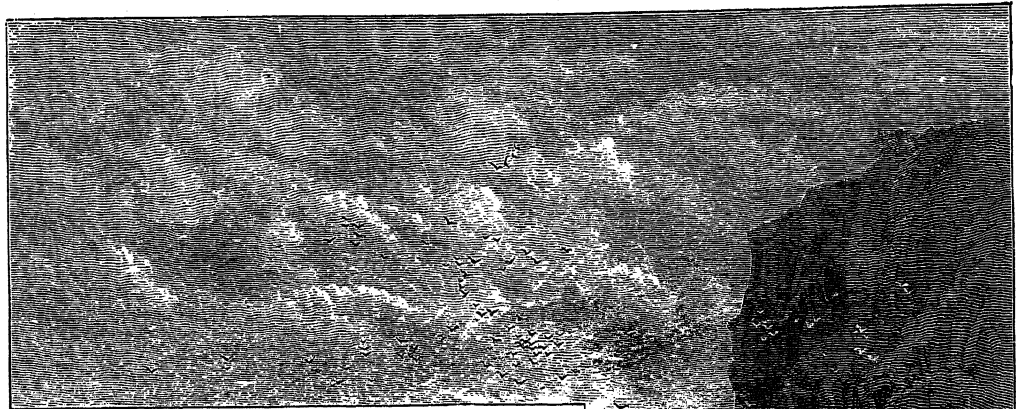
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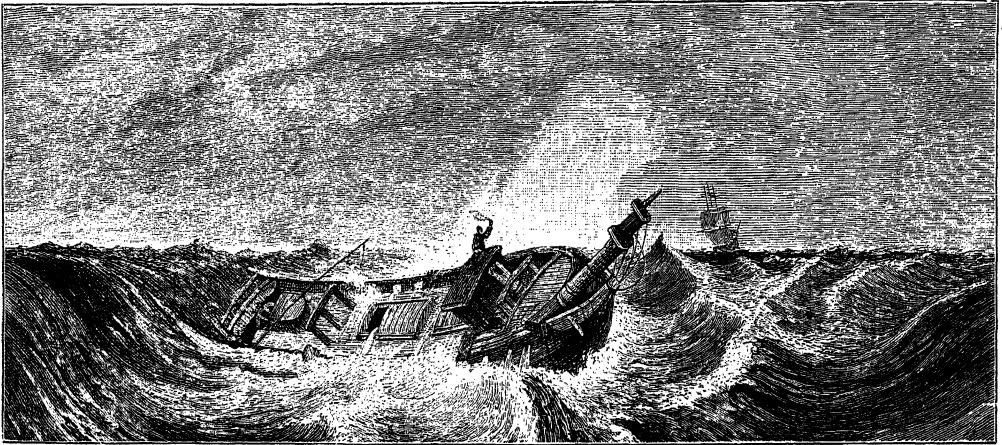
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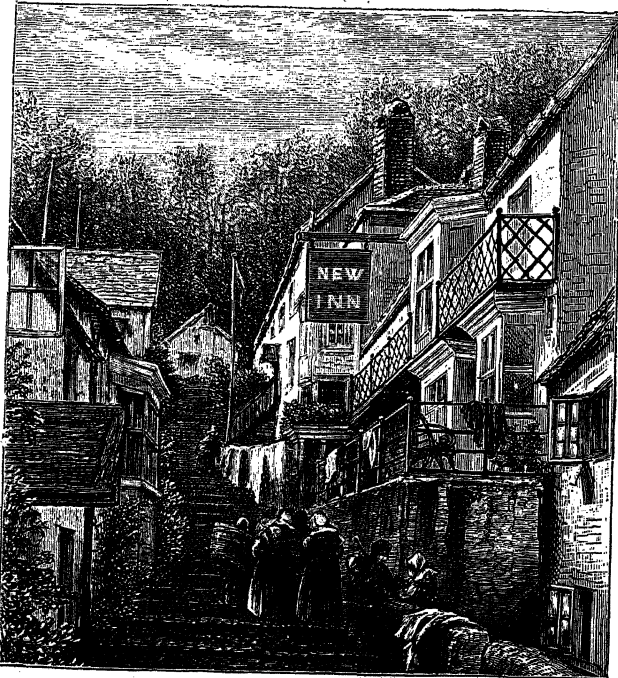
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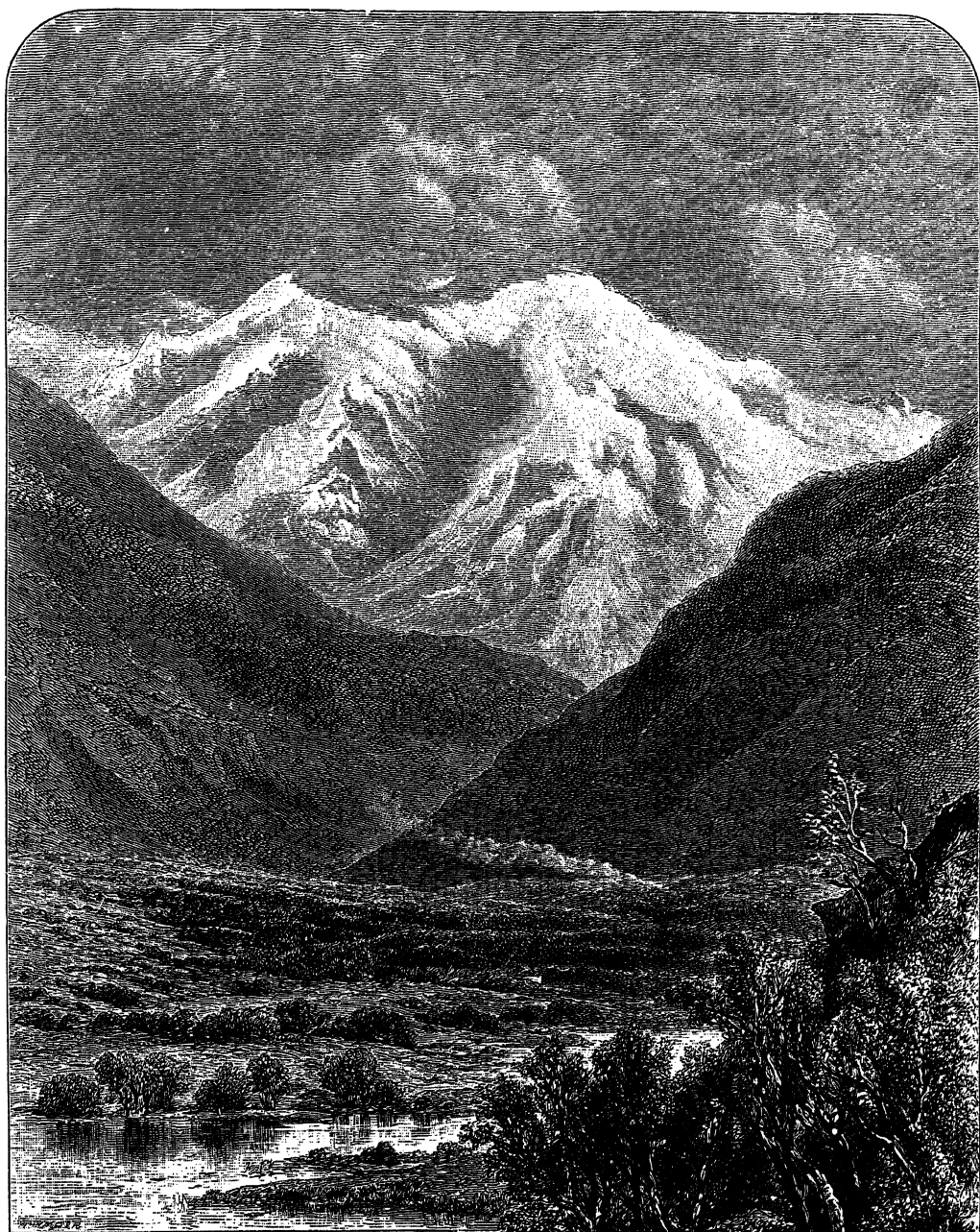
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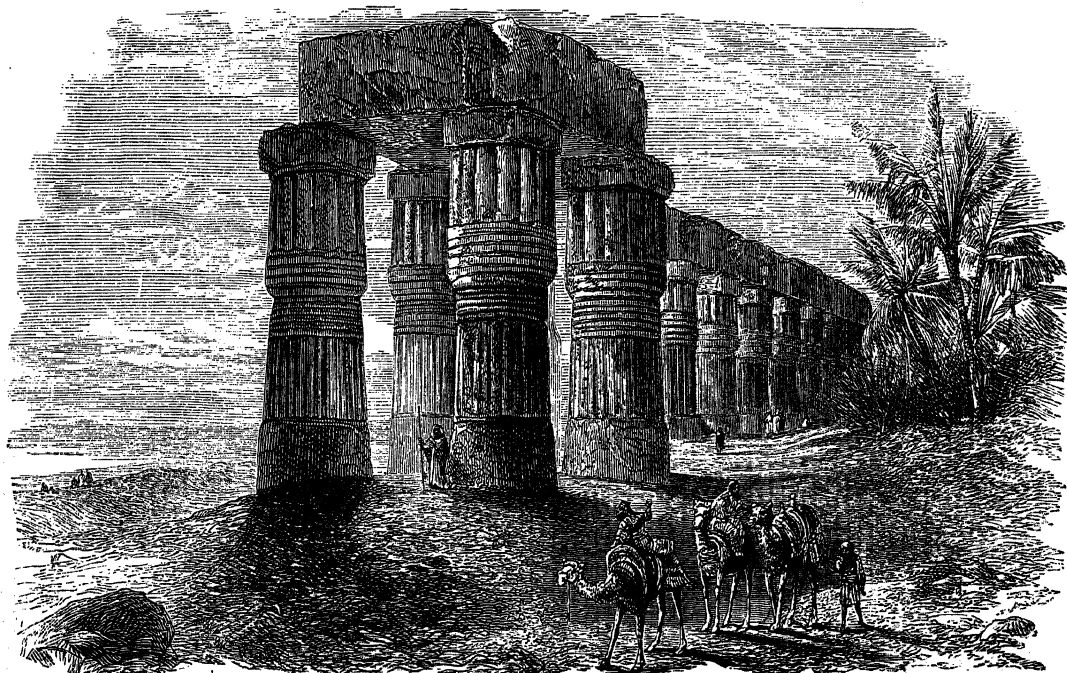
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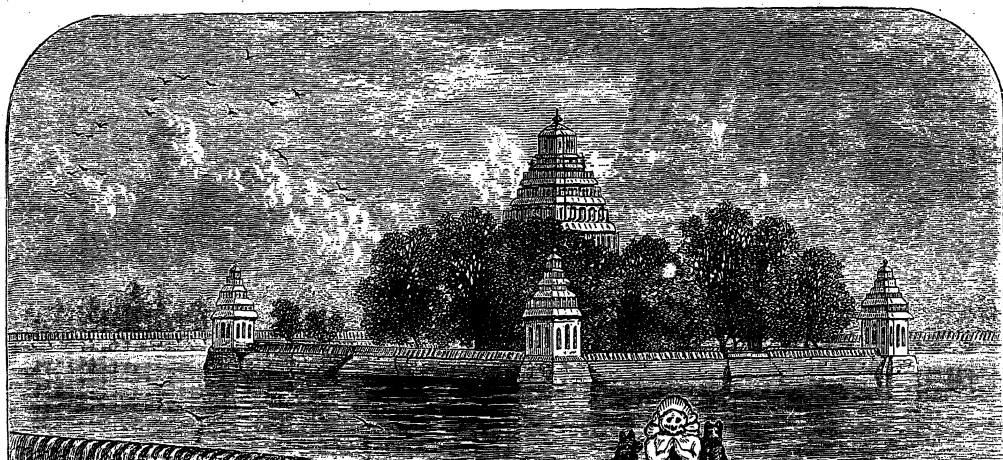


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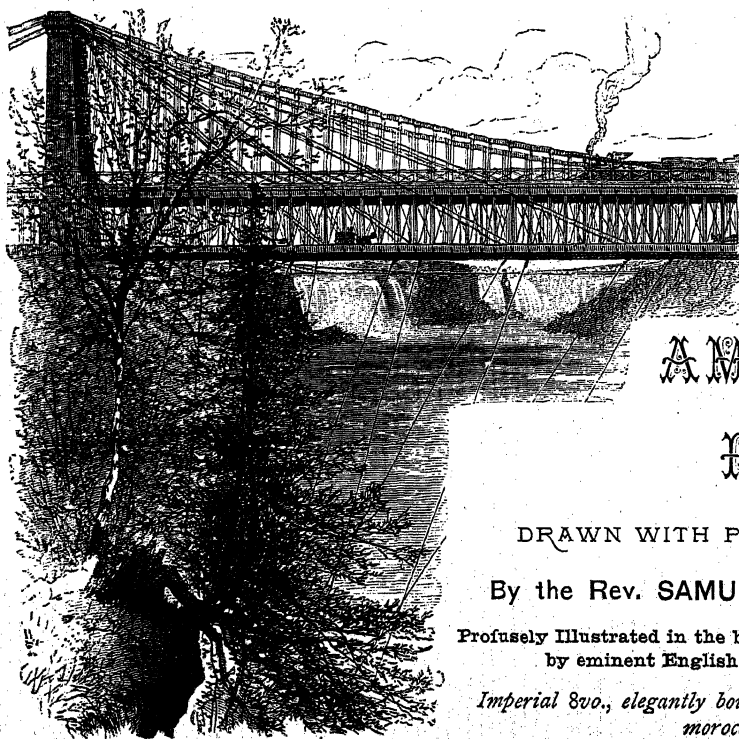
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